BRIEF MEMOIR

OF THE LATE

MRS. MUNDY,

WIFE OF THE REV. G. MUNDY,

MISSIONARY OF THE

LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY,

AT

CHINSURAH, BENGAL.

BY HER HUSBAND.

She "being dead yet speaketh."—Heb. xi. 4.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."—Rev. xiv. 13.

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PREFACE.

An excellent Minister in Scotland having some :s ago lost a valuable wife, on writing her memoir, dedicated it as follows: "To her whose memory I cherish—who still remembers me—whom I am quickly following to death—and hope through mercy soon to meet in a deathless world." The writer of the following pages, has frequently been struck with the beauty and touching tenderness of the sentiments expressed in these words; and although he could for various reasons have wished, that this memoir should have been dedicated to the numerous and beloved members of the family of the deceased,—yet the above language speaks so powerfully to his heart, that he must adopt it on the present occasion. "The bright and glorious morrow" is a period which was frequently spoken of by her whose history it records, with feelings of joyful anticipation. And he having buried so large a portion of his present happiness in her grave, none but a widower, in a foreign land, a widower borne down by the weight of affliction and a multitude of physical infirmities, can tell how delightful it is to him to look forward to that blessed day of re-union,—that "bright and glorious morrow" —when, "death shall all be done away and bodies part no more." It is not necessary to occupy the attention of the reader by a long and formal preface to this little work. The introductory chapter sufficiently explains the object which the author has in view, and the reasons which have induced him thus to appear before the public;—and the preface, as a modern writer

has well observed, is "a part of a book which is seldom read." May it now go forth followed by the prayers of all who knew his departed wife, and be accompanied by the blessing of Him who hath said, "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy; He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." To His grace and care he now commends it in the hope that it may, in some humble measure, be a means of promoting his glory, and of stimulating his people to follow the deceased so far as she followed Christ—That many, who have been "made heirs according to the hope of eternal life," "which God who cannot lie promised before the world began;" may by its perusal, and the bright example of diligence which it presents, be aroused from their lethargy and induced to imitate her in the constellated excellencies of her Christian character—in the fervour of her zeal to extend the triumphs of the cross—and in her unwearied efforts to benefit and bless every class of her fellow-mortals who came within the sphere of her benevolent exertions.

Chinsurah, November 7, 1842.

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THE

LATE MRS. MUNDY.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

Memoirs and select remains have of late years been poured forth in such abundance upon the world, that he who now ventures to appear as an author in this department of literature, ought first to "count the cost"—and consider whether there be anything in the Christian character of the individual whose history he undertakes to bring forward, which renders it worthy of such a memorial. On this delicate point the author would not have ventured before the public, solely on the ground of his own opinion. The full tide of affection which rises in his bosom, on every retrospect which he takes of the character of her with whom he was privileged for more than ten years to "double the joys and divide the sorrows of life," would lead him to suspect his own judgment, and cause him to fear, lest he should form a wrong conclusion upon such a topic He deems it therefore necessary to say, that in paying this tribute of affection to the Memory of his beloved wife, he is not merely acting in accordance with the warm feelings of his own heart, but also in accordance with the strongly expressed opinion of several of his esteemed Christian friends, and brethren in the Ministry. Very soon after her departure from this world of "perfidious hope"—he was requested to furnish a few remarks relative to her last hours for the *Calcutta Christian Observer*. On the appearance of this article the Rev. J. Paterson, a brother Missionary whom he highly esteems in love

" for his works' sake," wrote to him as follows:—" We shall feel greatly obliged if you can send us a few copies of your Memoir of dear Mrs. Mundy; we should like to send some to several friends at home, who we are assured would feel interested in such a notice of departed worth. Have you not materials for a more extended Memoir in your possession? If you have, might it not be a solace to your own mind to undertake such a work; it could not fail by the divine blessing to prove acceptable to the religious public and useful to many souls. Mrs. Paterson and myself felt so much interested by the short account in the *Observer* that I have thereby been induced to throw out this suggestion." The Rev. J. Bradbury, another esteemed friend in Calcutta, likewise thus writes upon the same subject—" In the heavy affliction which you have been called to sustain, in the removal of one of the most eminent of Christians, and the best of wives, you have the affectionate sympathy of all here. Many who did not personally know the departed have been greatly interested in reading the Memoir in the *Observer*, and have also felt much solicitude about you, distressed as you must be in losing the holy companionship of so excellent a partner; as for myself I must say, that I have never read a Memoir in the truth of which I felt greater confidence, and from the perusal of which I have risen more deeply impressed with my own deficiencies in the Christian life. * * * * I hope you have now fully determined to prepare a more lengthened account of her. It is not necessary that I should point out to you sources of consolation, but I can truly say that you have my heart-felt sympathy, and I shall ever pray that you may be continued in that frame of mind which dictated the lines of chastened piety, with which you concluded the brief Memoir, which has already appeared before the public.

'When all created streams are dried
Thy fulness is the same
May I with this be satisfied
And glory in thy name.' "

The author has remarked, that in the many letters which he has received from his beloved Christian friends, they seem generally to hesitate about the utility of saying much, with a view to comfort him under the pressure of his heavy trial. This, he believes, arises chiefly from the conviction that the

loss he has sustained, is more than a common calamity, and the wound inflicted thereby, too deep to be fathomed by a human guage. In a note which he received from Dr. Duff only a few days ago, this subject is thus delicately alluded to—"I have from time to time duly heard of the heavy affliction with which it hath pleased the God of providence to visit you, and had I been nearer to you, most gladly would I have condoled with you face to face, but I am hand bound here by an eternal round of duties, and this I well know, that in *your case*, consolation must come, not from the poor broken cisterns of human hearts, but direct from the fountain-head of divine felicity. May the Lord bless and support you amid the raging billows." The author's valued friend, the Rev. T. Boaz, minister of the Union Chapel, speaking of the deceased, observed, that when the intelligence of her death reached Calcutta almost every person to whom it was mentioned, expressed a wish that they had been present to witness it. "They all knew her," he remarked "to be a person of distinguished piety and uniform Christian consistency; and they consequently concluded, before they had heard any of the particulars of her last hours, that there must have been something pre-eminently peaceful, instructive and encouraging in the solemn scene,—something, which if suitably improved, would animate them in their work of faith, their labor of love and their patience of hope, and prepare them to meet with the like Christian courage, their own approaching conflict with the last enemy." It is the general prevalence of these views relative to the character of the departed, that has induced the wish (a wish which has been expressed in other quarters besides those already alluded to)—that another Memoir of her should be furnished, more extended in its details than the one which has already appeared. In complying however with these desires of his friends, it is not the author's intention to enter into all the minutiæ of his departed wife's history; he designs merely to take a survey of her Missionary life and character. He is not in possession of sufficient materials to enable him to enter into the history of her early years; he has only heard her in general, when speaking upon this subject, intimate that she was not in her youthful days privileged to sit under an evangelical ministry. She nevertheless appears to have had even

under these unfavorable circumstances, some deep impressions regarding the value of the soul, and the solemnities of the Eternal World; and long before her judgment was enlightened to understand the doctrines of the gospel, her heart was touched with a deep sense of its moral power. She felt that there was a reality and a value in religion, infinitely superior to every thing of a worldly character, and that she could only be happy by endeavouring to walk in the fear of God. Her religion however at this period was, as she herself admitted, highly sentimental—it was that of an unenlightened Pharisee--abounding in the fruits of self-complacency. She flattered herself that she had found what she then considered the happy medium, and she vainly hoped that by avoiding an excess of worldly gaiety on the one hand, and all unnecessary and over-wrought rigid precision on the other, her path to heaven would be smooth and easy.—Although she was then a stranger to the grace of "Him of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write," Jesus the sinner's Friend and Saviour, yet she made conscience of prayer. She read the scriptures, and frequently found a secret pleasure in these exercises, which she could never derive from any of the vain and empty pursuits of earth. But when she was brought under the sound of the blessed Gospel—when God's great system of redeeming mercy to guilty men, with all its radiant glories, was unfolded to her view, her character speedily received a new impression, and the truth as it is in Jesus excited a new, a hallowed, and a transforming influence upon her affections. She was no sooner brought under the power of evangelical principles, than she perceived that the chief design of the Gospel was not to repair the breaches which sin had made in the moral constitution of fallen man, but to break down, and to reconstruct the whole upon a new and a divinely constituted basis; to make the once guilty sinner a new creature in Christ Jesus, and to bring every thought into subjection to the obedience of faith. Acting therefore under the influence of these convictions, she at once made a full and an unreserved surrender of herself to him who loved the Church, and who gave himself for it. The life which she henceforward lived in the flesh was "a life of faith upon the Son of God," and its influence appeared in prompting her to seek the glory of Christ in every action.

From the moment that Christ became enthroned in her affections, this was the supreme, the only desire of her heart, the one soul-inspiring, and all-pervading principle on which her every future pursuit was based. How far that principle was consistently exemplified,—first by her private efforts to do good in England, and afterwards by her more public labours in British India, the following pages will testify. Her career of benevolence in the latter field was comparatively long; few persons are spared to pursue uninterruptedly their work over a space of ten years in that unhealthy land. But the night cometh and also the day. Her sun has now set in grace, and risen in glory. She rests from her labours and her works do follow her; and they will continue to follow her in the neighbourhood of Chinsurah, so long as there is a population there, who can call to remembrance her benevolent efforts to benefit them, in all that concerns both their moral, their intellectual, and their religious character. The author's mind was painfully exercised upon this topic, just as he commenced this tribute of tender affection to her memory. He had scarcely written through the first page, when the postman arrived, bringing letters from England—amongst these was one for the deceased from a much loved sister, which contains the following observations—"Our mutual friend the Rev Mr. Adams of Newark, has just come in, he has been attending the Board of Directors of the Missionary Society, and he has brought us the pleasing intelligence, that you and your dear partner are forthwith to be invited home, and that the Directors were unanimous in their commendations of you, on account of your having in your enfeebled state of health, continued at your post so long; to me this was glowing intelligence, and it will be so to every one to whom you are known, but as you well observe in your last letter in reference to your prospective return, that—'We must not calculate upon it with too much certainty, in a country like India, where there are constant changes, and where the thread of life is brittle beyond comparison, some check may possibly arise to damp our prospective gladness; it is desirable therefore that our anticipations on this head should be of a chastened character.'" This language seems to have been almost prophetic, and it clearly shews what were the anticipations of the dear departed when she em-

ployed it.—The letter which contains these remarks was the last she ever wrote to the beloved member of her family referred to above, and it is painful to reflect, that the brittle thread of life—"brittle beyond comparison"—was snapped when that beloved friend thus re-wrote her words— She was not then quoting the language of the living but of the dead, although she knew it not. Some weeks antecedent to this, every mortal tie had been dissolved, mortality had been put off and immortality put on, and the redeemed sanctified Spirit delivered from its burden of clay, had bounded from earth and entered into the joy of the Lord. What a glorious transformation!—

That blissful interview how sweet
To fall transported at his feet,
Raised in his arms to view his face
Through the full beamings of his grace.

CHAPTER II.

EXTRACTS FROM MRS. MUNDY'S JOURNAL—HER PIETY—MISSIONARY SPIRIT, AND EFFORTS TO DO GOOD IN ENGLAND.

It was not my happiness to be acquainted with the subject of this Memoir, during that period of her life to which this chapter principally refers. My materials therefore for elucidating this portion of her history can only be drawn from her own private Journal, and from the information which I have derived from a few of those valued friends who intimately knew her. I was not aware, during the years in which we were privileged to walk together in the sweet bonds of conjugal felicity,—that she kept such a memorial of her Christian experience, and was therefore after her decease, agreeably surprised to find several volumes of her manuscript writings, the perusal of which has since been a sweet solace to my heart. A few short extracts from this record of the past, will sufficiently elucidate her Christian character, her piety, and her Missionary spirit; it will also render my task comparatively easy, inasmuch as it will

make her in a great measure her own biographer, during that portion of her life to which it refers. Her journal commences January 1, 1822, and ends, January 3, 1842. In the entry under the first mentioned date, she thus assigns her reasons for engaging in this undertaking—

"After more than twelve months' deliberation (making it at times the subject of earnest prayer, that whenever I might be led to engage in this exercise it might be with a single eye to the glory of God, and be a means of promoting my own spiritual improvement)—I have at length come to the determination to keep a record of the workings of my own treacherous heart, and of God's gracious dealings with me, in order that I may ascertain how far I am making progress heavenward, and that a review of past mercies may encourage and animate me in the faithful discharge of future duties. Lord, I look up to thee to aid me. I earnestly implore thy blessing upon this feeble effort, intreating thee to show me the state of my own heart, and to enable me to ascertain the real motives, by which I am influenced in being thus engaged, and do thou cleanse and purify me, that every action of my life, and every desire of my heart may spring from love to Jesus Christ. * * * * I would praise thy name that I have not this day been prevented from waiting upon thee in thine earthly courts: bless, I beseech thee, our feeble efforts to instruct the young. We dare not expect success any further than thou art pleased to bless us—oh that the seed scattered in so much weakness may be raised in power, and may those who teach be themselves divinely taught."

The blessing here implored upon her efforts to benefit the young, relates to her engagements in the Sabbath School. To instruct the rising generation was one of her constant and delightful occupations wherever she went; at this period of her life she was seldom stationary many months together. The God of providence had so ordered her temporal affairs, that she could, much to the gratification of her friends, and without any inconvenience to herself, visit them alternately; spending a few months with each, as circumstances might direct. Wherever she moved she appeared as an angel of mercy, bringing blessings in her train, by assisting in the various schools which existed in the neighbourhoods she visited—by collecting for

the Bible and Tract Societies and other benevolent institutions, and by distributing tracts to the cottagers on the loan system, and exchanging them periodically; and also by aiding the suffering poor, and especially the sick in their temporal circumstances. The respect, and gratitude she met with in some instances, when she was engaged in these visits of mercy, was unbounded—and when it became evident that her declining health would soon oblige her to leave India, she would frequently express a wish that she might, if the Lord pleased, be spared to return and resume her former labours at home. The accounts recently received of the suffering poor there, deeply affected her; and she would sometimes remark—" I long to be with them again, it will be delightful to me to resume the habits of former days, and again to go from house to house, with my little basket stored with provisions suitable for the sick that I may administer to their necessities and relieve their sufferings." Her journal thus proceeds:

Sabbath Evening, February 10th, 1822.—" Oh that I could believe that I am making progress Zionward; thus much I would be thankful for, that I am not of the number of those 'who are at ease in Zion'—or I surely should not feel such bitter regret at my short-coming—at my want of zeal and energy in my Saviour's cause—at the coldness and languor of my address at the throne of grace, and at the imperfection that cleaves to my best performances. I would adore that power which has enabled me in some measure to persevere in the use of the means—may faith be in constant and lively exercise, and then I may verily believe that in 'due time I shall reap if I faint not'—may patience also have its perfect work, that I may be content to wait my heavenly Father's time, for those manifestations of his love, that my soul so ardently pants for—when, oh when shall I mount up as on the wings of eagles, run and not be weary, walk and not faint. Hasten, O Lord, the fulfilment of this thy blessed promise that I may no longer be 'a cumberer of the ground'—prepare thy mean worm to give some aid, (however inconsiderable) in building up the walls of thy spiritual Jerusalem. I know that thou art at no loss for more efficient instruments, but I know also that thou despisest not the meanest; and is it not the dearest desire of my heart to be

enabled to dedicate my all to thee ?—Help me, I beseech thee, to employ all my powers in thy service; enable me to improve my present privileges and my present opportunities, for I know not that the future shall be mine.—I would mourn deeply over the sin and the imperfection that have marked the duties of this Sabbath—several trivial circumstances combined to disturb my mental tranquillity, would that I could with Nehemiah testify against those who bring in ' all manner of burdens on the Sabbath day,' may I be enabled to contend with them as he did, and not suffer them even to lodge ' about the wall'—help me, O Lord, to keep the gates and to ' sanctify the Sabbath day,' that I may not wait upon thee in vain."

March 3rd.—" ' Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance and my God.'—But shall I ever praise thee, O my Father, when my heart is so hard, so cold, so senseless, so destitute of love; when wilt thou warm and animate it with celestial fire? when will love to Jesus glow through every fibre of it? Oh for the life-giving power of thy blessed Spirit, that I may enjoy thee in thy holy ordinances, and that I may be absorbed in the glory of thy perfections—no wonder that I have so much cause to complain of spiritual poverty, when I have passed so much time in languid desires for holiness, instead of active obedience; ' the hand of the diligent maketh rich;' and had I sought heavenly riches with one hundredth part of the ardor that the worldling manifests in the pursuit of paltry dust, I might now have been prepared to administer to the wants of others, but alas! I have scarcely enough to sustain life—what do I not owe thee, O my Saviour, that life is sustained, Oh ' send me help from thy holy habitation,' that I may spend a life of unceasing effort to promote thy glory. Pardon me, O my blessed Saviour, that so little love glowed in my heart this day when I was permitted to unite with thy children at that joyful feast, which thou thyself didst prepare to refresh us, weary Pilgrims, on our journey through the wilderness; pity my helplessness, nourish me with angel's food, that my soul may increase in immortal vigour, and thine shall be all the praise."

September 16th.—" Since I last wrote my mind has been

deeply exercised and my faith strongly tried. Oh that it may prove to be much more precious than 'of gold that perisheth :' help me, O my God, to

'Leave to thy sovereign sway
To choose and to command—'

"Assuredly I know that thou wilt prove thyself to be a faithful God, and though I cannot now 'trace thee' yet, blessed be thy name, I can "trust thee :" it is my earnest desire that 'the name of Jesus should be exalted, and that thou wouldst appoint that which is best calculated to accomplish this glorious end, and if thou dost not see fit to employ such an insignificant instrument as I am, shall I, dare I repine ?—Make me content that thou shouldst carry on the great work in thine own way, surely it is safe in thine hands : thou wantest not for instruments, and so that thy glorious work goes forward, what does it signify what becomes of such an insignificant worm as I am, and yet if thou hast grafted me into the 'true vine,' surely thou wilt ere long make me to bear fruit. Lord help me to be diligent in the use of all the means within my power.

'As a little child relies
On a care above its own
Knows its neither strong nor wise
Fears to stir a step alone—'

"So have I endeavoured to seek divine aid in my present circumstances, earnestly have I besought the Lord to lead me *where there was work for me to do*, where I may be made an instrument of promoting his glory, and the best interests of my fellow-travellers. Lord hast thou ought for me to do here ? if so give me grace and strength to do it, and when thou hast *more important work for me elsewhere*, thither may I be led, though it should be contrary to my natural inclinations."

The preceding remarks show how earnestly Mrs. Mundy desired to be engaged in a sphere of active labour,—in a field where she might expend all her energies and be constantly employed in the service of her Lord. To be thus engaged in his dear service, was the prevailing, the habitual desire of her heart, and the constant breathings of her prayer at the footstool of redeeming mercy. When however she thus surrendered herself to him and desired that

if he had "*more important work*" for her in *another sphere* that she might in due time be led forth to it, although it might be "contrary to her natural inclinations," she certainly never thought of "the far distant east." To be dissevered from all that she held dear on earth, and carried at her time of life to a foreign land, was, as her subsequent history will show—sufficiently opposed to her "natural inclinations." But having in this respect put a blank into her Saviour's hands, desiring that he would fill it up according to the "good pleasure of his will," she could not shrink from complying with the clear intimations of providence, when it pointed to India as her future field of labour, neither did she desire it. "Get to thyself glory, let what will become of thy poor worm"—was her constant prayer, and to promote this she was ready to carry out to the utmost extent the self-denying principles of the Gospel—ready at his call to sacrifice all her "natural inclinations," and to go forth at his bidding to the ends of the earth. Her sentiments, her feelings and all her desires on this topic fully harmonised with the beautiful language of the poet—

"But if my Father's faithful hand
Conduct me through this dreary land,
My soul with pleasure shall obey
And follow when *he leads* the way."

April 22nd.—"Yesterday I went to Prittlewell to make, as usual, my penny-a-week collections for the Bible Society, and to visit the suffering poor, and had, I regret to say, but little satisfaction, arising from my continued inability to impart to them that comfort and instruction, which I know they so much need; my tongue seems to cleave to the roof of my mouth, and I have no power to speak upon subjects which I feel to be of the utmost importance. Wherefore is it that I have such an earnest desire to be made instrumental to the spiritual welfare of my fellow-worms and yet my every effort is so inefficient? Help me, O Lord, I beseech thee, in this matter, and may I both hope and quietly wait for thy salvation."

May 9th.—"I have this day enjoyed more of the Lord's presence than on many former occasions, especially in commemorating the dying love of a crucified Saviour. And didst thou my blessed Redeemer hear the petitions that I then

offered to thee with *peculiar earnestness*, humbly trusting that thou wast near and that thou wast waiting to hear my supplications? Did I not implore thee to fill my heart with love to thee, and to cause that love to expand from circle, to circle, until it embraced the whole universe? Then surely the vile love of *self* will be subdued, and I shall henceforward go on my way rejoicing. Lord I beseech thee, remove every particle of unbelief, that I may expect an answer to my prayers."

June 3rd.—"I had hoped to have enjoyed much of my Saviour's presence to-day in breaking of bread, but I was disappointed; my harp was hung upon the willows; still I trust it was not altogether a lost opportunity, since he 'who seeth in secret' can testify how frequently, and how earnestly, I intreated that it might be a season of refreshing; but the disappointment may yet prove in some respects beneficial, it has more than ever convinced me that my supplies must flow from his fatherly hand, who imparts or withholds as he sees most needful for his children. They are not to be *purchased* by any *doings* of ours, Christ has bought them with his most precious blood, 'he has ascended up on high, and led captivity captive, and received gifts for men,' and though I could individually do as much good as has ever been done in the world by the combined efforts of all God's children, still I could have no clearer title to those gifts than I already possess through his perfect merits, let therefore my every attempt to discharge my duty and follow his blessed precepts be regarded only as a simple mark of my obedience, nor let me think for a *moment* to add aught by that obedience to my present claim on divine mercy through Christ."

August 3rd.—"Again am I compelled to break silence and to confess what the Lord hath done for me. In the midst of my misgivings, and my fears, he has graciously appeared and spread a table for me in the wilderness, and I who am not worthy to pick up the crumbs that fall from his table, have been fed with more than angels' food. O that I may testify my gratitude by renewed efforts to 'run the way of his commandments,' and to follow the blessed footsteps of Him who 'went about doing good;' and never may I forget, that in the Lord alone 'have I righteousness and strength.' Lord, I would 'give thee no rest' until

thou hast 'perfected thy strength in my weakness,' and enabled me to work whilst it is called day, for the night cometh when no man can work.' Are sinners perishing all around me for lack of knowledge, and shall I behold them perish with cold indifference? Lord, pity the hardness of my heart, take away the heart of stone, I beseech thee, and give me a heart of flesh. Truly there is 'no flesh in man's obdurate heart'—no not even in the Christian man's. The Negro cannot by any washing change the darkness of his skin, neither is it necessary that he should, as there is no guilt attached to that; but shall the Christian who has experienced the washing of regeneration, shall he whose guilt has all been washed away by the blood of Christ, see the odious effects of sin, its blackness and deformity, and yet feel no desire to point the sinner to the only Fountain, in which he can be cleansed? Shall *he* be thus indifferent when he knows that unless the sinner is washed in that Fountain, he must be black to all eternity, and consequently shut up in the regions of blackness, darkness and despair? I would that I could in some degree form an idea of the misery of such a state, that knowing the terrors of the Lord I might persuade men to 'flee from the wrath to come,' and feel the more gratitude if I have 'a good hope through grace.' Oh that love to Jesus may sweetly constrain me to be faithful in the discharge of every duty, may it prove a stimulus to *constant exertion*. I *would work* as if my salvation depended upon it, but after all would pronounce myself 'an unprofitable servant,' and gratefully, and triumphantly confess, that I owe every thing to the finished work of my Saviour. I would *work* because *He*, my blessed Lord, has worked, and because he has said, 'go thou and do likewise.' "

Sept. 7th.—" It is my earnest desire that I may be fitted through grace to *fill an important post in the Church of Christ*. Oh that love to Jesus may be my constant sole excitement, and may he enable me to press forward. I see that my heavenly Father will not have any loiterers in his vineyard. I have heretofore been sensible of spiritual advancement, when my motives for exertion were mixed with much alloy; what then might I not expect if all my energies, and all my powers were fully called forth, into the service of the Lamb; and if every effort proceeded from love to his dear name. Hence-

forth do thou my divine Redeemer, occupy the supreme place in my heart, regulate all my affections, and let them not be wandering hither, and thither in search of some earthly good. —Oh that they may be entirely under divine guidance, and settle only upon such objects as may increase my love to thee; ever may they be pure, and holy, such as angels may behold, and such as thou, my blessed Saviour, wilt look down upon with an approving smile."

Deep humility was ever a distinguishing feature of Mrs. Mundy's Christian character, whatever might be the nature or the extent of her efforts in the cause of Christian philanthropy, she could never for a moment view them with complacency. If at any time her friends applauded her self-denying labors, she always appeared to be pained rather than gratified by it. "What" she would ask, "are my poor doings? Nothing compared with what I might have done and should have done, had I always felt the powerful influence of a Saviour s love, and the extent of my obligations to redeeming mercy"—she was certainly *no loiterer* in the Lord's vineyard, but her deep humility always led her to look upon herself as such. She was distinguished by activity and diligence in every sphere which she occupied, but these efforts in her estimation, were only as a drop in the ocean, compared with what is due from every redeemed sinner to his Lord, and with what are unceasingly called for, by the wants and miseries of the world hastening as it is, to perdition.

Sept. 17*th.*—" Attended this morning the Anniversary of our Bible Society; it was not so well supported by good speakers as heretofore, but was well attended by hearers, which is perhaps the most important. The impression that was left upon my own mind from hearing the report, led me into a train of reflection that I desire to profit by, and also to make it the subject of prayer. I thought the report exceedingly well drawn up and calculated to *instruct;* but in reference to that part which speaks of the success in our own neighbourhood, I confess, the impression in my own mind was, that it was too highly coloured—that it was rather exaggerated; or in other words, that it exceeded the boundary of truth, that line of demarcation beyond which it is not safe to step. Is it not to be feared that if the different statements of the success attending the efforts of our

various institutions were analyzed, they would be found in many instances, to be more nearly allied to the wishes of the friends to the cause than to real facts ? 'But,' say some persons, 'a little colouring is allowable in such a cause.' What, in a cause which has *truth* for its basis, and that says in a voice that it is perilous to disregard—'Thus far shalt thou go and no farther ?' *Truth* must wave on all our banners. *Truth* must be inscribed in the broadest, fairest lines on all our trophies or they will be rejected by our glorious Captain, and of every one that *he* disowns the adversary will exultingly say—'this is *mine*.'—Oh then may we be upon our guard, lest when we think that we are obtaining fresh trophies to adorn the Redeemer's crown, we should hereafter find to our dismay, that we have only been adding to the devil's conquests. Let us be continually upon our watch-tower, that the adversary may in *no case* gain an advantage over us."

The preceding remarks are quite characteristic of the deceased; she always entertained the idea that any thing *bordering* on exaggeration in the reports of religious Societies—was peculiarly offensive to God ; and by causing him to withhold his blessing, tended materially to impede their usefulness. My own official letters respecting the Mission at Chinsurah, generally passed under her eye before they were forwarded to England, and I have frequently thought her, in consequence of her suggestions to modify certain paragraphs, rather too particular. I might in many instances have said more on some points connected with our work than I have done, without any fear of exaggeration, but I have always thought it better to keep well within the boundary line of demarcation. My esteemed brother, the Rev. A. F. Lacroix, said to me in reference to my report of last year—"you really come *short of the truth* in your statements, and this I think is being too scrupulous. I would be very sorry to see any thing brought forward, which I knew would not bear examination ; but I see no reason why we should withhold from the public such facts as are of a cheering character, and calculated to afford encouragement to the friends of Missions." With this remark of my esteemed brother, I quite agree. I have however learnt from experience, that great caution is necessary on this topic—statements which are *quite true* in themselves, have fre-

quently an undue importance attached to them by persons not acquainted with Missionary work, and *especially* in England; inferences are sometimes drawn from them there, which the facts of the case by no means warrant, and which in the end only disappoint the expectations of the public and rather injure, than benefit, the cause which they are intended to promote.

Nov. 30th.—"I have much cause to fear that I am retrograding in the divine life, and that my spiritual foes are gaining ground. I am fully convinced that to be 'spiritually minded is life and peace,' yet how do I 'grovel here below fond of these earthly toys'—this downward inclination of my affections has cost me many sighs, and many tears, and yet my love to the Saviour is too weak to enable me to soar upwards. Oh my Almighty Friend, who hast promised to grant to thy children whatsoever they ask in thy Son's name, hast thou not witnessed my pleadings for more of the love of Christ in my heart? hast thou not heard my bitter lamentations over a heart that has been 'joined to idols?'—suffer me not, I beseech thee, to presume upon thy long-suffering mercy, but help me to renew my efforts to soar heavenward. Thou seest the inmost recesses of this treacherous heart,—oh remove every impediment that thy word may have free course; 'send forth thy messenger' (however fearful an aspect he may wear) 'to prepare thy way before thee.' O come suddenly to thy temple, and fill it with thy gracious presence. O my Lord, when shall I have cause to praise thee for work done through the instrumentality of thy feeble worm? Be it, Almighty Father, according to thine own will, only let thy glorious work go forward; but oh, if thou hast *nought* for me to do in thy vineyard, I would ask (with submission) that thou wouldst prepare me to 'depart and to be with Christ;' but if thou hast work for me, how cheerfully, how contentedly would I stay though my way should be dark and gloomy, stormy and tempestuous, thorny and rugged. I know that thou wilt be 'my guide even unto death,' as long as I shall want a guide. My 'God for ever and ever,' as long as I shall want a God—I would recall an observation of our dear Pastor's, in a sermon in which this subject was referred to, I think it was to this effect—'There is not a want that meditation can discover, that the prayer of faith will not

bring a supply for.' O Lord, may I continually direct my prayer unto thee and look up, and may mine ever be the prayer of faith. I was very much struck with the following observations which I met with this afternoon in the course of my reading.

'It is an awful thing for the best saint, who has his account most ready, to stand before the Judge of heaven and earth to receive his final doom.'

'Whatever takes me off from making the favour of God my chief end, and Christ the only way to it, only deceives me—it cannot satisfy, it is not bread.'

'There is need of much wisdom and grace in managing the body, so as to give it its due and no more, both as to food, and raiment, and rest.'

'While the world is in a bustle about earth, and things below, the believer steals quietly to heaven and makes but little noise.'

'To be amended by a little cross, afraid of a little sin, and affected with a little mercy is a good evidence of grace in the soul.'

'God will not maintain or encourage any of his children in sloth or idleness—when I took more pains with my heart I was in a better frame; I never took extraordinary pains but I received extraordinary profit.'—*Mrs. Hunt.*"

December 28th.—"On this the last Sabbath of another year, I would endeavour to remember the way in which the Lord my God hath led me through another portion of my time, which is passing so rapidly away. Surely goodness and mercy have followed me every step of my journey. Love has been inscribed on every dispensation, although some of them have for a season staggered my faith. As yet I have received no answer to some of my warmest supplications, although they seemed to be such as were consistent with the sacred oracles, and such as were calculated to promote the glory of the Saviour. But I trust he has taught me 'to wait,' 'to be still,' and if he give quietness, who and what shall make trouble. Lord do thou ever keep me watching at thy foot-stool, and make me content to wait thine own time, grateful if thou dost not spurn me from it. On a review of the past year, I have the grief to reflect, that I have been less frequent in my approaches to a throne of Grace than I was in the preceding year—scarce-

ly a day passed then, that I did thrice direct my prayer to him whose ear is ever open to hear our supplications, and sometimes when I had reason to believe, that all in the house but myself, were under the power of 'nature's sweet restorer;' I have enjoyed the sweetest seasons of communion with my heavenly Friend. Why then have I slackened in that which afforded me so much satisfaction. Lord, quicken my drowsy powers—make me increasingly diligent, that I may henceforward make greater progress in thy service."

February 8th, 1825.—"Upon a review of my experience through the past week, I have much reason to fear that my attention to the duties of the Sabbath School, and other religious Societies, is likely to interfere with my personal holiness, and that without great watchfulness, I shall hereafter find, that whilst I have been keeping the vineyard of others, 'mine own vineyard have I not kept.' Oh, how should this discovery of my imbecility, and my inability to attend to my duty in all its parts, humble me to the very dust. 'This ought I to have done, and not have left the other undone.' But my poor weak mind is so easily distracted, and drawn from the one grand object, that of attaining to higher degrees of holiness, that I scarcely know how to proceed—however important the work may be in which I am engaged, it ought not to be suffered to intrude unseasonably, because it then becomes sin. Oh, that great grace may rest upon me, that every duty may have its due proportion of attention, and that one may not be suffered to infringe upon another. I am cheered by the hope that we have been directed to the use of means for advancing the best interests of the children in our Sabbath School, for this, O Lord, would I praise thee and earnestly pray that thou wouldst give us grace, and strength, to persevere, humbly hoping, that in due time we shall 'reap if we faint not;' grant that whilst we are teaching others, we may ourselves be divinely taught. Oh, that each may be convinced of the vast importance of that instruction, which it is our object to communicate, and may each seek for himself that 'light which exceedeth the sun in brightness,' and without which he will be but a 'blind leader of the blind.'"

March 7th.—"In examining this treacherous heart, how defective do I find my best exercises—what lack of purity

in my motives, not one will stand the test of strict investigation. Oh that I could but trace them to pure love to the Saviour, but alas! self-love, love to the creature, or any love but the right influences me. Still I am led to hope, that it will not be always thus; the period is, I trust, approaching, when love to Jesus shall stimulate and make duty delightful to me.* When I shall no longer have to goad myself on, as if it were slavery to work under such a Master, but shall willingly 'spend and be spent,' 'run and not be weary, walk and not faint,' when my heart shall glow with love to all my Christian brethren, and melt with tender compassion for those that are without, and burn with fervent zeal for the enlargement of the Redeemer's kingdom; when (acting under the influence of these principles), I may be made a fruitful branch in the true Vine. Oh, my heavenly Father, shouldst thou *ever* confer such honor upon so mean a worm, grant that great grace may rest upon me, and may I never be permitted to lay sacrilegious fingers upon that which belongs only to the Saviour; rather may I sink for ever into oblivion, than he be robbed of a particle of his due; if the power of divine grace in me shine forth in the smallest degree, his be all the glory. My heart has lately been much warmed in prayer, for this part of the Lord's vineyard, and a *gleam* of hope, that he is reviving his cause amongst us, is truly a cordial to my soul."

Hinton House, May 16*th*, 1825.—"Confined to the house in consequence of the unfavourable state of the weather, I would endeavour to improve a small portion of my time, by recording some of the very many mercies of which I have lately been the recipient. Since I last wrote I have been suffering in body, and have allowed two months to elapse without making any memorandum of my spiritual progress. Alas, how trifling a matter dissipates the mind and unfits it for holy contemplation—a protracted season of debility induced me to listen to the kind solicitations of endeared relatives, to seek medical assistance; with that view I came hither, first seeking direction and a blessing from him without whose aid no means can be effectual. With gratitude I ascribe it to his power that I was enabled to leave the result with him, intreating only that he would choose for me that which would best prepare me for his service, and enable me to adore him equally, in that which was with-

held, as in that which his goodness might see fit to bestow. I have indeed to sing of mercy and goodness—'unto thee, O Lord, will I sing,' thou hast graciously granted a blessing upon the means, and I have the prospect of speedily returning to my beloved friends, with all my powers recruited, and prepared I trust, to enter with fresh vigour upon thy service. My mercies have indeed abounded, but my grief is, that such a copious supply of temporal benefits should have induced habits of self-indulgence, which are very unfriendly to my spiritual progress. Why have I not borne in mind the supplications that preceded my coming hither—that I might come forth with a *Missionary spirit*, striving to promote the eternal welfare of all around me, and that I might not 'seek my own but the things that are Christ's.' The friendly attentions I have received under this roof claim my warmest gratitude; the kind solicitude which has been evinced for my recovery, can only have been equalled by that which I have felt for the immortal welfare of those from whom I have received so much affection and kindness. Oh, my Almighty Father, to thee I can appeal that in seeking a blessing upon the object of my sojourn here, I have so far as it regards myself, been passive; but *not* so when I have besought thee, with many tears, that salvation may come to this house; that my kind friends and their offspring, may all be enlightened by those heavenly rays that can proceed only from thee—and that in 'thy light they may see light;' may see the emptiness and uncertain tenure of all earthly enjoyments, and be directed to the only true source of happiness—Lord, 'increase my faith,' 'with thee nothing is impossible,' 'look on him who was pierced for our transgressions,' and for his sake grant a speedy answer to my supplications. Amen and Amen."

The preceding paragraph was written at the house of an eminent Physician, a friend of her family; and under whose hospitable roof she was then residing for the benefit of his medical advice. Whilst she was receiving from him and his the utmost kind attentions, she longed to repay them by being made the instrument of conveying to them the better blessings of eternal life. I was on reading the above remarks forcibly reminded of an expression she used, almost in an agony of feeling, only a few days before her

death, in reference to an individual at Chinsurah. An expression of strong desire to return the kindness she received, by some effort to impress upon his mind the value of the soul, and the importance of attending to its salvation. It was not possible for her to be brought into intimate connection with any person, without feeling deeply on this subject, and many a fervent prayer has she put up on behalf of various individuals whom she knew, and for whose best interests she was affectionately concerned, but whom she was pained to find, that she could benefit in no other way.

Broomhills, January 8th, 1826.—" In casting a glance over the few simple records of my spiritual experience, which at intervals I have been led to make during the last few years of my life, I have the painful conviction that my present state is not progressive. I desire therefore at this, the commencement of a new year, as in the sight of a heart-searching God ; thoroughly to investigate wherefore it is, that it is not now with me as in seasons that are past, when ' the candle of the Lord shone upon me.' Have I neglected prayer ? no, blessed be his name. I can recall the recollection of many seasons in which I have been privileged to enjoy whole hours of sweet communion with the Friend of sinners. Seasons that have been marked by a nearness of access to the throne of grace, and a sweet sense of pardoning love : my ground of dissatisfaction *is*—that ' God is not in *all* my thoughts,' that I have not yet learnt to do *whatsoever* I do ' to the glory of God.' My motives are impure, still centring in *self*. Oh for the destruction of this hated, this gigantic foe—this enemy to my peace, who is continually misguiding me, by putting in his unlawful claims, when I would discern the leadings of providence. Well may I be perplexed to know whither the Lord would have me to go, and what he would have me to *do*, when I am perpetually listening to the suggestions of this adversary. Oh my divine Redeemer, wouldst thou take possesion of this heart, my love to thee would be supreme, and I should no longer remain under the influence of this tormentor. Oh thou Shepherd of Israel, look upon thy poor helpless worm, beset behind and before with innumerable foes, trample them under thy feet, ' clothe them with *shame*,' and upon thine own head shall the ' crown flourish.' The past year has, in many respects, been an eventful period,

would that I had given permanence to the instructions that it might have afforded, by recording each event as it arose; but alas! the indolence of my disposition has again proved a barrier to this exercise; my frequent removal from place to place has also been an impediment, and is, I am persuaded, unfriendly to spiritual improvement; if consistent with the divine will, I could wish an extended sojourn in this abode of quietness and peace—but if I know my heart, its prevailing desire is, 'that he in whose hands my time is, should 'fix the bounds of my habitation' and may I ever desire to 'know no will but his.'"

January 22*nd*.—"I have this day been privileged to enjoy some precious moments of sweet devotion; but these I regret to say, are not accompanied by corresponding efforts to persevere in those duties which I seek strength to perform; oh that I knew how I might acquire constant recollection. I no sooner leave the mercy seat, where with many tears I have been imploring help against my inward foes, than they revive their assaults with double violence, and I seem to forget all that I have been supplicating for, and listlessly sink into their power; thus I go on from day to day, from month to month, and from year to year, ever purposing to do what is right, but never performing; and must I still go on at 'this poor dying rate?' Forbid it, oh, thou omnipotent Being, who hast 'the hearts of all men in thine hand;' subdue this stubborn spirit, and make it yield obedience to thy most holy commandments, as a testimony of gratitude for thy boundless love and mercy. Look upon thy dear Son, stretched upon the accursed tree, behold his pierced hands, his feet, his side, his sacred head bowing beneath the weight of man's transgression, say, hath he not made a full atonement? has he not paid double for all our sins? Oh then for his sake, pardon my short-comings, my backslidings, my indolence, and lukewarmness; invigorate my spiritual powers, that I may resist temptation and implicitly follow the sacred dictates of conscience. Accept, my indulgent Father, my humble praises for thy merciful forbearance and long-suffering, that thou hast not yet deprived me of privileges that I have so long trifled with; adored be thy glorious name, I am still conscious, that a Shechina (an emanation from thy glorious self), is shining in this bosom, although concealed beneath a mass of

human corruption and frailty; make it to shine forth with its wonted lustre, to the overpowering of the infirmities that cleave to my nature, and henceforward let my 'light so shine before men, that they seeing my good works, may glorify my Father which is in heaven.'"

February 12*th*.—" With tearful eyes I continue this mournful exercise, inasmuch as it is only a repetition of my bewailings over continued weakness and infirmity. I am sensible of no progress, although I am enabled to plead so earnestly for power to pursue my way to Zion, and for strength to resist every obstacle, that the poor body is sometimes disordered for hours afterwards. Mysterious wonder-working power, when will this conflict end? when shall I be released from the burden of sin? when shall Christ be all, in all to my soul? Verily thou art the hearer and answerer of *prayer*, as past experience in many instances can testify. I will then gratefully adore thee for the past, and trust thee for the future. 'I shall yet praise thee who art the health of my countenance and my God.' I see danger on every side; the conviction, that I can of myself do *nothing*, has, I fear, induced a spirit of indolence and supineness, and I have the pain to feel, that my efforts to resist evil are not so firm and determined as they were when I was depending more upon my own strength.—Oh, that I knew how to guard against this evil, how to overcome my vile adversary *self*, what a subject would it be for my constant adoration and praise should this foe ever be destroyed. For some months past, my heart has been much warmed in my secret devotional exercises, for endeared relatives and friends, and especially for some who I fear, pray not for themselves. Oh thou only witness of my wrestlings and strivings, wilt thou be pleased to hear and answer these supplications; surely nothing short of thine own influence could enable me to plead for them so warmly, and so frequently at thy throne. With thee, oh my Father, all things are possible, speak then with the mighty energy of that word which spoke worlds into existence—do thou say 'let there be light,' and each dark understanding shall then be illumined; something of thy spotless perfections shall then be discovered; the odiousness of sin shall be made manifest, the Saviour be exhibited, and divine love be shed

abroad in every heart. Surely, O my Saviour, thou has some gracious designs towards them, or I should not have been led so repeatedly to bear them upon my heart before thee, yea, I believe though I may not be permitted to know it whilst I remain in this vale of tears, yet should I hereafter be numbered with the meanest of thy saints in glory, that I shall there see them amongst thy redeemed ones, and shining forth as stars at thy right hand for ever, and ever."

March 5th.—" Convinced of the duty and difficulty of mortifying the deeds of the body, I have set apart the last week for the observance of unusual abstinence, and (although very imperfectly pursued), it was as rigidly attended to as was consistent with the state of my health, and my desire to escape observation. There are those who would endeavour to persuade me, that these exercises are not required of us; but special prayer when referred to in the scriptures, has generally been accompanied with fasting. Our Lord practised it, and he ' has left us an example that we should follow his steps,' and those of his followers who have walked most closely with him, and whose lives have been marked with the highest degrees of holiness, have usually more or less observed this duty. I have not however derived from this discipline all the benefit I anticipated, perhaps I weakly calculated upon a larger communication of the divine favour in *consequence* of this act; but my heavenly Father has seen fit to convince me, that his gifts are free as the air we breathe, and that they are not to be purchased by any of our feeble doings. I would adore him, that whilst he rejects our puny efforts to purchase his favours, he has ensured them to us by exceeding great and precious promises through him who hath paid an infinite price for them. Help me then, O Lord, to wait thine own time, for those spiritual blessings, which my soul so ardently desires—may I omit no duty that thou requirest of me, and may all I do be marked by purity of motive. I have had an impression that this year would prove an eventful one; it has indeed so commenced, how it will end is known only to him the great Omniscient. Let it but find me in ' a closer walk with God' and all the rest I can leave, only intreating, that he will choose for me, will appoint, according to his own good pleasure, the bounds of my habitation,

and lead me forth where from the rising to the setting sun I may be fully employed in his work."

June 25th.—"I have been permitted this evening to enjoy a season of sweet communion with my God and Saviour, and I am cheered with the hope that he will yet answer my supplications, and make me entirely, and devotedly his servant, and that he will yet lead me to a field where I may be *constantly* employed in his service. Heavenly Father, I beseech thee, give wings to my faith, that I may soar towards thy mercy-seat, and obtain from thine inexhaustible fulness, that grace which I need to enable me to burst asunder the shackles which the flesh and the things of time and sense bind upon me. Oh that thou wouldst cause thy spirit to rest mightily upon me, that they may become as tow, or as flax that I may flee to liberty and life. My mind is still perplexed by the difficulty of discovering the path of duty and the will of God in reference to my future movements. My dear James is shortly to be ordained over the Church and congregation at Framlingham, and with the deep and lively interest that I feel in his future welfare, I cannot but have a strong desire to be present; especially as he also appears to wish it—my heart is much knit to this dear youth, who was as an only son to my beloved husband.—I praise thee, O my God, if thou hast awakened a maternal feeling in this bosom towards him; if it please thee, grant that it may meet with a filial return, and if thou shouldst entrust thy unworthy worm with any degree of influence, help her to employ it to thy glory and to his spiritual welfare, and thine shall be all the praise."

August 21st.—"If I know any thing of my own heart I feel an increased panting for closer communion, and a closer walk with God; but alas! I fear I am not willing to submit to the prescribed means; I have not yet relinquished the pleasures of sense. The flesh shrinks from crucifixion, and is unwilling to know any thing of the fellowship of Christ's sufferings. Would that I could act upon the suggestions of the holy Baxter, I should not then remain such a stranger to that heavenly-mindedness which he so beautifully describes, and which should shine forth in every thought, every word, and every action—an hour's sweet communion with God in secret prayer, at the commencement and close of the day, ought not to satisfy us. The blessed effects

should be manifest in our daily walk—and they will be so, when we are duly impressed with the extent of our privileges, and if we are enabled to believe that our citizenship is really in heaven. This was the subject to which our attention was directed on the afternoon of the past Sabbath. My dear James succeeded in making it very interesting. Oh that his own soul may be abundantly watered and refreshed, whilst he is occupied in preparing pasture for his flock."

An inspired apostle has observed—"he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him for God is love," and it is the habitual prevalence of this principle of holy love—this dwelling in and with God, that is the spring of all spiritual communion with him. On this subject I can speak from my own knowledge—knowledge which has been derived from the observation of ten years, and say, that this was truly my beloved wife's constant dwelling place—the bosom of her God and Saviour. She lived very near to him, and perhaps few persons enjoyed more *habitual communion* with him than she was privileged to do, but fulness here instead of producing satiety only sharpens the appetite, and stimulates the desire to enjoy. It was not because she was ever really at a distance from him that we find her so frequently complaining of her coldness, and regretting her want of progress in the divine life; but because the happiness which she derived from that nearness to him which she already enjoyed, produced an insatiable desire to be nearer still—hence that beautiful hymn of Wesley's, embodying as it does the genuine feelings of her heart, was frequently upon her lips, and the sentiments which it contains the burden of many a fervent petition which she presented at the footstool of mercy—

"Thou shepherd of Israel divine
The joy of the contrite in heart,
For closer communion I pine
Still, still to reside where thou art.
The pasture, Oh! where shall I find,
When all who their shepherd obey;
Are fed on thy bosom reclined,
And screen'd from the heat of the day.
Oh shew me that happiest place,
The place of thy people's abode,
Where Saints in an extacy gaze
And hang on a crucified God.

Thy love for lost sinners declare—
  Thy passion and death on the tree;
My spirit to Calvary bear
  To suffer and triumph with Thee."

August 29*th.*—" I have much reason to be thankful for the calm and composed frame of mind that I am permitted to enjoy this morning, springing I believe from the humble hope that my prayers will be answered, and that a clear conviction as to where my heavenly Father would have me to be, will not be withheld from me. Oh, that my own inclinations may not be suffered to have an undue influence. Here (Framlingham) I am much urged to take up my abode, and here there is unquestionably a wide scope for usefulness, much work to be done, and but very few to do it; could I but believe that ability would be imparted equal to the demand for exertion, every other consideration should give place, although the endearing ties of my beloved kindred draw me powerfully in another direction. Lord, shew me what thou wouldst have me to do; that indecision may no more rob me of my precious opportunities to work for thee."

Scarning, September 17*th.*—" Last Tuesday week I took leave of my beloved James and his sister, and I trust with grateful impressions for all the circumstances of mercy attendant upon my sojourn with them. Oh, thou that seest in secret, thou art witness how continually thy dear servant has been borne upon my heart at thy footstool, with how many tears I have besought thee to pour forth upon him a flood of sacred light; to grant him a double, and treble portion of thy spirit; to excite his people to rally round thy sacred footstool, and with the mighty energy of prayer to draw around him a celestial panoply that may defend him from the assaults of all his spiritual foes. I have much cause for gratitude, that in my various removals it is only from one *home* to another; 'surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life.' I have only to blush that with such signal benefits I am not more concerned to testify my gratitude by a consecration of all my powers to the beneficent bestower of so many blessings. I am still so enveloped in *self*, that I am more like a chrysalis than any thing I can think of, just as inert, just as useless. Oh for spiritual vigour to burst this odious encasement. My

God, I adore thee, that I am permitted to cherish the sweet hope that thou wilt yet emancipate me, that thy dear son will yet be all in all to my soul."

October 8th.—"I still experience a painful apprehension lest I should be tempted to act in opposition to the will of my heavenly Father. I am invited to spend the winter here, and I am also urged by my dear James to return to Framlingham. There I could spend it much to my satisfaction, in the society of my endeared niece and her worthy companion; but here, I have not sufficient stimulus for any exertion connected more immediately with the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom. The establishment of a Tract Society, at Framlingham, would furnish considerable scope for exertion. I have made the proposition, and if it appears to be practicable, I need not hesitate about bending my steps thither. Lord give me a heart to pray with all earnestness, for thy blessing to rest upon every effort made for the advancement of thy kingdom, whether thou art pleased to employ in it so mean a worm as I am or not."

Framlingham, December 10th.—"The severe indisposition of my dear James hastened my return to this place. About nine weeks have transpired since he was able to pursue his public labours; my mind has been much exercised about him. I bless thee, O thou hearer and answerer of prayer, that thou hast spared his life and partially restored him to health again, may he be more entirely consecrated to thy service, and may he ever find that thy service is 'perfect freedom.' Since I returned hither, I have been favoured with many precious moments in secret devotion, but my mind is much disquieted at leading a life of inactivity. I feel that I ought to be filling some post of active usefulness. Oh, that my heavenly guide would lead me forth to some field where I might be entirely occupied in his work—where from the *rising to the setting sun* my whole soul might be engaged in the cause of my Redeemer. This has long been my prayer, but I am here an idler still. Lord show me what thou wouldst have me to do, help me to redeem the time, restore unto me the years that the locust and the catterpillar and the canker worm have so cruelly eaten."

The above pious breathings shew how earnestly Mrs. Mundy desired to be engaged in some sphere of active usefulness, some field of labor where she might be continually

occupied in promoting the interests of the Saviour's cause. She had as she remarks an invitation to spend the winter at Scarning,* but she hesitated to accept of it *because* it did not present "sufficient stimulus for any exertion," in that cause which was ever dear to her heart. I know the locality of Scarning and can well imagine that a delicate female could, in a situation so lonely, accomplish but little during the winter months. Another sphere having presented itself had therefore more attractions to her, because, she had there the prospect of aiding in the formation of a Tract Society. Thither therefore she bent her steps, and had soon the pleasure of beholding the object of her wishes accomplished. She always felt a deep interest in the operations of the Tract Society, and this is not the only instance in which she was instrumental in organising auxiliaries to that valuable institution; although she had occasionally some prejudices to overcome, and not a few difficulties to encounter. The respected secretary of the Society, Mr. Jones, duly appreciated her efforts to assist him—and he has more than once, in letters which I have received from him, since my return to India, referred to the increasing prosperity of certain auxiliaries, with whose formation she was intimately connected.

January 7th, 1827.—"Spirit of truth and love, without whose influence no sacred duty can be profitable, descend upon me whilst I attempt to renew this exercise. May thy light unfold to me a fresh view of my motives and aid me in the retrospect of the past year, that I may be deeply humbled under a sense of sin, cheered by a recollection of the sustaining power of God under trials, and awakened to a new sense of gratitude for distinguishing mercies; and O that the contemplation of these may excite in me more ardent desires to dedicate myself exclusively to him and his dear service. May the recollection of my past unprofitableness stimulate me to renewed efforts to redeem the time, and to fresh determinations (in the strength of my Lord) to 'work whilst it is called day.' The review of the past year is indeed calculated to humble me to the very dust, for it has been far less productive of fruit than I anticipated; and yet it has been more marked than some preceding years by

* A very solitary situation near Dereham in Norfolk.

the fervency, frequency and spirituality of secret prayer; and I more than ever entertain the bright hope that he has yet some work and labor of love for me to perform. 'His ear is not heavy that it cannot hear,' then assuredly have my reiterated petitions been heard, that he would lead me forth to a field where from day to day, I might be constantly employed for him. But 'the slothful desireth and hath nothing;' to hateful indolence may I ascribe my barrenness, and unprofitableness in the divine life. I have been sitting still whilst others have been up and doing. Heavenly Father, rouse my slumbering energies, fill my heart with ardent love to the Saviour, awaken in me a lively anxious concern for poor perishing sinners, let me no longer be an idler in thy vineyard. Will not the recollection of past mercies so multiplied, forbearance under repeated provocations, preservations in numerous dangers and temptations,—oh, will not these stimulate me to renewed dedication of myself and all my powers to the author of my being, the divine purchaser of my salvation, the blessed bestower of all my hopes for eternity? Lord help me, accept my imperfect desires, hear and speedily answer my feeble petitions."

March 4th.—"When, oh my blessed Saviour, when shall I be made the happy instrument of lessening the mass of human misery which exists all around me? Surely it exceeds aught that I can form a conception of. Favoured as I am day by day with tranquillity and repose, it is not easy for me to realise the wretchedness which abounds in the world; but I would not remain a stranger to sympathy, earnestly do I desire that this flinty heart may be exchanged for the promised 'heart of flesh.' I covet that interruption to my repose which springs from a disposition to weep with those that weep; that divine compassion which shall most liken me to my blessed and adorable Saviour. I *hate* the insensibility to which I partly owe my present quietness; could I feel more keenly for those who are yet afar off, and were my desires more ardent for the extension of my Redeemer's kingdom, my restless anxiety would not suffer me to stop short of active exertion; thus I go on deploring my short-comings and, (though not contented) remaining a mere cumberer of the ground. But oh, my God, amidst all this dissatisfaction I would not forget to praise thee, if 'it is in my heart' to promote thy glory, for thou hast placed it there, and whilst thou

art pleased to enlarge it so as to enable me to pray not only for inclination but also for ability to do thy will, I will not despair, but I will trust that thou wilt ultimately open a way for me, where from the early dawn to the dusky eve, all my powers may be employed in thy service. To thee would I render my feeble tribute of gratitude for the mercies of the past Sabbath; again have I been permitted to listen to the 'joyful sound.' Again tasted the preciousness of a Saviour's dying love—mysterious mercy! extended to the chief of sinners; a poor sluggish worm again fed with the bread of life, supplied from that river 'the streams whereof make glad the city of God.' Oh that I may be sensible of its invigorating influence and enabled to 'go forward.'"

November 4th.—"Through the power of divine grace I have been enabled to follow up my intention through the past week, and have exercised the spirit of abstinence, and the discipline I trust, has proved salutary to the spirit, long enfeebled by yielding to self-indulgence. In spite of my endeavours to escape observation, in pursuing this exercise, my motive has been suspected and the affectionate solicitude of a much endeared niece, prompted an expostulation on the subject; I am of opinion that our own experience renders us the best judges of the kind of self-discipline that we require. I am in no danger of chastening myself too severely; oh that I may but be directed to the best means for bringing the body under; for humbling myself before God; and for being emptied of self, that I may be filled with His hidden treasure. It has been suggested to me that I should rise at midnight and pour out my heart before God, but I have not always yielded to the suggestion; although I have enjoyed *some* such seasons of sweet communion with him; how does sluggishness and self-indulgence continually oppose my progress. Feeling that this Goliath is continually striving for the mastery, I would again take up my weapons against it—if this adversary is ever cast out it will be the achievement of prayer; and as my divine Master has in various instances connected fasting with prayer, surely I cannot be wrong in following his example; my soul thirsts for more of the presence of God—give me, O Lord, I beseech thee, an increased knowledge of thy glorious perfections and of the blessed mysteries of redemption, that I may wonder and adore. I ask also for an increased knowledge of the obedience which thy blessed gos-

pel requires, that I may not be saying to myself, 'peace, peace, when there is no peace:' give me likewise an increased knowledge of thy holy law and commandments, with power to yield implicit obedience to them—give me an increasing knowledge of the number and subtlety of my spiritual foes, that I may be continually on my watch tower, putting on 'the whole armour of God;' and grant me lastly, an increased knowledge of the depths of sin and iniquity that still lie concealed in the secret recesses of my heart; and bless me with that repentance which is unto life eternal and which never needeth to 'be repented of.'"

November 18th.—"Sabbath evening—Rapidly indeed is time wafting me along; another Sabbath is terminated, and soon, very soon will my last Sabbath be brought to a close. Oh that it may prove the eve of a Sabbath, that shall know no termination. Oh thou divine Institutor of the Sabbath, prepare me for this solemn period; known only to thee is it, how many Sabbaths more I shall spend on earth; let each returning one leave me a Sabbath day's journey nearer to my heavenly inheritance, more pure, more holy and fitter for the society of 'the spirits of the just made perfect,' and of 'Jesus the mediator of the new covenant.'"

March 14th, 1828.—"I have been reading the lives of Captain Melville, and the holy and devoted John Urquhart, so eminently fitted for the most extensive usefulness wherever he might have been stationed in the vineyard, yet mysteriously snatched from it at the early age of eighteen, even so Father 'for so it seemed good in thy sight.' Who shall dare to say unto thee, 'what doest thou'—get to *thyself glory,* however mysterious thy dispensations to short-sighted mortals may appear. I for *one* owe something to his early removal; I might not otherwise have become acquainted with his forcible sentiments in reference to *Missions,* nor have been so much impressed with the duty of caring for those who are still in nature's darkness. I have long been striving and laboring for more of the love of Christ to be shed abroad in my heart, believing that it would then expand from circle to circle until it embraced the whole universe; but alas! it has hitherto embraced but a very limitted circle, there was too much of *self* blended with my motives. I have been panting for this love, chiefly I fear from the conviction, that my own happiness is inseparable

from it, and that it is completely interwoven with it. And whilst I have been thus occupied with the world within, I have been heedless of the wants and miseries of the world without—a 'world lying in wickedness;' henceforth may the lesser consideration be sunk in the greater; how insignificant do my wants now appear when compared with those of a *famishing world*. 'Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness' appears to me, now to have a much more extended meaning than I ever before discovered; may I be enabled unceasingly to seek the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom, though I should lose something of spiritual enjoyment by thus employing my powers. What is individual comfort compared with the wants of a *lost world?* but this would not, could not be, whilst I made the miseries of the world the subject of my warmest and constant supplications at a throne of grace. I feel persuaded, that were our benevolence more *expansive* we should have more personal enjoyment and make more rapid progress in our Christian course. 'I will run the way of thy commandments when thou shalt *enlarge* my heart'—henceforward let my petitions constantly embrace the whole universe, not forgetting God's ancient people to whom we are instrumentally indebted for all that we now enjoy. Oh my God, pardon my past negligence and henceforth impart the aid of thy holy spirit without which all my purposes, and resolutions will be as nought; oh grant my petitions, I beseech thee, for his sake whom thou hearest always. Amen."

April 1*st*.—"I had on Sabbath day last a letter from dear H—R—, whereby I learn that he is not yet willing to relinquish the allurements of the *world*;* but when he goes to the excellent Mr. Ball's he intends to be—'very steady;' a delusion that makes me tremble when I think of the uncertainty of life. O my God, help me faithfully to warn him of his danger, and do thou enlighten his understand-

* This refers to a young man who was then at Cambridge studying for the Ministry, and whom she had endeavoured to impress with a sense of the awful responsibilities of the office which he was about to take upon him. She had the pleasure before she left England of seeing him a truly converted character, although he was not *then* willing to forego the pleasures of the world. He is *now* a devoted Evangelical and useful minister in the establishment.

ing; make him to see that hitherto he has been pursuing a fleeting phantom upon the brink of an awful precipice from whence one step might plunge him into eternal perdition. Awful thought! stay thine hand, gracious Preserver, hear the many supplications that are daily offered on his behalf, and draw him speedily into thy blessed fold. Sometimes I think my God hides his face from me, because I am not sufficiently faithful in warning those around me; but this is difficult work, could I but see my way clear in it, I think I could pluck up courage. I sigh for that lively faith which would surmount every obstacle. I am sometimes tempted to think that I might have expected better things, seeing that I have of late been rather more diligent in the use of the means. Vain thought! dare I presume to claim ought for my poor contemptible efforts, every one of which fell infinitely short of what it ought to have been? No, every blessing that I crave has been purchased by the precious blood of Jesus, and nothing that *I can do* will strengthen my claim. Yet let me continue to strive; to labor and 'not faint,' 'though an host should encamp against me;' pleading simply the all-sufficient merits of my God and Saviour, waiting patiently the result: in due time I shall reap if I faint not."

Hoxton, November 16th.—"This is the third Sabbath that I have passed under this roof, and though I have had numberless mercies to record, yet has my sluggish pen been silent till now—how tremblingly did I come forward, fearing lest I should be beguiled by any unworthy motive. If I can trace the least resemblance of purity in it, a singleness of eye to the glory of my Saviour, then let me give all the praise to him who produced it. Lord, I implore thy pardon for the defilement that cleaves to my *best* motives, my best efforts.—Thine all-piercing eye hath beheld my supplications incessantly offered for thy guidance, that if I came forth, it might be in the fulness of the divine blessing. And now I can say with David—'I will love the Lord because he hath heard the voice of my supplications.' And because I have reason to hope that the arrangement will be attended with his benediction. Oh that in this season of retirement, I may but be enabled to draw nearer to my Saviour, and exhibit more of his lovely image in my daily walk and conversation. Last evening (thanks to the excel-

lent Miss Fisher,) I had the privilege of an introduction to the interesting Mrs. Henderson with whom I spent some hours of delightful intercourse; how refreshing are such seasons. Oh the tender mercy of our God who so graciously cheers our spirits by the way, and permits us to help each other, in passing on through this waste howling wilderness; and oh, what a rich repast has been provided for me this day, at the table of my crucified Saviour. I was favoured with more of the divine presence than I have experienced for a long season; what shall I, what can I, render unto the Lord for all his benefits? The public ordinances, since my attendance at Hoxton Chapel, have been very precious. Oh that the impressions may be permanent, the subject in the morning was Gal. i. 4, a delightful subject and most impressively enforced. Since I last wrote, my attention has again been drawn to a thoughtless being, to whom I last year forwarded some books with the hope that in some listless moment he might be tempted to look into them. Oh that the feeble effort may but be owned and blest, who can tell the important results that may be connected with the conversion of only one individual."

July 8th, 1829.—"'I will sing of mercy and judgment unto thee, O Lord will I sing.' Let but thy dispensations be sanctified; let them be for the taking away of sin, and for the increase of holiness, and I will raise my song of gratitude to the highest note that my feeble nature is capable of. A review of the season spent at Hoxton has produced many tears of contrition, a comparison of what I have effected, with what I purposed to have done before I went thither, is calculated to produce deep self-abasement: the charge of *doing too much*, which I occasionally received from some of my friends, seemed like a burlesque to one whose conscience taxed her with numberless sins of omission, and with a prevailing love of *ease*, which interfered with all her proposed plans of usefulness. Pardon has been sought through the blood of Jesus, and I humbly trust pardon has been obtained. An endearing farewell note from the excellent Mrs. Henderson, gratified me much: such little testimonies of regard from those whose piety and consistency have secured our love and admiration, are very precious, may she be increasingly blest in all her walks of usefulness."

May 9th, 1830.—"I have lately been making some feeble efforts against the odious sin of unbelief, but alas! it triumphs still. Long have I been asking for the out-pouring of the Spirit. Long have I besought the Lord to grant me more of that sound heavenly wisdom, that he has laid up for the righteous; but still a dearth prevails, would that I could in any degree rise up to the spirit of that beautiful passage, Isaiah lviii. 6, 7, to which such precious promises are attached. Surely if the love of Christ filled my whole heart, sympathy and tenderness would prompt me to more activity in searching out cases, remembering the Lord's words, 'inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these my brethren ye did it unto me.' Help me, blessed Lord, to honour thee with my substance, direct me to a wise disposal of that which thy bounty hath confided to my care, thine it is, may I *freely* impart; but let it be, in that way which best accords with thy will, and not from the impulse of the moment, by which I have too often been deceived, and for which I need thy forgiving mercy. All that I do is stained with sin. Oh the value of that precious stream which cleanses from all pollution. In dependance upon that strength which cometh from above, I purpose setting apart this week for special prayer. My solicitude for my dear James is great; exposed as he is to snares, and trials from within, and from without, he is always remembered by me in my best moments; but I desire to make him the subject of *special* supplications. Oh that it may be the prayer of faith—may the Lord bless him abundantly, subdue in him all that is opposed to his will, and establish him in all that is great, and good, and holy."

We are now brought to that period in Mrs. Mundy's history when the subject of Christian Missions first demanded her attention, and when the question whether she could give herself to the Lord in this department of his vineyard, became the object of her serious consideration. It was in the month of July 1830, when on a Missionary tour through Norfolk, that I first became acquainted with her, and when (having heard of her zeal, her devotedness, and her unwearied efforts, for the salvation of sinners,) I ventured to bring to her notice the Bengal Mission, as a field which would furnish her with a wide sphere of labour, on which to expend her benevolent energies. The most momentous

results sometimes hang upon, or arise out of, circumstances quite trivial in themselves, but these, insignificant as they may appear, are all under the control and direction of him who "wings an angel, guides a sparrow"—who appoints to his people the bounds of their habitation, and who assigns to each his own proper sphere in the church. It was a trivial circumstance, a word accidentally dropt by the dear departed, during my first interview with her, that arrested my attention, and which caused me to make those enquiries respecting her, which ultimately led to the formation of that connection, for which I now bless God, and for which I shall, I trust, continue to bless him whilst "life and time and being last, and immortality endures." The review of the years that we have lived and laboured together is very precious to me, and the impression produced by these years, these labors, and all their varied associations, is indelibly fixed on my heart, and will never be obliterated from my fond recollection whilst "memory holds a seat in this distracted globe."

Her faithful counsels, tender care,
Unwearied love, and fervent prayer,
And all the past, a gentle train,
Wak'd by remembrance live again.

There were several circumstances connected with her temporal affairs, and her situation in life of which I was ignorant, and which would, had I been previously acquainted with them, in all human probability have deterred me from ever soliciting her to share with me the toils and privations of a Foreign Mission. I should have deemed success under such circumstances as quite hopeless; and when I look back upon this period—when I call to mind the sacrifices, the self-denial, and the severing of all the dear ties to which she submitted, I am astonished at the stability of those principles, and the triumph of that faith, which bore her up and carried her forward, in the midst of all the varied difficulties by which she was surrounded, and the many affectionate remonstrances which she had to encounter. That she was deeply embued with a Missionary spirit and well qualified for the important work in which the last years of her life were spent, is sufficiently apparent from the preceding pages. The desire of her heart was *one*, a desire to be employed in the

service of her Lord, that desire was constant, uniform, *paramount*. She was not satisfied with being employed for him in a general way; she desired to fill " an important station in the church," to occupy some *special* sphere of labour; and it is evident from her private memorandums, that through many long years she cherished the impression that " this honour" would ultimately be conferred upon her. This impression, (or rather premonition, for such it may with propriety be called,) kept her constantly at the footstool of mercy. Influenced by this " pleasing hope" she poured forth all the fulness of her heart in one incessant prayer, asking grace to fit her for the faithful discharge of those arduous duties, which her bright visions of the future led her to believe, it would ere long, be her privilege to engage in. The excellent secretary of the Tract Society, Mr. Jones, when he heard that she was about to embark in the Missionary cause, observed "she has long been a Missionary, she is a Missionary wherever she goes"—and truly she was so, and she met with a Missionary's best reward: the divine approbation.—God has graciously said, for the encouragement of his people, in their " work of faith and labor of love," " them that honour me I will honour," and as it was her sole aim, the constant joy of her heart to honour him, so he honoured her, by making her in several instances, the instrument of spiritual good to her fellow-sinners. In the Sabbath-school at Hoxton, and in various other places, her labors were not in vain in the Lord. And one youth, whose heart was first touched by a word which fell from her lips; one in whom she felt a deep interest, and on whose behalf she has offered many an agonizing prayer, is now an honoured and useful Minister of Jesus Christ in one of the Midland counties of England. The following chapter will bring her more immediately to view in her Missionary character, and exhibit to the reader, her impressions of the momentous undertaking in which she was about to embark, the spirit which she manifested in the prospect of it, and the manner in which she began to prepare for the solemn dedication of herself to the service of God in that land—where her ashes now rest in peace, awaiting the sound of the Archangel's trumpet, and the dawn of that glorious day, when Jesus Christ shall come " to be admired in his saints and glorified in all them that believe."

CHAPTER III.

HER VIEW OF MISSIONARY WORK, ITS IMPORTANCE, AND AWFUL RESPONSIBILITIES; PREPARATION FOR IT, AND FINAL DEPARTURE FROM ENGLAND.

THE first entry in Mrs. Mundy's Journal in which she refers to her Missionary prospects, bears date August 29th, 1830, and is as follows:

"Truly 'God is love;' circumstances have recently occurred which at some periods of my past life would have produced a painful ebulition of feeling, and yet my mind has been kept in 'perfect peace'—my attention has been called to a subject of the most momentous nature; but I have been enabled so long to lay it before the Lord, that I feel at perfect ease as to the result, although it involves mighty consequences. A question no less momentous than whether I shall enter upon a field of Missionary enterprize. It may well be asked, who can be sufficient for this? surely not a weak helpless female. A sense of my utter helplessness and imbecility would soon decide the question; but if I embark in it, it will be in the strength of the Lord, making mention of his righteousness, even of *His only*, and dare I to say that *this* is feebleness? Does my heart yearn when I cast my thoughts 'o'er those gloomy hills of darkness?' Is a door open, and shall I refuse to enter? I dare not finally refuse, till I have endeavoured to ascertain the mind and will of my heavenly Father—neither dare I to enter, till I have some good reason to believe, that I am called to the work by the great Lord of the vineyard. He condescends to work by the feeblest instruments, that the excellency of the power may be seen to be all his own. Most holy Father, thou knowest how earnestly I have prayed, that thou wouldst lead me forth where, from the rising to the setting sun, all my powers might be employed in thy service and thy work: how often I have *vowed*, that if thou wouldst annihilate *self* in me, I would consecrate body, soul and spirit, my all to thy dear service, and art thou now about

to answer my prayer? Oh! then may I lay my all at the foot of the cross, anxious that thou shouldst dispose of me and mine as shall best conduce to thy glory. Does it involve a final separation from all that are dear to me on earth, (and *mine* are *very dear* to me;) yet at thy bidding, O my Father, I will go, *though it be unto death*, only let me see that *it is* thy bidding, and I will fearlessly brave every danger."

It appears from the above memorandum, that the proposal to dedicate her services to God in a foreign field of labor, took her by surprise; she had no expectations of such a proposal being made to her, and her conflicting feelings were consequently such in the first instance, that she scarcely knew in what light to survey it. Her mind however was immediately, on the very first intimation of the subject, thrown instinctively back upon her own oft-repeated prayer, that God would "lead her forth to a field, where from the rising to the setting sun, all her powers might be employed for him." The consequences (and especially to her), which the proposed measure involved, required much serious and prayerful consideration; nature shrunk from the undertaking, and she had ample reasons for declining it, yet the conviction that the hand of God might possibly be in it, and that this might perhaps be his way of answering her prayers, prevented her at once from giving a positive refusal. In the first letter which I received from her, in answer to one which I had forwarded to her, on the subject, she thus writes:

"My dear Sir, *Scarning, August 25th*, 1830.

You will believe me that your communication took me very much by surprise, when I tell you that I had not the slightest intimation upon the subject previously. From various causes our intercourse with our Dereham friends has been unusually limited since we last saw you, and although good Mr. Fairbrother * took every opportunity of awakening my attention generally, to the importance of female education in India, I had no suspicion of his motive. My dear niece considering herself bound to secrecy, did not

* Minister at Dereham, Norfolk.

give me the most distant hint upon the subject, it therefore came with something like a stunning influence, appearing of such vast magnitude that I scarcely dared to look at it.

Do you not think that there is some danger of our mistaking a favourable coincidence of circumstances for the immediate leadings of Providence, and thereby being led into error respecting the path of duty ?* The remark to which you refer, was made by me in the fulness of my heart, without recollecting at the moment that I was in the presence of a Missionary, and certainly without the *slightest* knowledge of his private history. Allow me therefore respectfully to ask, whether you have not hazarded rather too much upon this trivial circumstance? or it may be that the partiality of my valued Dereham friends has raised expectations, which I fear a more intimate acquaintance would not realise : from whatever source it may have arisen, I cannot but feel gratefully impressed for such a distinguishing proof of the good opinion you entertain of me. My view respecting entering upon a sphere of Missionary activity is of course all that you expect in reply to yours. I humbly trust I can say, that the desire is in my heart to lay my all at the foot of the cross, to be disposed of as may best conduce to the glory of my precious Redeemer. Were it not for the existence of insurmountable obstacles, I think my heart would glow at the thought of an entire consecration of myself at the Missionary altar. When you learn that it was in the month of May,—18** that I first opened my eyes upon these scenes of sin and sorrow, you will I am sure admit, that 'the day is far spent'—much too far spent for me to think of entering upon a work for which the full vigour of my powers would have been insufficient, and whilst I am admonished to 'work whilst it is called day,' I exceedingly shrink from the idea of finding myself in a post which I am not competent to fill, and to which I was consequently not called by the great Master of the vineyard. The acquisition of a foreign language as completely as must be needful for any degree of usefulness in the schools, I consider would

* See page 37, "It was a trivial circumstance," &c.

be quite impracticable, and without this I should be a mere cypher. I hope therefore that my heavenly Father will find me work *at home*, and furnish me with ability for entering upon it with renewed ardour.

That the great Head of the church may grant you his special guidance, and that every arrangement may be entered upon, in the fulness of the divine blessing, is the fervent prayer of,

My dear Sir,

Your Sister in Christ Jesus,

LOUISA WHITE."

In another communication which I received from her shortly after the foregoing, she enters rather more into detail. In this she expresses herself as follows :

"DEAR SIR, *Scarning, September 2nd,* 1830.

You will I am sure pardon me for endeavouring to remove any erroneous impressions which my former letter may have produced. * * * * My fear of entering upon a work uncalled, was not intended to refer to *your* future arrangements ; it would have applied equally, had any other door of usefulness been opened—I *spoke generally* and I think it needful to say thus much before I proceed (in accordance with your wishes), to give you my sentiments upon that part of your proposition, which to me as an individual, involves consequences of the most momentous character.

Favoured by an indulgent providence with a comfortable independence, and placed in a circle of friends with whom I am perfectly congenial, I have little temptation to change, and have hitherto (I trust from conscientious motives), resisted every solicitation to do so ; that which you propose would indeed be a tremendous one, and will scarcely bear a serious thought, neither do I find that I can dismiss it without some consideration ; since it appears in some degree to be associated with 'the glorious Gospel of the blessed God.'—Unless you knew the endeared little circle of friends with whom it is my privilege to stand connected, you can form little idea of what you ask, when you solicit me to bid a final adieu to all dear to me upon earth, and place my happiness (as far as it is connected

with creature comforts), in the hands of an individual of whose disposition, taste, habits and domestic qualities, I as yet know, comparatively nothing, however highly I may esteem him for his *works' sake*, you will not therefore be surprised if I hesitate. So far as I attach importance to the opinion of my friends, the measure I know will be unpopular; some of them will think me *mad*, and all will consider it as a great personal sacrifice; but you will perhaps ask where then is your missionary zeal? not evaporated I trust, neither is it strong enough to carry me blindfold into so vast an undertaking; nor do you I am sure expect it. It will not, I dare say, accord with your views to be kept in a state of uncertainty upon the subject, if so I beg to say that it must be decidedly negatived; but if you wish me to give it further consideration, nothing will satisfy me short of setting apart a month for special prayer, that we may be divinely directed, and not suffered to enter upon any engagement that will not be for the furtherance of his glory, to whom we mutually desire to consecrate all our powers, and for the advancement of our own immortal welfare." * * * *

The month which in the above letter she desired for special prayer having expired, and some preliminary matters which it is not necessary here to detail, having been arranged to her satisfaction, she assented after a little further consideration to become the partner of my future joys and sorrows.—Near two years however from the above period elapsed before circumstances permitted this arrangement to be carried into effect, she had therefore sufficient time to reconsider her prospects, with the nature and extent of those sacrifices, which the measure she had in view must of necessity involve; but her mind having been once made up, she never afterwards wavered or shrunk in the least degree from prosecuting to the end her solemn engagements. She had occasionally seasons of depression arising from the fear that she was not qualified for the work, or that she might perhaps have mistaken the leadings of providence; but the self-denial and the sacrifices inseparable from a missionary life, never for a moment induced in her a wish to retrace her steps. Her difficulties, which were of no common character, began to multiply as her resolution became known to her friends; but these

were all met, in the confidence of Christian faith, and triumphantly surmounted by the hallowed principle of love to Christ and the souls of perishing sinners. The Lord Jesus has graciously promised that such of his people as forsake father, and mother, houses and land, for his sake and the gospel, shall in return receive in the present life an hundredfold, and in the world to come life everlasting; and I have every reason to believe that the former part of this promise was amply fulfilled in her experience during the period of her missionary sojourn in India. It has been a source of unfeigned gratification to me repeatedly to hear her say, that God had not in this respect disappointed her expectations, that what she had sacrificed for him in one way, he had abundantly made up to her in another, and that with the "sweet peace" of mind which she was privileged to enjoy, she could never for a moment regret having surrendered herself to him, and to his cause in the field of Christian Missions.

The question as to her future labors having been finally disposed of, and India having become the chosen field; she at once began that course of study, which she considered necessary to fit her for the competent discharge of the interesting duties to which she was looking forward. During the few visits that my numerous engagements allowed me to make to her whilst she was residing in Norfolk, my time was continually occupied in giving her instruction in the Bengali language. She soon acquired the character, and was able both to read, and to write it with tolerable ease, and in several of the letters which I subsequently received from her she occasionally introduced a word or two as a specimen of her progress—added to this she read much on the subject of Missions and spent much time in devotional exercises, constantly praying that God would vouchsafe to her all the grace and strength which she required to fit her for the work to which she had so solemnly dedicated herself. Her views of that work, of its momentous nature, and of its awful responsibilities; and the earnest desire which she manifested to be fully prepared for it, will be seen by the following extracts taken from her Journal, and from the letters which I received from her during the period which preceded our union, and our final departure from the land of our "fathers' sepulchres."

September 5th, 1830.—"Truly the Lord's banner over me has been *love*, ever since I drew my first breath; but what he is about to do with me now, he only knows to whom all things are present; it is enough for me to know that though he may bear me to the remotest corner of the globe, my heart need not fear, 'even there shall his hand lead me and his right hand shall hold me,' oh that my whole life were praise. Lord help me to adore thee more than I have ever yet done. Do I not feel increasingly my perfect security in thine hands? and can my courage ever fail me? Oh grant that it may not, however mighty the work in prospect be, help me to remember that I can do all 'things through Christ strengthening me.' 'When I am weak *then* am I strong.' I have placed a blank in thy hands, O my heavenly Father, desiring thee to fill it up as shall best make for thy glory, then may I not quietly wait the issue, of what is now under consideration, assured that whatever there may be besides, *love* will shine forth in brightest fairest characters."

September 26th.—"Since I last wrote, my mind has been much exercised and much perplexed lest any unworthy motive should prompt me to take a step counter to the will of my heavenly Father; lest I should rush forward to any post to which he has not called me; but I trust that the way is opening before me, and I am animated with the precious hope that he is about to answer the prayer so often presented at his footstool, that from the rising to the setting sun he would employ me in his service; and although I see not how so incompetent, so feeble an instrument can be made efficient, yet do I humbly believe, that he is about to lead me forth to an active post in his vineyard; glorious anticipation, to be employed by such a Master, who well knows the work that will best suit me, and who, if he calls me to it, will assuredly furnish the requisite ability. Oh for an increase of faith, 'like precious faith with those who are now inheriting the promises.' Heavenly Father, thou knowest how earnestly I have besought thee, to 'guide my wandering feet,' to 'prepare my way,' to 'uphold me that my footsteps slip not'—do thou 'guide me by thy counsel and afterwards receive me to glory.' Do I live in a land of gospel light, and are there regions of darkness, worse than midnight darkness, where sin and

Satan reign? and shall I not carry thither my little glimmering taper, with the humble hope that some poor wanderer may behold it and 'glorify my Father who is in heaven?' Am I in a land where 'the water of life' flows in every direction, and shall I not strive to bear, though it be but a cup of it, to those lands where all is sterility and barrenness? Lord, here I am, send me, send me, and Oh that it may be in the fulness of the divine blessing. I ask not exemption from trial and sorrow, grant me that which shall best prepare me for thy work, make me willing to 'endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ' and ready to 'compass sea and land' if it be only to win *one* soul to Christ—help me to sing with the sainted Martyn—

'I'd all on earth forsake
Its wisdom, fame and power;
And thee, my only portion make,
My shield, and tower.'"

October 24*th*.—"Oh the goodness and long-suffering of God that has borne with me so long, that has not long ere now cut me down as a cumberer of the ground—may I at last find that the 'long-suffering of the Lord is salvation.' My heart may, and ought to glow with gratitude at the thought of my present prospect, since I humbly hope that I am likely to be brought into circumstances calculated to evince the strength of Christian principle, a prospect that I would not relinquish for the wealth of both the Indies. Oh that I may but be furnished with grace and strength, equal to my day, and if enabled to prove faithful, may the glory pass untouched to him to whom alone it is due; blessed Lord, get to thyself glory, whatever may become of thy poor sinful worm."

October 31*st*.—"Confined to the house to-day by the state of the weather I would endeavour to improve a portion of my time by again recording the goodness, the loving-kindness and tender mercy of my compassionate Father; every week opens fresh sources of wonder for love and admiration. He is, I humbly hope, about to get to himself glory by manifesting the all-sufficiency of divine grace, to bear me through the severest conflicts. My prospects are now intimately associated with those of a beloved friend, a

servant of the living God. Since I last wrote we have both been severely tried; but mercifully not beyond what we have thus far been enabled to bear, and surely this is a sweet and cheering pledge, that we shall be carried safely through all the future.

> ‘His love in times past
> Forbids us to think
> He'll leave us at last
> In trouble to sink.
> Each sweet Ebenezer
> We have in review
> Confirms his good pleasure
> To help us quite through.’

Should any thing that this world can offer divert us from our purpose of bearing the glad tidings of salvation to the perishing heathen?—God forbid! shall we turn a deaf ear to the piercing cry ‘come over and help us?’ never!—Almighty Father, do thou appear for our support, help us, we beseech thee, we stand alone in *thee!* oh suffer us not to yield to the power of temptation, suffer us not to listen to any thing which would turn away our attention from the heathen; but work mightily in us ‘to *will* and to *do* of thy good pleasure,’ and when we shall have done the work appointed us on earth, and suffered all thy righteous will below, then receive us to the bright world above, through the perfect righteousness and mediation of thy dear and exalted Son.”

The preceding remarks selected from amongst many others of a similar character, which her journal contains, are quite in harmony with her views and sentiments on the same subject, as they are recorded in the several letters which I received from her about the same time—in the latter she thus writes:—

“My dear Friend, *North Creak, October* 14*th*, 1830.

I duly received yours, &c. * * * * I am truly glad that the preliminary part of this business is over, and that I may now look upon you, I hope, as one decidedly chosen by my indulgent heavenly Father, to be a special blessing to me, and to help me on Zionward, to guide me with your counsel, and to sustain me in passing through these troublesome scenes. In return I desire to be to you all that I am capa-

ble of being, and I earnestly pray for a large portion of divine grace, that I may be to you *all* that you need; but you must not expect to find me such a one as your late dear partner; only in *affection* dare I *hope* to resemble her. But whilst we are one in Christ Jesus, and each, I trust desiring to maintain a single eye to his glory, may we not hope to move on harmoniously, at least? Let us constantly be striving to stir each other up to love and to good works, and to 'a closer walk with God,' we may then reasonably calculate upon enjoying his presence, and *who* or *what* shall then mar our peace? Thus may we go on till we have finished the work he has given us to do, and then, through the merits of our divine Lord, pass triumphantly to glory. How ought our hearts to glow with gratitude and love if we are permitted to cherish such sweet anticipations as these, 'not unto us, not unto us, O Lord, but unto thy name be all the praise.'" * * * *

"MY DEAREST FRIEND, *December 2nd*, 1830.

You have been much in my thoughts since we parted, especially yesterday—I was almost afraid to go out lest I should be detained and prevented from returning in time to observe the hour we mutually agreed upon for special prayer; but we were at home in good time, and the hour though one of deep humiliation, was to me, one of the purest enjoyment, and marked by the divine presence. I hope that you met with no interruption, and that you also found it a refreshing season; many repetitions of such precious opportunities I trust are in store for us—may the great Head of the Church deign to smile upon them, and grant the sanction of his presence on every like occasion. What a glorious privilege to be permitted thus to hold intercourse with the King of kings, and to spread our wants before his sacred footstool, assured that he is ever ready to hear. Is it not strange that we are not more inclined to live a life of prayer, essential as it is to our true happiness? You will, I hope, help me forward in this exercise. When I think of how long my face has been set Zionward, I blush to think that I am still 'following afar off,' and that I have made so little progress in the divine life. I rejoice to hear that you have received good tidings from India: every indication of the progress of Christ's cause amongst

the heathen is cheering, and excites the sweet hope, that we shall yet see greater things than these: how animating is the prospect of being a party engaged in such a labor of love.—I devoted some time to my Bengali this morning ere I began this pleasant employment; but I sadly want the help of my dear teacher." * * * *

"My dearest Friend, *Scarning, Dec. 11th, 1830.*

I received the packet you kindly forwarded yesterday and it furnished me with a good afternoon's feast, which in my solitary hours proved most seasonable. Every part of it interested me, but especially the precious little relic penned by one so holy, so happy that she no longer needs your prayers, nor your solicitude; though she must ever live in your tenderest recollection. It will be my ambition and my earnest desire to follow her, as she followed Christ; but you must not expect me to be like her. Do not, I charge you, raise your expectations too high, lest disappointment should follow.—I am led to repeat this injunction from noticing some remarks in the letter of your excellent brother Edmonds, who I am persuaded, has formed far too exalted an idea of my qualifications for the work. 'By the grace of God I am what I am;' but the more you know of me the more you will be convinced how much I stand in need of an increase of grace. This I most earnestly covet, a covetousness that I may legally cherish, and if accompanied with half the zeal that stimulates the worldling in his pursuits, will undoubtedly secure riches that shall not 'make to themselves wings and fly away.' Many thanks for the sight of dear Mrs. Townley's interesting letter; I rejoice to hear that Mr. Townley is so encouraged at White Row; dear excellent man, may the Lord abundantly bless his labors.—Your extracts from Mr. Lacroix's letter also interested me much; it is a good sign when the lion begins to roar, may the Lion of the tribe of Judah take to himself his mighty power and travel in the greatness of his strength, and every enemy fall prostrate before him. I shall certainly be very much disappointed if I am not in some way, or other, connected with the female schools in Calcutta—but our station appears likely to be Chinsurah, this however I must leave for the present. There is some very interesting intelligence respecting them in this month's

Evangelical which has made me more than ever anxious to begin my work."

The preceding remarks bring the history of Mrs. Mundy down to the close of the year 1830. At the commencement of the ensuing year she thus comments in her Journal upon the past events of providence, upon her own altered circumstances, and prospects; and upon the moral dignity of that enterprise, to which she had devoted the residue of her days upon earth.

Sabbath Evening, January 2nd, 1831.—"Through the tender mercy of my heavenly Father I am brought in safety to the commencement of another year; oh that if spared to its close I may but be found to have made rapid strides heavenwards. 'What various hinderances we meet;' how much to distress, and annoy, and impede the poor pilgrim travelling Zionward; and yet how loth he is to leave it for a better land; how unwilling to quit these scenes of pollution, sin and misery; how backward to seize the crown of immortality, although it is already won. Boundless mysterious love and goodness, that continues to invite such heartless insensible polluted beings to be made 'partakers of the Divine nature,' and of the endless train of rich blessings inseparable from it! And have I, the chief of sinners, been permitted by sweet experience to know something of the value of these blessings? 'This is love beyond compare,' often am I struck with wonder, often ready to exclaim—'what am I, and what was my father's house,' that I should have been so distinguished?—'What shall I, what can I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me.' *One vow* and *only one* have I made to the Lord, calling heaven and earth to witness, that if he would subdue for me the hateful Goliath *self,* then would I consecrate body, soul, and spirit to his blessed service; ah, how little did I anticipate the nature of the *test* to which I should be called, a more severe one in *some* points of view, could scarcely have been presented, whilst in others I am compelled to acknowledge that my compassionate Father has dealt very gently, very tenderly with his poor weak child. If the circumstances of the case had not been so ameliorated, blended with so much that is calculated to excite my gratitude, I should not have had the courage to proceed. But, oh how sad it would have been to have broken such a solemn vow.

'Bless the Lord O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name.' Sharp have been my conflicts, but I trust through the power of divine grace I shall soon feel it a high honour, and a distinguished privilege, to be called to such a blessed, glorious and important work, as that of bearing the glad tidings of salvation to heathen lands. The prospect of being so closely united to one of 'the sons of the prophets' as to be either a hinderance, or a help to him, often makes me tremble. But is it thy will most gracious Father, that it should be so? then 'hold thou me up, and I shall be safe?' look upon me in the Son of thy love, 'other refuge have I none:' oh, if I am but permitted to administer to the comfort, and well-being of thy dear servant, or in any degree to cheer his spirit, in his toilsome passage through this waste howling wilderness, or enabled however feebly, to stir him up in his all-important engagements, then shall my soul 'magnify the Lord, and my spirit shall rejoice in God my Saviour.' What an eventful period has the past year been to me? what a chequered scene has it presented? at no season have I had greater cause for the deepest self-abasement; for when I was most intent upon filling an important sphere, upon calling forth all my powers into the service of my heavenly Master, even then did I most *fail:* intense was the sorrow; but I believe the trial was intended to prepare me for the events that have so unexpectedly followed."

January 9th.—"Extended opportunities for usefulness seem to be opening upon me; oh, that I may be enabled to improve them by comforting the afflicted, binding up the broken-hearted, and strengthening the weak. Oh, that my love to Christ and his redeemed ones, my sympathy and concern for the condition of the whole family of man, may expand with my opportunities. My spirit at times almost sinks when I think of the magnitude of the engagement into which I have entered, and yet upon the whole I have been most highly favoured; the prevailing state of my mind has been that of 'perfect peace,' 'quietness and confidence'—who would not, O Lord, fear thy name, who would not willingly give thee their all to enjoy such calm repose. This is precious; but I desire that my motives for self-dedication should arise from a purer source—from *love to Jesus,*—love to him, 'who loved me and gave himself for me,'—

love to him, who died, not to purchase repose for *himself* but for his enemies. Some dear friends who are seeking their happiness chiefly from what this world can afford, can see no earthly reason why I should be induced to leave all the comforts and endearments of home, for an enterprise which they deem so unpromising. How little can they enter into my feelings upon the subject, how faintly conceive of my motives; but there is *one* who knows them all, and who sees too; how often, and how deeply I deplore that there is not yet a more decided 'singleness of eye to his glory.' I some times fear, that when my mind is at all cheered in contemplating the future, that it arises from some circumstances which lead me to think, that my personal privations will not be so great as I at first anticipated; rather than from any enlarged views connected with the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom. Whilst it is painful to me to act contrary to the wishes of some of my best friends, I cannot but feel the warmest gratitude for that tenderness and affection, which prompt the wish to retain me amongst them: may I be enabled to remember them with a double degree of earnestness at a throne of grace. Other endeared ones, devoted disciples of the Lord Jesus, have strengthened and encouraged me from the first, and are still my companions, cheering and aiding me by their counsel, and bright example, and comforting me by the most soothing and delicate attentions. May I be enabled to make the most of the precious opportunities that I am now favoured with, in this their abode of quietness and peace, and may I cherish an habitual spirit of gratitude and love."

May 1st, Fort Place.—"Again through the goodness of God I have been borne from one dear Christian friend to another, in quick succession, receiving from each some encouraging word to cheer me in my future prospects; but alas! notwithstanding all this, my courage often sinks, and I am harassed with many fears about the future; looking too frequently to the creature for that support, which I should expect to find only in Christ. Oh, shall I ever be enabled to pursue my way steadily, walking in the light of his countenance, and content to leave all future events with him? Alas! how my faith fails; I am perpetually dwelling upon my own weakness, instead of contemplating the mighty power of him through whom

I can 'do all things,' and without whom I can do nothing Again, the adversary would persuade me that I am making too great a sacrifice,—*perish* the base thought: what! can I ever sacrifice too much for him who gave his all for me?

'Where the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my life, my soul, my all.'"

June 12*th*.—" Awake, oh my soul, from thy lethargy—arouse thee, and put a cheerful courage on. Wherefore shouldst thou be cast down? It is true thou art weak—and the work thou hast in contemplation, is a mighty one—so mighty, that I sometimes doubt whether the call can have been given to one so weak, so helpless as thou art; but the Saviour in whose strength thou art to go forth is mighty. Oh, for faith to rest entirely upon him, and to feel the sweet assurance, that I can do all things in his strength. May I treasure up and improve the useful hints that I have heard to-day, from 1 Peter iv. 12, 13. 'Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial that is to try you, as though some strange thing had happened unto you; but rejoice inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings; that, when his glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy.' The following verse also I shall do well to bear in mind. 'If ye be reproached for the name of Christ, happy are ye, for the spirit of glory and of God resteth on you.' The step that I am about to take (if my heavenly Father sees fit) *is* not, *cannot* be, a popular one, except with a very few who have had the opportunity of tracing the leadings of providence in it. To others it appears, that whatever may have been my motives, my judgment at least was woefully defective when I came to such a determination. But it is my happiness, my high and glorious privilege, to know that I have placed the whole affair in the hands of unerring wisdom, and to be able to appeal to that high tribunal as to the integrity of my motives. It has been my earnest and unceasing prayer, that I may not be permitted to go forward, unless it be in some measure, connected with the promotion of my Saviour's glory. To have sunk in the estimation of some whose good opinion I esteem, has been a source of grief to my heart; but I deserve it; conscience convicts me of having been much more jealous

of my own honour, than of my divine Master's. But now, I trust, I am made willing to gather up my mite of reputation and to lay it all at the foot of the cross, counting 'all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord, for whom I would suffer the loss of all things, and count them but dung, that I may win Christ.' I have this evening heard an excellent sermon at Surry chapel, from these words, by good Mr. Jay of Bath, the last time probably that I shall ever hear the sound of his voice; oh, that the word may have made an abiding impression an every heart."

July 17*th*.—"How does every variation of my feelings cause my faith to waver in the contemplation of the mighty work before me. Sometimes fearing, that I am in danger of mistaking my way, and rushing uncalled, into a work for which I am not prepared, and then, rising above all my disingenuous misgivings, leaning with confidence on all-sufficient grace, and looking forward to the 'recompense of reward,' persuaded, that none ever forsook all to follow Christ who repented of it in the end. Behold then, O my blessed Lord, thy servants, who have determined in thy strength, to give up all for thee, we cannot but be humbled at the conviction, that with all our desire, to offer unto thee 'offerings in righteousness,' thine all-searching eye hath discovered much that is defective. O that we may be forgiven, and accepted through the merits of Jesus our Lord. 'Create in us, O God, a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within us,' and if it be thy good pleasure, that we should go forth to burning climes, then grant us, we beseech thee, thy heavenly protection and guidance; be thou to us the 'pillar of cloud by day,' to screen us from the scorching withering influence of prosperity, should we be permitted to meet with it, and be thou the 'pillar of fire by night,' to cheer, and animate, and guide us, in the dark hours of adversity. Such hours we know must come: be it so, only let them come under thy direction, and then we need not shrink from them. We may fearlessly follow wherever thou art pleased to lead, secure in the sweet assurance, that all will be well whilst thou art saying 'fear not, I will help thee.' Hear, most holy Father, my feeble petitions on behalf of thy dear servant, let thy good spirit cheer, animate, quicken and excite him, that he may ever main-

tain a single eye to thy glory, and be abundantly blessed in his labors for thee. May thy children universally be stirred up and excited to feel a more lively interest in the state of the heathen world.—Too long, sadly too long, hath thy command, 'Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature,' been disregarded—most compassionate Lord, thou who hast the hearts of all men in thine hand, let this sin no longer lie at the door of thy church. Grant that thy children may 'be up and doing.' May a voice from the most excellent glory, reach every ear, touch every heart, saying, 'Awake, awake, put on thy strength O Zion.' Put forth, O Lord, that mighty power which shall arouse a slumbering world to action, 'awake, O arm of the Lord,' 'unsheath thy sword,' destroy every foe, that our adorable Redeemer may speedily have the 'heathen for his inheritance, and the uttermost part of the earth for his possession.'"

August 28th.—"May the various efforts, which I have lately put forth on behalf of some with whom I have been associated—the affectionate warnings, and solemn admonitions which I have given, be owned and blest of the Lord. Oh, may his good spirit carry them home, that they may have an abiding place in the heart and conscience. What do I not owe thee, most holy Father, if thou hast made me in any measure, an instrument of spiritual good to others. But what a poor feeble piece I am; such languor and incapacity overspread all my powers, that I seem almost destitute of spiritual life. Dear Lord, appear for my help, if there be a spark of heavenly fire in this cold heart, Oh, fan it into a flame of sweet devotion, holy gratitude, and filial love. I am bound by ten thousand ties, to give my whole self to thee, Oh then, let there be no reserve. My little all I desire to lay at the foot of thy dear cross, reject it not, I beseech thee. How long it will be, ere I make the anticipated surrender, is known to thee alone; it is enough, gracious Father, to know that thou wilt not lay more upon me than thou wilt enable me to bear: thou knowest how my heart clings to the creature, to my native land, and to the beloved associates of my early days; it is true thou hast raised me up another friend to be the companion of my toils, but as yet he is not a tried friend; and I am sometimes tormented with doubts and fears, lest he should not

find me as well qualified for the work as he expects. But I go in 'the strength of the Lord, making mention of his righteousness even of his only.' I have been permitted to live in so much harmony with my beloved relatives with whom I have sojourned, first with one, and then with another, that I cherish the sweet hope, that my heavenly Father will still be with me, that he will continue this mercy to me, and by the power of his grace make me a choice blessing to his dear and honoured servant. Oh, that it may be so."

September 19th.—"Was ever any one held in such a state of bondage as I am? Sinners are perishing all around, some of whom might hear the warning voice, had I but courage to speak; but I seem utterly powerless, tongue-tied, bound hand and foot. Cold and indifferent, yet with a prevailing desire to give up my whole self as a 'living sacrifice' to Christ: I know not how to reconcile this inconsistency. I groan daily, being burdened, yet have no power to help myself. I feel almost overwhelmed with the mighty enterprise before me. Such a deep sense of incapacity, and yet I must go forward, for 'the vows of the Lord are upon me.' I am sometimes tempted to wish that I was going alone, then in case of failure no one would suffer but myself. O most holy, most compassionate Father, choose for me, not what I will but what thou wilt. Suffer me not to impede thy dear servant in his work, if it be thy will that I should go forth with him. Thou knowest all my heart, thou knowest that I have the deep conviction, that 'to depart and to be with Christ'—to be introduced into the glorious family above, cleansed from all pollution, and emancipated from 'the body of this death,' would be '*far better.*' But if thou hast work for us, and if thou wilt condescend to work by such feeble instrumentality, then here we are, send us; but oh! grant that we may go forth 'thoroughly furnished for every good work,' and full of vigour (if it be thy will) both of body and mind. But oh! how can I ever enter upon it if I continue to feel the overwhelming weight under which I now groan, yet may I not hope that grace and strength will be imparted equal to my day? strength always has been imparted, and it ever will be: 'Bless the Lord O my soul.'"

North Creake, Feb. 12th, 1832.—"This date reminds me of the near approach of that period when I must bid a final

adieu to these endeared, these much-loved friends: rendered doubly dear from the prospect of bidding them a long, and probably a last farewell. My tears flow at the thought; but shall 'I offer unto the Lord, of that which costs me nothing?' Have I not counted the cost?—not too much surely for him who shed the last drop of his precious blood for me. O my compassionate Lord, grant me that fortitude and courage, which in the trying hour to which I am looking forward, I shall so much stand in need of. I would not but feel, but O let it be chastened sorrow, meek submission to thy righteous will—cheer me only with the sweet hope that thou hast work for thy poor sinful worm; enable her to come out from self; awaken her sympathies for a perishing world, and then she will cheerfully go forth in thy strength. Help me, O Lord, to add my mite of supplication to those which are constantly ascending from thy Church militant, for the spread of thy glorious gospel; I adore thee, that I may draw near to thee, as a reconciled Father in Jesus Christ, that I may sum up, and plead the wants of all mankind, together with my own, and in the sweet spirit of adoption, cry 'Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name.' O let it be hallowed more and more, even by thy poor worm, who feels that a world of guilt attaches to her on this point only; how often, dear Lord, has that sacred name been spoken with irreverence, without that solemn awe which should ever be manifested, when it is taken upon a sinner's lips. 'Hallowed be thy name' by every member of my endeared family. Thou seest how I daily plead with thee on their behalf, how earnestly I desire to see every one of them drawn within the sacred enclosure, ere 'I go hence and be no more seen.' Lord, in pity grant it, for nothing is too hard for thee. 'Thy kingdom come.' Come Lord Jesus, come quickly; take to thyself thy great power, travel in the greatness of thy strength, overturn, overturn, overturn every opposing power, and do thou own and bless all the institutions formed for extending thy glorious gospel, both at home and abroad; but especially own and bless those which have for their object the salvation of the heathen; 'say to the north give up, to the south, keep not back, call thy sons from afar and thy daughters from the ends of the earth.'"

April 22nd.—"I am now drawing very near to that im-

portant crisis to which I have been looking forward for the last nineteen months; would that I could feel my courage increase; would that I were 'strong in the Lord and in the power of his might,' and that I could triumph over every opposing principle. But a season of indisposition rather protracted, has again depressed my spirits, and has excited the fear that my health may fail, and that I may *thereby* become a burden to him, to whom I desire to be made a special blessing. O that I could feel assured that I am pursuing the path marked out for me by my almighty Friend and that I am not, as thousands have done before me, rushing uncalled unto the Lord's vineyard. O my God, shine upon my path ere it be too late, shew me only what thou wouldst have me to do. Thou art my witness, that I have not a desire nearer to my heart than to know, and to do thy will. I have, O my Father, much to praise thee for; great has been thy goodness, thy loving-kindness, and thy tender mercy to me in spite of my numberless wanderings and short-comings; oh then my treacherous heart; wherefore these forbodings, and these fears; art thou going forth in thine own strength, or art thou going forth in the strength of the Lord of Hosts, and if in his strength what hast thou to fear?—I will trust in the 'Lord for ever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength;' 'yea I will go making mention of his righteousness even of his only.'"

The preceding remarks show the enlarged and truly scriptural views which Mrs. Mundy had of her solemn Missionary engagements,—the responsibilities which she felt were attached to them; and the spirit of love by which she was actuated, when she gave herself up as "a living sacrifice to God" in the gospel of his Son. These pious reflections, which are but a small portion of what her Journal contains, during the period over which it extends bring her history down (or nearly so) to the time when she bid a long, a *last*, farewell, to the beloved circle of friends, with whom she had so long held the most endearing and affectionate intercourse; and to whom she was, as her private memorandums evince, most devotedly attached. A few short paragraphs from a part of the letters which I received from her during this period, with one additional extract from her Journal (the last she ever penned in England,) will tend still further to illustrate her

Missionary devotedness, and will also exhibit to the view of the reader, the efficacy and all-sufficiency of that grace which upheld her in the last sad conflict—which enabled her as the hour of separation drew near, to survey it with increasing composure of mind,—and which finally, through God's all-sustaining power, and superabundant mercy, bore her through the trying scene, with more tranquillity of spirit, and Christian resignation, than her friends had previously anticipated.

"My dearest Friend, *North Creake, Jan. 8th,* 1831.

Already has one week glided away of this new untried year, what sort of a beginning has it been with you? If its beginning and ending are in accordance with my wishes, and my prayers for you, it will be a good year *every way;* but as my chief anxiety and concern is for your spiritual good, I deem it safest to leave the *mode* of its bestowment with our unerring and compassionate Benefactor, though it should not, in this respect, be throughout the period, what short-sighted mortals usually call *good.* How much I am comforted by the recollection that, in all that you have before you, the journeyings that you anticipate, and all the difficulties or dangers that you may be exposed to, He will be with you 'whom the winds and seas obey.' My constant prayer for you has been

'Before him thy protection send
O love him, save him, to the end;
Nor let him as thy Pilgrim rove
Without the convoy of thy love.'

"The last has been to me an eventful year. Ah! how little did I anticipate at its commencement the change that has taken place in my prospects, views and feelings. The future is still through mercy veiled in obscurity, as little can I know how my prospects may again change ere the present year closes: it is enough that I have the sweet conviction that every event will be regulated by unerring wisdom and boundless *love.* Let it then be ours to maintain a single eye to the glory of God, in all that we do, and in all that we speak, and then it will be well *with us,* come what may. * * * I hope all the sermon-making to which you refer is not to interfere with your extemporaneous speaking, if it *does,* forgive

me if I say that I shall regret it. Sermons that are *read* never *seem* to proceed so much from the heart and therefore I think they are not so likely to reach the heart. Our Burnham friends, who in the first instance heard you preach with your book, could scarcely believe that you were the same person when they afterwards heard you at our little chapel without it—I am giving my opinion very freely; but you will excuse me, wont you?—* * * I do pant for a greater elevation above the things of time and sense; but I am so tied and bound with the chain of my sins, that I cannot soar; how gloriously shall we mount heavenward, when every fetter is burst asunder. Without in the slightest degree depending upon works, do you not think that much of our spiritual comfort and prosperity is connected with devotedness to the welfare of our fellow-immortals, whether our attention be directed to their temporal, or their spiritual necessities. But alas! self makes such large demand upon our time and attention that these duties are neglected. Teach me, my dearest friend, how to escape from this gigantic foe. I have been so often baffled in the conflict that I seem almost ashamed to ask fresh supplies of heavenly aid. This morning I drew encouragement from the 20th chapter of Judges. I have still kept to our precious hour for prayer; but not with that nearness of access that I could wish. We are reading with much delight another sweet piece of biography,—another *Missionary*, Plinny Fisk; have you seen it? You would be charmed with his devotional spirit and his deep interest in the welfare of the heathen. I long to imbibe his spirit; how sublime are the effects of Christian principle, when it so manifestly triumphs. His be the praise who left the bright realms of bliss to 'set us an example that we should walk in his steps.' How cheering to hear such continued good accounts of our dear children; I love them for your sake, although I have not yet seen them, and earnestly do I pray that they may be drawn within the sacred enclosure, and be prepared to serve their day and generation, when we have passed from 'the scene of action.' I have done nothing at my 'Gamballee' (as my little niece calls it) this week, but I hope to apply to it with fresh diligence when I return to Searning; but I sadly want my dear patient teacher; you must not expect me to have made much progress, though I do as well as I

can. I am indulged with a fire in my own room every morning that I may have no impediment." * * *

"MY DEAREST FRIEND, *North Creak, Feb.* 19*th*, 1831.

My heart was with you yesterday. I was delighted that you commenced your campaign cheered by the bright beamings of that influence which cheers all nature, and I earnestly pleaded that you might enjoy the still more cheering beams of the Sun of righteousness. You will excuse me for having a little secret wish that I had been travelling with you, and whilst I am free to confess that the fair weather had something to do with this wish, you must not on that account suppose that I shall be the less willing to share with you, your gloomy seasons—no, if I know any thing of my own heart its most intense desire is, that you may find my society most valuable in the darkest seasons; for this I trust to the all-sufficiency of divine grace, and believe that in return 'when heart and flesh fail' *I* shall find in *you* the soothing companion and the faithful friend; and that you will supply the place of brother, sister and all the other endearments of the social circle, in which it has so long been my privilege and happiness to move. I shall indeed need a double supply of grace and strength to sustain me in the trying moment, which must in a measure snap so many tender ties; but I trust a new one will be formed which will mutually be found to be stronger than all others, and help to reconcile us both to the bitterness of separation. Many thanks for the promise of a continued interest in your prayers; be assured you will not be forgotten by me. I know that you also have a severe conflict to pass through. The Lord grant us strength according to our day. * * * We have had Mr. Jones here pleading on behalf of the Tract Society. We are always much interested in his visits; in the parlour, the platform, and the pulpit, he is equally edifying and instructive.—This reminds me to say that I hope you are well supplied with tracts for your journey; you have a fine opportunity for scattering the precious seed in more ways than one, may the Lord grant an abundant increase, and richly bless your every effort. My progress in Bengali is very slow, and I sometimes fear, that the chief part of what I

have learnt, will, through my bad pronunciation, have to be unlearnt again." * * *

"MY DEAREST FRIEND, *Fort Place, June* 10*th*, 1831.

* * * * I was thankful to hear that you are not to travel to Scotland alone, indeed you will not, you cannot be alone, for the Lord himself will be with you, I trust, with his special favour, presence and blessing; for this I unceasingly pray, and it will cheer and delight and encourage me beyond measure, to hear that you are sensible of his sustaining power, and that you are feeling increasingly encouraged and interested in your work. You will have large congregations in Scotland; I hope you will be kept from pursuing the work in which you are engaged, 'as a matter of business;' ever recollect that it is a *divine* mission with which you are entrusted, most sublime in its nature, and in its results commensurate with eternity itself. Are you not in danger, under the absorbing influence of your Missionary details, of sometimes forgetting when you are in the pulpit, that you are surrounded by immortal beings with souls infinitely precious, and fast hastening to the bar of God? O recollect that some of these may never hear the warning voice again, and none amongst them will probably ever hear your voice again. Do then, I entreat you, in every sermon, endeavour to say something that shall arouse the careless, and alarm the slumberer. Pardon this digression, but I feel that the period is fast approaching when our tongues will be silent in the grave, and when we shall no longer be able to sound the note of alarm in the sinner's ears. May you, my dearest friend, ever be enabled to maintain a single eye to the glory of God, and may you be cheered by the sweet assurance that in due season you shall 'reap if you faint not;' and Oh! that it may be a very abundant harvest, who knows how important the commission may be which you are charged with to the good people of Scotland, although not moving in the direction which you would perhaps have chosen had the matter been left to yourself. * * * My dear friends would all forgive you for running away with me if you would not take me out of the country; but I have to say to them what I hope and believe to be true, that the brightest earthly prospect would not induce you to abandon your work amongst the

heathen. I dare not allow myself to think of the delightful snug little corner, in my native land, in the bosom of my beloved family; no, I banish the thought with all possible speed, and determine in divine strength that—'forward' shall be my motto, if my heavenly Father calls; this determination I believe to be in accordance with your views, the path of duty is unquestionably the path of safety, and I believe of happiness too, and such happiness as the world knows nothing of." * * *

"My dearest Friend, *Prittlewell, Aug. 9th,* 1831.

You will I am sure be glad to hear that I have great enjoyment here, and continued cause of gratitude to the Father of mercies. My health is improving, and with it my faith and confidence increase; my chief concern is to improve to the utmost this sweet season of seclusion, that I may obtain abundant supplies of grace, and strength, for the important engagements before me; which I can now contemplate with more composure, and brighter hope than I have ever yet done; yes I firmly believe that the hand of God is in it, although the conflicts have been very severe; but by these he is preparing us to exhibit the strength of Christian principle; to him be all the glory. The desire nearest my heart is, that we may be able to adopt the language of 2 Chron. xv. 12, and that we may have grace and strength to pursue it till 'mortality shall put on immortality'—I think very much of you under your present circumstances of fatigue and exposure; and constantly pray that our covenant God may compass you with his favour as with a shield; and I feel much comfort in the thought that he is honoured by our confiding implicitly in him. Many tracts have no doubt been distributed in the districts through which you are now travelling; but the *right* one may not yet have been given, therefore you must go on giving. In a garden that I visited some years ago my attention was arrested by a magnificent bed of mignionette, emitting the most fragrant perfume. I asked the gardener (an intelligent Scotchman), how he made it to grow so luxuriantly, he replied 'it is a delicate seed, and there are many things which militate against its growth. Sometimes the weather—not too hot nor too cold, also the soil, not too wet nor too dry, so I go on sowing till I

see it begin to spring up'—and may we not, my dearest friend, learn a lesson from this ? ought we not to pursue the same persevering plan, and to go on sowing in every field that we pass over, some of the good seed of the Kingdom, watering it incessantly with our prayers and our tears, and if we constantly did this, might we not through God's blessing expect to find here, and there, a luxuriant spot, emitting the choicest perfume, as the fruit of our labor and our toil ?—Oh ! let us remember the Scotch gardener, and go on sowing. The scattering of these little silent messengers (tracts) are, amongst the most interesting reminiscences of my hasty excursion through Ireland and Scotland, not their number, but the reiterated prayer that *every one* might have its commission." * * * *

"MY DEAREST FRIEND, *Scarning, December* 21*st*, 1831.

* * * * * I calculate much upon your finding the next two months a season of sweet uninterrupted spiritual enjoyment, may it prove an abundant harvest season, in which you may lay up much store for the future. When we have less care about secular matters, I hope our intercourse will then be of a more spiritual character; more like 'the children of a king,' anticipating a holy and glorious inheritance. 'Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.' We need only to have our hearts filled with the love of Christ, and then we shall not be able to keep silence. Pray fervently for me that my faith fail not, and that I may be supplied with courage, and holy boldness, when called to give up all for Christ, and be assured, that I will not cease to pray that you may be sustained under every conflict. It will, I know, be a hard trial for you to part with your beloved children, 'but in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.' Remember this, and whilst you maintain a single eye to his glory, he will not suffer you to sink, bear up then, I entreat you, and do not suffer your mind to dwell upon the subject more than you can help, 'sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.' I regret to hear of the domestic afflictions of your friend Mr. Edmonds; the trial is no doubt intended for good, the most valuable and successful of Christian Ministers are those, who have been prepared for their work in the furnace of affliction; and if it was needful that our blessed Redeemer should be made perfect through sufferings,

ought we to wish, or expect to escape, if we would be made 'partakers of his holiness.'

> 'Trials make the promise sweet,
> Trials give new life to prayer;
> Trials bring me to his feet,
> Lay me low and keep me there.'"

* * * *

"My dearest Friend, *Dulwich, March* 29*th*, 1832.

I was sorry to hear that you had such a rough passage to Ireland, and that you suffered so much from sea sickness, I am rather surprised at this, after the seasoning you have had. If you make up your mind to fall sick again, I must make up my mind to keep well that I may nurse you; it is our unspeakable mercy to know that, whether sick or well, our time is in his hand who cannot err, and who will perform all things for us in that way that shall in the end best convince us that God is love; to be prepared for the important work before us (I hope I can say) is, what I feel most anxious about; but for this preparation we must look to Christ, and receive it meekly, though it should come in a shape that is painful to flesh and blood. I rejoice to find that you are not discouraged in your present views of the Mission to Ireland: may the Lord bless and prosper you, and make you an abundant blessing where ere you rove or rest. May he copiously pour upon you the blessed influences of his Spirit, and then shall you not labor in vain. It is my constant prayer that he may open to you the chrystal fountain, and pour out a blessing till there shall not be room enough to receive it. I have seen fresh beauty and been cheered this morning by reading the 43d chapter of Isaiah; a sweet chapter, and admirably calculated to sustain the faith of those, who are called upon to be God's 'witnesses' to the heathen. I am concerned to learn that there is still such a disposition to violate the Sabbath amongst *some* of our Irish brethren; nothing but the reception of the glorious gospel of the blessed God, can produce a better state of things in that wretched land; for this how devoutly ought we to pray. They are in a worse state than the heathen, inasmuch as they have the opportunity to 'know the joyful sound.' They can hear it *orally*, although they are held in bondage, and have the word of life, the Bible, withheld from them by

their Antichristian Church. During my stay here we have had a visit from dear H— R.* I was highly gratified with this opportunity of seeing him once more, and was delighted to observe the progress he has made Zionward; he appears like a scribe well instructed in the word of God, and with a heart overflowing with love to Christ, and anxiety for the salvation of sinners, and with all extraordinary fluency of speech. I trust he will be an efficient and important instrument in advancing the Redeemer's glory. He thought well of my prospects, believing it to be an act of faith, and was very sorry that he could not be introduced to you. The Bishop of Winchester has given him a curacy and in June next he is to be ordained." * * *

My dearest Friend, *Fort Place, April 11th*, 1832.

This morning, according to your wish, I walked to town and called on Mrs. Arundel. I found her alone, and spent an hour with her much to my satisfaction; she very kindly pressed me to spend the day, telling me as an inducement, that she expected Mr. Arundel to dine at home, which was very unusual. She was gratified to hear so good an account of you and your proceedings in Ireland, but gave me most mournful tidings from the East. Your friend Pearson has entered into rest. I felt a shock when I heard this, after having so recently heard of the death of John Adam, and I am persuaded you also will feel it much; his name had become so familiar to me, that I seem almost to have known him. The last enemy is so busy with his strokes, in that quarter of the globe, that I begin to question, whether he will spare any of those of whom you have so often made mention till we arrive; but it is enough for us to know that all is under the direction of an infinitely wise God, and therefore we must keep silence, what we know not now we shall know hereafter." * * *

The last of the preceding letters met me at Dublin, and I was, as she surmised deeply affected on receiving the intelligence that another Missionary brother; one with whom I had long labored, in "the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ," had fallen a victim to the stroke of the "last enemy." It was but a few months antecedent to this that

* See page 33 with the note attached.

our hearts had been pained, on learning that the excellent John Adam was no more. And whilst the death of Mr. Pearson was almost the last Indian news that we heard before we embarked for the field of our future labor, so the first intelligence, (or nearly so) that was communicated to us on arrival there, was the death of Mr. Higgs, the only surviving Missionary at Chinsurah. I well recollect on my return to London after receiving the above sad intelligence, that Mr. Ellis on referring to it asked me if these things had not in some measure startled my "partner elect." Her stedfastness however, was not in the least shaken by them. She endured as seeing "him who is invisible," and she ever felt it to be her highest felicity to leave the future entirely with him. The consciousness of being habitually prepared for death, led her uniformly to look upon the King of Terrors, as a "vanquished foe," and induced her to hail, rather than to dread his approach; she lived habitually above the fear of death, and could at all times, most emphatically say with the Apostle—"O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law, but thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

The fear of extending this memoir beyond due bounds, has induced me to curtail many of the extracts previously selected from her journal, and also from her letters, and although the last she ever penned in England, relates in a great measure to a subject, which delicacy would prompt me to withhold, and the introduction of it, may perhaps, subject me to the charge of egotism, yet I cannot on account of the painfully interesting circumstances under which it was written, resist the inclination to give it in full; it is dated,

Camberwell, July 15*th*, 1832.—"At length I am brought to the last sabbath, that I shall probably ever spend in my native land, and much I need the calmness and composure with which I now view the prospect before me; all my doubts and fears respecting the path of duty are removed; and although, I have no increase of confidence as it regards my ability for the work to which I am looking forward, yet I have, I hope, a more simple and entire dependence upon him in whom 'are all my springs,' in whom is all my sufficiency, and without whom I can do nothing. Since I last wrote an important change has taken place in my circum-

stances, one that I have increased reason to believe has been made under the immediate guidance of my almighty Friend, and therefore will, I trust, be in some measure connected with his glory. Oh almighty Father, do thou grant, that we, thine unworthy creatures, may be constantly supplied with grace and strength, for the faithful discharge of our respective duties; ever may we look up unto thee, the Father of mercies, and the God of all consolation, to sustain our spirits under the varied trials, that may be appointed for us, do thou graciously supply all that is lacking in us and make us holy, and devoted followers of thy dear Son; under all our temptations may we flee to thee for support, and be so imbued with thy spirit as to exhibit the mind, that was in Christ Jesus our Lord. Ere the close of another sabbath, we shall probably have embarked upon the mighty deep; it is our happiness and consolation to know, that we cannot go where *thou* art not, and that whilst we are permitted to look up unto thee as a reconciled Father in Christ, we may ever feel that where thou art there security and peace are enjoyed. Let us not, I beseech thee go forth in vain, may thy dear and honoured servant be enabled so to bear forth the glad tidings of salvation to the benighted heathen, as that they may receive it with gladness; and may thy worthless worm be greatly strengthened in her own spirit, and be prepared to strengthen and comfort him; do thou, most compassionate Father, put beneath him thine everlasting arms, uphold him under all his trials, especially in the most bitter and heart-rending moment of separation from his beloved children; may he have strong consolation in confiding them to thy fatherly care, and do thou cover their defenceless heads, under the shadow of thy wing; shield them from every unhallowed influence, and oh, that it may please thee to grant that Christ may early be formed in their heart as the hope of glory; may we have grace and strength to strive and wrestle with thee, on their behalf, until we have the delight and happiness of believing that they have cast anchor on the only sure foundation. To thy fatherly care and keeping do we commend every beloved relative; may those who are yet in darkness see a great light and flee to the rock of ages, ere the shadows of evening draw around them. To them who as yet see men but as trees walking, do thou grant an increase of light, oh that it may shine

brighter, and brighter, unto the perfect day; and to those of us who have long set our faces Zionward, grant more of the out-pouring of thy Spirit, that we may exhibit more consistency, more holiness, more devotedness to thy dear service: and now, O my Father, help me to praise thee, for thy wonderous loving kindness and tender mercy. Thou hast indeed had pity upon thy poor worm, thou hast heard and answered her poor petitions, and thou hast removed fears, and rebuked disease, cheered her spirit with the sweet hope that she is going forth under thy sanction, and that all needful grace and strength will be granted. Truly I am bound by new ties, by ten thousand obligations to surrender myself, my whole self and all that I am, and have, to thee and to thy service: bless the Lord O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name."

A few days after the preceding paragraph was written we both took leave of all dear to us in England, and with scarcely a ray of hope that we should ever meet them again in the flesh. I have a vivid recollection of the sorrows of that sad, sad morning. As we travelled together in the coach to Portsmouth, many tears were shed, and comparatively but few words spoken, the heart was too big, too full to give utterance to its feelings in language; and judging from what then passed in my own bosom, I should say that the anguish caused by such separations, is more akin to that which will be caused by the separations that will take place at the last day—to the anguish which every sinner will feel, when he finds himself at the left hand of the Judge, than to any other that I can possibly form an idea of. The next morning we embarked on board the Duke of Northumberland, Captain Pope, and the following day beheld the shores of England in the distant horizon, gradually receding from our view; by *her* never to be beheld again. Before I introduce her to notice in her new sphere of labor, in British India, I would in concluding this chapter, briefly make two remarks respecting the contents of the Journal, from which the greater part of the preceding extracts have been selected.

First; although that Journal extends over a very large portion of time, I do not find her in a single instance ever expressing a doubt about her own safety, or questioning the fact of her own personal interest in the blessings of

the great salvation; on this point she appears to have been quite at ease, habitually rejoicing in the sweet sense of pardoning mercy. Whatever spiritual distress she at any time felt, it arose from the idea, that having herself so many blessings in possession, and so many more in reversion, and all these blessings so secure, so complete, so dearly purchased and so freely bestowed;—it was the extreme of wickedness not to feel the deepest and most intense anxiety, on behalf of those, who had no share in them—who knew nothing of their value, and who were living without God and "without hope in the world." She had a deep realising view of the misery of a lost world, and of the coming perdition of the wicked, and although she felt much for them, and frequently wept and prayed over them, yet that feeling came so far short in her estimation of what it ever ought to be that its deficiency was a source of constant uneasiness to her. It was moreover (in *her* judgment) so characterised by a want of that holy activity to bring sinners to Christ, which she considered the recipient of so many mercies ever ought to display, that her heart on this account was frequently bowed down by a weight of sorrow known, only to those, who have drank deeply into the spirit of him, of whom it is said, "when he was come near and beheld the city, he wept over it, saying, if thou hadst known, even thou at least in this thy day the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes."

Secondly.—It appears from her Journal, that she was, with few exceptions, constantly privileged, to hold near and intimate communion with her Lord in the secrecy of the closet; although of this *I* have had more demonstrative evidence than any thing which *her Journal exhibits*;—still it is pleasing to see in these private memorandums, how frequently, and with what warmth of feeling, she expatiates upon this subject. Whatever cloud might occasionally have come over her as it regards other matters, it was seldom that a cloud overshadowed her in the closet. There all was light, life, liberty, and love; it was there that she saw "an opening heaven, and a smiling God;" it was there that she ' drank of the brook by the way;" and it was there that she gathered strength, both for labor and for conflict, and especially the grace and the strength which sustained her in the last struggle—which upheld her in the contest with the last ene-

my, and which finally bore her redeemed, and sanctified spirit, in the fulness of victory, and the triumph of peace, to those bright realms of everlasting day,—where

" All is tranquil and serene
Calm and undisturbed repose,
Where no cloud can intervene,
Where no angry tempest blows;
Where the days of weeping o'er;
Past, the scene of toil and pain
Saints shall feel distress no more,
Never,—never weep again."

CHAPTER IV.

VOYAGE TO INDIA—ARRIVAL THERE—COMMENCEMENT AND PROGRESS OF MISSIONARY LABOR.

THAT is a glowing description which the Apostle gives us of the power of faith in the 11th chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews; it was through faith that the worthies to whom he there refers, " subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, and turned to flight the armies of the aliens." It was the triumph of the same holy principle—the power of that faith which endures as " seeing him who is invisible" that enabled the subject of this memoir to surmount those mountains of difficulty which stood in the way of her self-immolation on the Missionary altar. Few persons bound by so many endearing ties to country and home, and possessed of all the comforts this world can afford, would have ventured, with a feeble constitution, and delicate health, and especially at her time of life, to have embarked in such an enterprise. But faith in the power and veracity of God, and in the promises of his word, accompanied by the conviction that it was his hand which was leading her forth, bore her up under the pressure of every trial, and enabled her cheerfully to go forward, though surrounded by a host of

difficulties. In a letter which I received from her at the commencement of our correspondence, and to which I have not before adverted, she thus speaks upon this subject:

"In reference to my former letter permit me to say, that you have rather misunderstood the nature of my proposition. The question with me has never been, whether I could risk the voyage—whether I could leave my friends and all the endearments of the social circle, and encounter the debilitating influences of a tropical climate; *no*, I can truly say that *all these* have been *minor* considerations; the great question with me has been, whether I was fit for the work, and whether I was called in providence to embark in it, and it was from an earnest desire *clearly* to ascertain this, that I asked for a season of special prayer, let me only have satisfaction on *this* point and I can leave all the rest."

During the voyage to India her private journal was discontinued, I find in it only one entry, in which the want of privacy is assigned as the reason why she was unable to proceed with it. "It is, she remarks, now nine weeks since we came on board this ship and truly goodness and mercy have followed us every step of the way. I have made a few hasty memorandums of our general progress, but have not been able to command sufficient privacy to pursue this exercise, which I desire should be sacred, and which as yet, is unknown even to my beloved husband, and as he is just come into the cabin I must stop short."

During the time that she was upon the wide expanse of waters, she commenced a Journal of another character, and to which the preceding paragraph refers, one which was not intended to be private, and in which (with a view of transmission to her friends in England), she notices a few of the principal events of the voyage. A few short extracts selected from the latter, will I trust, not be unacceptable to the reader, as these tend still further to illustrate her Christian character, and her earnest desire to be made the instrument of spiritual good to every individual who, in the providence of God, was brought within the sphere of her influence.

August 7th.—"Our progress during the last week has been as rapid as we could desire, sometimes eleven knots an hour, and still through mercy 'safe from dangers, free from fears.' Our movements occasionally too unsteady to admit of close application; but we trust that we have not alto-

gether lost our time, one portion of which has been devoted to Bengali, another to Orme's life of Baxter, and some to taking exercise on deck, and to occasional intercourse with our fellow passengers, all of whom are friendly and polite; a few unite with us in our domestic worship conducted about 8 o'clock in our cabin. Two sabbaths have passed away, marked by more solemnity than I anticipated, my beloved husband has conducted a morning and evening service both well attended, both by passengers and seamen, all of whom appeared interested, may the Lord grant that the word may be accompanied by the mighty energy of his spirit, then shall it have free course and be glorified, even amongst this little band of immortals; the Omniscient God only knows how many amongst us have set our faces Zionward, may he grant, whether we be few or many, that we may be a leaven which shall leaven the whole lump. Tracts have been distributed and well received, by the crew, who appear to be a steady, well disciplined set of men."

August 16th.—"The heat is increasing and we feel it the more from having lost our breeze, but as we are now approaching the line, we must it seems look for variable weather. A ship and a brig have been in sight all day, but as they shewed no colours and refused to answer our signals, and as in the evening a third sail appeared, the captain became alarmed, lest any of them should turn out to be pirates, the great guns therefore were prepared, which caused a little commotion amongst us, especially with the timid. I had just seated myself in the cabin and was waiting to hear the dreaded explosion, when my beloved husband came running in, crying 'come on deck, quick, quick, we are speaking a homeward-bound ship.' We were all speedily on deck, and had the unspeakable satisfaction of seeing alongside us the ship "Ganges," from Calcutta to London direct. This was indeed a most delightful transition, and a more agreeable little bustle under our circumstances could not well have occurred. In a few minutes pens, ink, paper, wax, wafers, were in demand from one end of the ship to the other, speedily some new faces appeared in the cuddy, amidst a multitude of scribes. The captain of the Ganges and two of his passengers came on board with a packet of letters for India, and half an hour was fully occupied in an exchange of inquiries, when they bore

off our precious budget of intelligence, to our beloved English friends; and pursued their way to our dear native land, whilst we again spread our sails and went on our own way rejoicing. Through mercy we still continue in good health, both having escaped the inconvenience of sea-sickness, from which most of our companions have suffered; my general health is certainly much better than it was some months ago, and though the heat is great, it is still far less oppressive than I expected, my spirits are also good, and there are none of the annoyances that I had previously anticipated—oh! for a more grateful heart."

August 21*st* —"About 7 o'clock this morning we were informed that a boat's crew was alongside of us, I hastened to finish my letter to dear Mrs. Townley, concluding that it belonged to another homeward-bound ship, but it proved to be an American whaler with a sick captain, who sent to solicit the aid of our doctor; he lost no time in obeying the summons accompanied by the chief officer, temporary relief was afforded, and as his case was a painful one our captain kindly went to him, and offered him accommodations on board the Northumberland. We had the pleasure of sending several bundles of tracts to the seamen, may God be pleased to follow them with the enlightening and quickening power of his Spirit. The sick captain could not accept of the kind offer made to him by ours, but he sent a box of oranges, some plantains, oil, and Portuguese onions to the ship. Now we have lost sight of him, and poor man from what I hear he is likely soon to be in eternity."

September 6*th*.—" All going on well since last sabbath day. We have been borne along delightfully under the influence of a strong favourable breeze, and we are now rapidly approaching the latitude of the Cape; how much cause have we to sing of the mercy, and goodness of our covenant God, would that we were *all* more sensible of it; but alas! some amongst us, I fear, do not recognise his hand, in our daily mercies, and preservations, may he open their eyes to see the wondrous things which are presented to their view in the book of nature, the book of providence, and most of all in the book of grace. We have reason to be thankful that we go on harmoniously, and that nothing of a painful nature has, as yet, occurred. I regret to say that we do not accomplish so much as we proposed. We still proceed with our Bengali and are also agreeably employed in reading

Bishop Heber's Journal, which contains much useful and interesting information, although in some respects it is not exactly what I expected to find it."

September 17*th*.—" A calm, though unfriendly to our progress, gives me the opportunity of making a few memorandums, which latterly, through the rolling of the vessel, I had not been able to do. We have during the three past weeks had a very strong breeze, approaching to a gale. I felt it difficult at times to persuade myself that there was no danger, especially during the darkness of the night; however a kind providence shielded us, and (as in many, many periods that are past) was again better to me than my fears. My present circumstances frequently remind me of the Christian's passage to the eternal world—he is admonished by Scripture, that it is through much tribulation that he must enter the kingdom, and although calmness and serenity are more agreeable to flesh and blood, yet they are not the elements which most speedily waft him heavenward. The last two sabbaths have not been filled up according to the desire of our hearts. The ship has been too unsteady to admit of our assembling together on deck as heretofore, but we have still had worship in our own cabin. A few more sabbaths and I trust under the guidance of our almighty Friend, that we shall again find ourselves associated with beloved Christian friends; in the meantime may patience have its perfect work; we have as yet experienced but little to try it, our greatest need has been a more grateful heart, for the circumstances of mercy in which we perpetually find ourselves; if we had been blest with the society of a few more sincere and devoted fellow-pilgrims, our comfort would have been almost too complete, may the Lord look upon the thoughtless ones around us! To be associated with so many immortal beings, and to discover no greater concern amongst them for the " one thing needful," is truly painful; to see them the recipients of so many mercies, and yet evince no disposition to recognise the hand that bestows them is sad indeed. —may our prayers be heard that whilst our persons are protected, and preserved from day to day, our immortal spirits may obtain salvation through the blood of Christ, and may the little seed that we have scattered amongst them be watered with the dew of heaven, and bring forth an abundance of fruit."

October 10th.—" Still going on our way steadily under the influence of the trade-wind, which is bearing us fast towards our desired port. Some are already making preparation for an exchange of elements. The retrospect of the period since we have been on board is calculated to excite our warmest gratitude to our heavenly Benefactor, we have only to regret that we have accomplished so little; but the vessel has frequently been too unsteady to admit of much mental application. I hope on my arrival in Calcutta that I shall be able to apply much closer to the language; may we be enabled to dedicate ourselves afresh to his service from whose gracious hand we have received so many benefits."

On arriving in India Mrs. Mundy again commenced her private journal. The following remarks were penned in Calcutta, during our two months residence there, before we received our appointment to take charge of the Missionary Station at Chinsurah.

Calcutta, December 12th, 1832.—" This day five weeks through the distinguished goodness of God, we were permitted to set our feet on the shores of this heathen land, having been most mercifully shielded from the dangers and difficulties to which thousands are exposed, in crossing the mighty deep. Truly we have abundant cause to erect a fresh Ebenezer to the God of providence, may we be enabled to testify our gratitude by an entire consecration of all our powers to his service, and evermore find him a God of all grace, supplying that which is lacking in us, and in his own way preparing us for our appointed work, be that appointment what it may. This subject is now under consideration by the committee, and my heart's desire and prayer to God is, that *he* will choose for us. O thou that hearest prayer, bear in thy fatherly remembrance the often-repeated petition, that we thy poor, weak children, may not be misguided, may we not suffer a selfish, or mere personal preference to cast a feather in the scale; condescend to choose for us, to fix the bounds of our habitation, to lead us forth, where under thy special direction, and with thy gracious aid, we may in some humble measure labor successfully in thy blessed vineyard.—Forbid it, oh forbid it, that we should be idlers; help us to remember, that 'time is short,' that eternity is hastening, that the period is fast approaching when 'no man can work;' we are admonished of

this by the sudden removal of one of our fellow-labourers. Oh, that the event, mournful as it is,* may but be sanctified to survivors ; may we be enabled to humble ourselves under the mighty hand of God, and to inquire 'Lord shew us wherefore thou contendest' with us, thou hast hitherto dealt bountifully with us, thou hast been better to us than our fears, thou hast spared our forfeited lives, kept us in health, brought us into the society of Christian friends, favoured us with the endearments of Christian intercourse, and blest us with a sweet serenity of mind, beyond what we dared to expect after a separation long, and lasting, as it is likely to be, from beloved individuals bound to us by all that is endearing in the tender ties of nature. But if thou, our indulgent Father, give quietness, who or what shall interrupt it? Ah what do we not owe to our adorable Redeemer, who has so dearly purchased for us 'every good and every perfect gift,' truly 'my soul shall magnify the Lord and my spirit shall rejoice in God my Saviour.'"

December 23rd—"Sabbath morning—Father of mercies on whom I depend for every blessing, I would offer to thee my feeble tribute of gratitude and love for the sacred privilege of drawing near to thy throne, and for thy kind condescension in permitting such a worm to hold communion with thee, and especially at the present crisis, when we so earnestly desire to be led by thy especial providence, to that part of the field where we may best employ our feeble powers to thy glory. How needful it is that we should now be much in prayer, that we may not mistake our way, and that in our appointment to our station the glory of God alone may be kept in view. Father, withhold not thy promised aid, bend our stubborn wills to thine, make us holy as thou art holy, pure as thou art pure, my only grief is that I am so unlike my blessed Lord, that I am so prone to live in forgetfulness of him, that I feel so little compassion for perishing sinners, and so little of that divine sympathy which flowed in the Saviour's breast. Lord melt this stubborn heart, 'quicken thou me according to thy word' and enable me to run with cheerfulness and alacrity 'the way of thy commandments.' My beloved husband is gone to Chinsurah, and ere he returns

The death of Mr. Higgs—see page 67.

our destination will probably be fixed; if thou choose for us blessed Lord, all shall be well."

February 3rd, 1833.—"We are at length appointed to take charge of the Mission at Chinsurah, and we have, I trust, good reason to believe that the appointment is from the Lord. O that his presence and blessing may but go with us, and then we shall have no cause to regret that we left the land of our fathers, to bear our feeble testimony to the preciousness of the Gospel of Christ amongst the heathen. Lord help us to adorn this precious gospel, by the exhibition of whatsoever things are lovely, and of good report, by devotedness to thy service, by diligent persevering efforts to enlighten the poor benighted heathen, and by the consecration of all our powers to thee. Do thou, most holy Father, be with thy dear servant this day, let him not labor in vain in the Lord, give him a rich harvest of souls, such as shall be his joy and crown of rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus. In thy own good time bring him back to me in safety, and may we again unite our voices in gratitude and love to thee, the author of all our mercies. This will probably be the last sabbath that I shall spend in Calcutta for sometime to come. We have been highly favoured here with the means of grace, with the friendship, and hospitality of kind Christian friends, and with every accommodation that we could possibly desire. We have reason to grieve that we have lost so much time in the preliminaries for our work, but it has been unavoidable, may we now be enabled to redeem the time, and have grace and strength given us to labor with diligence and zeal. Since I last wrote it has pleased him, who cannot err, to pull down my feeble frame, but through mercy he has rebuked disease, and I am fast regaining my wonted strength; again has my heavenly Father, in spite of all my disingenuous fears restored me to a good measure of health, henceforward may 'every power find sweet employ' in the blessed and delightful service of my ever adorable Lord."

The preceding remarks bring the writer's history down to the period when she entered upon her missionary engagements at Chinsurah; a station where she will long be remembered by such of the rising generation, as shared in the benefits of her unwearied and benevolent exertions.

An inspired writer has assured us that "the memory of the just is blessed;" and the truth of this remark is fully exemplified in the many blessings which are poured upon her memory by the various classes of her pupils there, and also by others whose interests both for time and eternity, she assiduously endeavoured to promote. The following extracts embrace the substance of what her journal contains during the first two years of her residence in this new field of her labors.

Chinsurah, December 15th, 1833.—"How difficult it is to resume a long neglected duty—several months have rolled away since I made any minute of the state of my immortal spirit; but it is not with me here as it was in England. I find here (apart from my daily avocations) many impediments that stand in the way of my pursuing this exercise. I cannot prosecute it to any extent without shortening my seasons for devotion; and these I cannot afford to curtail; yet as I have derived spiritual benefit from it in days that are past, I shall I hope henceforward be enabled to attend to it with greater regularity. I deeply deplore this neglect of my spiritual progress. What wonder if instead of rising to the fulness of the stature of Christ I have yet to deplore my more than infantile weakness. I have constantly to blush at my poor puny efforts to glorify my Saviour, and that I so often dishonour him, by my lamentable deficiencies; and yet (oh the wondrous compassion manifested to such a guilty worm,) the love of God towards me has continued to flow in one unbroken stream. Notwithstanding all my doubts, and fears, and conflicts, and disingenuous misgivings, in the prospect of coming to this heathen land, I find myself in the enjoyment of a sweet peace which passeth all understanding, and realising the fulfilment of that precious promise, 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee.' I have it is true been exercised with some rather severe discipline, in the way of bodily suffering since I came to Chinsurah, but I trust it has been sanctified, and it seems lost in the superabundance of my mercies, which are 'new every morning and fresh every evening.'"

December 29th.—"Being detained from the sanctuary of God, by indisposition this morning, I have thereby been enabled to give a little extra time to my class of Hindoo

youths. O that I could hope that they had derived any real benefit from my feeble efforts to instruct them; but what so hard and insensible as the unregenerate heart of man, especially the heart of a Hindoo, rivetted to earth as it is by all its associations, predilections and affections, and fast bound by the adamantine chain of caste; and also by the fear of man, which even to the comparatively unfettered 'oft-times bringeth a snare,' what wonder then that these poor deluded beings are held in such bondage? When, mighty God, when shall we see thee begin thy wondrous work of love and mercy, as we are taught by thy word to look for it in accomplishing the salvation of the heathen. Gird on thy sword, most mighty Conquerer, let every thing that impedes thy glorious progress, whether it be in our own hearts, or in thy church, or in the world at large, be removed; overturn, overturn, overturn every impediment, that thy word may have free course and be glorified. Oh that thou wouldst on this spot, where so many of thy dear servants have scattered the precious seed, and where it hath been so long watered with their prayers and tears—oh that thou wouldst even here magnify the sovereignty of thy power, by raising up a seed to serve thee from amongst this dark mass of idolaters. We confess, blessed Lord, that we deserve not to have our hearts so cheered and gladdened, seeing that we are not wholly given to thee as we ought to be, and even if we were, we should but give thee of thine own, we could still bring forward no plea from *this source*, why thou shouldst grant our request; truly we are poor insignificant worms, and whether *we* be glad or whether we be sorry is a matter of small moment; not so whether sinners shall be saved, whether Christ shall be glorified, hasten then thy coming, O thou mighty one of Israel; we long to see thee work here as thou hast done in other lands, and thine shall be all the praise, thine shall be all the glory."

January 2nd, 1834.—"From whence arises this disinclination to pursue this exercise which I am persuaded has proved so beneficial to me in seasons that are past? it is true I cannot here as in England enjoy uninterrupted periods of retirement; I do not wish my own dear husband to know that I am thus employed, and I am troubled with the thought that this memoranda may perhaps hereafter

meet some other eye than my own. Could I be quite sure that this would not be the case, I should pursue this exercise with more advantage. Through the infinite goodness of my almighty Friend I have entered upon another year of my mortal existence, whether I shall be spared to its close is known only to the beneficent Author of that existence. I am far less anxious to know whether these earthly scenes will close upon me ere the year comes to an end, than I am, for a greater degree of preparedness for that great change, come when it will. The last year has been fraught with mercy in a way, that in the retrospect fills me with wonder and astonishment. How can it be that my offended God bestows upon me so much of his tender mercy, and grants me the enjoyment of such peace and tranquillity as I had not even dared to hope for on this side the grave? often do I tremble at the effect of the 'treacherous calm,' and fear lest I should settle on my lees: forbid it, O my Father, that that which ought to furnish a double incentive to holy obedience, should in any measure keep me at a distance from thee. No impediment have I except that which arises from my own treacherous heart. Oh that I may 'be up and doing,' and may my spirit, with that of my endeared companion, *bound* onward with fresh impetus in the path to glory."

February 6th.—"It has long been a source of deep regret to me that my sabbaths are not marked by a greater nearness of access to God, and that the several duties that demand my attention on that sacred day are not of a more spiritual order. I have two classes, one of Bengalis and another of Europeans; but I do not feel that spirituality, and enlargement in communicating instruction, which is of the first importance.—Father of mercies hear me, thy poor petitioner, for thy dear Son's sake; grant that opportunities for usefulness may multiply upon us, and do thou give grace and ability to us, so to improve them, that we may bring glory to thy name. O for the honor of thy Son's name give us success in our work. I bless thee, O my Lord, for the mercies of this Sabbath; I have had the pleasure of listening to an animating and edifying discourse at our English chapel, follow the word spoken with thy rich blessing, make it quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword; and whilst thy dear and honoured servant is break-

ing the bread of life to others, may his own soul be abundantly refreshed. Again have we been permitted to unite in breaking of bread, when I was through mercy, more sensible, of the divine presence, than I have been on some former occasions.

'My soul repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great,
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.'"

September 8th.—"This morning I organised afresh my Native Female School. Each child (twenty-five in number), had been furnished with a new cloth, when they made an interesting appearance. O that it would please the Lord to bless this humble effort, and to direct me to the use of such means as may be best calculated to ensure success. We see that the females even in their present degraded state, possess *some* influence; how desirable then that they should be placed in more favourable circumstances, that they may turn that influence to good account, and if female education become general, (which we hope and believe it ultimately will, *though we shall not live to see it,)* the benefit of it will then be made manifest; ought we not then with this conviction to push it forward, by every possible means though the present results are of so discouraging an order? If the mind receives but the slightest degree of expansion, it will in *that measure* be in a better state of preparation for the reception of the gospel. After all, whatever may be thought on the subject by short-sighted mortals, we know that if our heavenly Father see fit to bless the effort it shall prosper, and who shall say that he *will not;* to beings whom he has formed for immortality, communicate such a measure of light, as shall keep them from the paths of the destroyer, and eventually guide them to a heaven of happiness purchased by the precious blood of Christ. May I be enabled, O almighty Father, to continue to plead with thee for thy blessing upon my feeble efforts; oh increase my faith, that my prayers may come up before thee with acceptance through the precious blood of Christ."

Sabbath Evening, October 8th.—"For the last three Sabbaths my enjoyment has been much broken in upon, in consequence of my beloved husband having been prevented by sickness from pursuing his public labors. Through

the goodness of our God he has been mercifully dealt with, the means have been blest, pain has been removed, and I have the sweet hope that he will shortly be enabled to resume his interesting and all-important engagements. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul,' he had just brought to a close a course of sweetly impressive addresses upon our Lord's question to Peter 'Lovest thou me,' dwelling chiefly upon the importance and reasonableness of giving him our whole heart, oh that mine were but more warmed with the subject. In looking over this memoranda I find that some of my resolutions have not been acted upon, I have not brought the body into subjection in the way that I proposed, how subtilly has the flesh pleaded that such austerity was not requisite, and that it was more than the body could bear. Do I desire strong faith that my prayers may rise with acceptance, that the mountains of difficulty that stand in the way of the spread of the gospel in this heathen land may be removed; and has our blessed Lord forewarned us that this kind goeth not out 'but by prayer and fasting' and shall I persuade myself that *either* of these is unnecessary? surely such a thought must come from the enemy. Oh my blessed Lord, shed abroad thy love in my heart that I may henceforward have a more holy existence than I have ever yet experienced."

Monday Evening, December 8th.—" Last evening we had the pleasure of uniting with our Baptist brethren*, in commemorating the death of our divine Lord. It is at such seasons (and of this I had a sweet impression), that the Lord especially stretches forth the sceptre of his love and asks 'What is thy request and what is thy petition and it shall be granted thee.' Again, therefore, I asked, 'O mighty Saviour, bring salvation to the heathen.' Wilt thou then, O my blessed Lord, hearken to thy poor petitioner, wilt thou have compassion upon this dry and thirsty land, 'where no water is?' Wilt thou pour out thy Spirit from on high, that this parched land may become 'a fruitful field'—that 'the wilderness may rejoice and blossom as the rose'—come mighty Saviour, come quickly thou who wast 'manifested to destroy the works of the devil.' Begin now

* The Baptist brethren at that time occasionally came from Serampore to Chinsurah to administer the Lord's supper to a few pious soldiers in H. M. 44th Regiment, who belonged to their denomination.

thy work of mercy, O delay not; condescend to prosper the labors of thine honoured servants. O let them not deliver thy message of love in vain, but grant that whether it be addressed to the young, or to the old, whether to the enlightened European, or to the poor benighted Hindoo, that it may be accompanied by the power and energy of thy Spirit, and that multitudes feeling that power, may be made to cry 'what shall we do to be saved?' Since I last wrote God has been very gracious to my beloved husband; with the setting in of the cold season he has received such a measure of bodily strength, as has enabled him to pursue his labors with comfort, and delight. O that the Lord may bless him in them, and make him a blessing wheresoever he may bend his steps. And hear, O my Father, my constant petitions on behalf of the little ones under my charge; early pour out thy Spirit upon them, grant them such a measure of divine light as shall preserve them from groping in the darkness of error, guide them in the narrow way that leads to life eternal; preserve them through the slippery paths of youth, early reveal thyself unto them, then shall they be blessings in their day and generation, and having finished their course with joy, at length be numbered with thy redeemed ones, for whom the Saviour has purchased a glorious and blessed immortality."

My beloved wife deeply regretted that she had, whilst she was in Calcutta, lost so much time in preliminary arrangements for her work. Immediately therefore on her arrival at Chinsurah, she determined as far as possible, to "redeem the time." Her first object there was to collect together a school of native female children, which after a little effort she succeeded in accomplishing. She also obtained a flourishing Sabbath school of European children from the Barracks. She gave instruction twice a week to a class of Hindoo youth, in the English language, chiefly with a view of leading them to Christ, and she reconstructed the female department of the Portuguese female school, which she also removed to her own house, in order that she might have it constantly under her own eye. She likewise pursued, as circumstances permitted, her studies in the language, entered into an extensive correspondence with friends at home on the subject of Christian Missions, and assisted me, by copying for the press the whole of a

work which I then published in two volumes, entitled "Christianity and Hindooism Contrasted, or a Comparative View of the Evidence by which the respective claims to divine authority of the Bible and the Hindoo Shástras are supported." Two years' experience having given her an insight into some of the difficulties connected with Missionary labor, she was then enabled to form an idea as to the department in which she had the chief prospect of accomplishing some permanent good, and where, under God, her efforts were the most likely to be followed by blessings of a spiritual character. After mature deliberation and much prayer she concluded that her labors amongst the Portuguese population of Chinsurah appeared thereby to be attended by more direct and immediate spiritual results than any other in which she could engage. Whilst therefore her efforts in the other departments of the Mission were still continued, she came to the conclusion, to give to the Portuguese girls her chief, and, in short, her almost undivided, attention. It may be necessary here to remark for the information of the friends of Missions in England,—that Chinsurah, Hooghly, and Bandel are contiguous to each other. In this neighbourhood the first emigrants from Portugal settled more than two centuries ago. The present Portuguese inhabitants of these places, are a "*mixed race*," the descendants of the original and various subsequent settlers. A few of them are comparatively *respectable*, but others, are sunk almost to a level with the heathen, and have, it is to be feared, in various instances learned many of their vices and habits; whilst, as it respects mental cultivation, they are in some respects positively below them. They have long been a neglected race, no man caring for their souls; and it was in this state of spiritual destitution that Mrs. Mundy found them when she commenced her benevolent exertions for their benefit. She began her school with only four pupils, and after more than a year's incessant labor, she could not number above sixteen; at that number it stood for some months, notwithstanding all her efforts to increase it, that for a time she almost despaired of further success. The parents of these children, being nearly all Catholics and many of them extremely ignorant, were naturally averse to send their children to a Protestant Missionary school. Their prejudices on this point were in

fact decidedly greater than those of the heathen, and she found it much more easy at the commencement of her labors to collect pupils from amongst the Hindoos than she did from amongst them. The moral feelings however of the two classes are of a very different order; on this point they admit of *no* comparison. She soon perceived, after she had secured the regular attendance of these children, and had gained their confidence, that they were susceptible of impressions, which—I will not say, the heathen *are not* succeptible of; but which *she* had never beheld in any of them.—Repeatedly has her heart glowed with gratitude to God whilst beholding in these, her beloved pupils, the anxious look, the sparkling eye, and the falling tear, a sight but rarely witnessed amongst the Hindoo youth, and much less so amongst the adult population. The natives of India are by no means deficient in intelligence; it is comparatively easy to make them *understand* the gospel, but to make them *feel* it, is the most difficult thing in the world; their idolatry has produced a moral ossification of the heart, a petrifaction of every noble and generous feeling, to such an extent as can scarcely be conceived of, even by those Europeans who live in the midst of them and who have not closely inspected their character and habits. Mrs. Mundy's school, amongst the Portuguese population of Chinsurah gradually acquired celebrity, and overcame prejudice. Her unwearied efforts, her kindness to the children—their attachment to her, and the benefits which they derived from *her* instructions, soon became evident to their parents; and in the course of another year the number of her pupils was doubled, and when the infant school was added to the former. She could then look upon nearly eighty young immortals daily greeting her with their cheerful smiles. At 9 o'clock these all assembled in the infant school for reading the Scriptures and prayer, after which the elder girls, who were mostly under *her* instruction, proceeded to their own school-room; but before their beloved instructress joined them there, she usually remained a few minutes behind in the infant school, encouraging the little ones, and making inquiries of their teacher about their behaviour the preceding day. The children then all passed in review before her, and each child had its accustomed morning kiss,—a ceremony which though not very agree-

able on so extensive a scale, she always went through without making any *distinction;* unless "Teacher" intimated, that there had been on the part of any one, some improper conduct during the preceding day, in which case it was withheld. This trifling punishment, useless as it may appear, was always deeply felt by the children, and many a little heart has been ready to burst with grief on hearing of its naughtiness, and on being sent away without this accustomed token of her approbation. I believe her infant school is the only one in India which has succeeded amongst this class of people*. From the period of its commencement down to the present time it has afforded us much satisfaction, and has, we have reason to hope, met with the divine approbation, and been accompanied in its operations by a divine blessing. It still exists under the care of its indefatigable teacher Miss Flood, who has had charge of it from the commencement, and will I hope, continue to exist and become increasingly a blessing to the neighbourhood. The upper, or Mrs. Mundy's own school, is likewise still in operation under the superintendence of Mrs. Cecil. who for some years past has rendered to her valuable assistance in the working department, and I trust, the Lord being our helper, that we shall be able to carry them both on, until a suitable female Missionary can be sent out from England by the directors of the London Missionary Society, to take charge of them. Mrs. Mundy continued her labours from the period above referred to until the time of her decease, with but little variation; a few additional extracts therefore from her journal, embracing this intervening space, may here with propriety be brought forward, to which may afterwards be added a few general remarks on the direct *spiritual* benefit, which a part of her pupils, with their parents, and also some others of their friends derived from her disinterested christian exertions.

February 15*th*, 1835.—"Already have we reached the second month of another year, in this heathen land, so remote from the spot where I commenced an existence that shall know no termination. In looking over these memoranda, I am struck with wonder and gratitude at God's

* Except it be a small one at Serampore which chiefly arose out of Mrs. Mundy's.

gracious dealings with me. I could not have retained so vivid a recollection of the workings of my mind, had I not given permanancy to them by the aid of my pen; and what a record of mercy it is! how little could I conceive when my faith was so severely tried in the prospect of coming to India, what the termination would be—to enjoy so long a season of calm undisturbed tranquillity, sweet, sweet peace, I could not anticipate, experiencing from day to day the utmost kindness and tenderness from my beloved companion, and cheered by the hope that I am enabled in some measure to minister to his comfort; our spirits animated by repeated good tidings from our endeared friends, especially our beloved children, and permitted to indulge the precious hope that God will eventually bless our humble efforts to 'win souls,' well may we exclaim 'our cup runneth over.' O Lord, accept I beseech thee, my warmest ascriptions of praise, and do thou help me to trust thee for the future—the dark days of sorrow, will come, *must* come. O prepare us for them, and may they be met with meekness and humble submission, come when they may. My beloved husband is gone to Calcutta to put the finishing stroke to his work on "The Evidences," Lord command thy blessing to rest upon this effort, thine is the power; let it be commissioned by thee to do its part towards dispersing the dense cloud of ignorance, error and superstition so manifest all around us, and thine shall be all the glory."

March 15*th*.—"To-day my beloved husband recommenced his ministrations in our little chapel, after a cessation of some weeks that he might give his undivided attention to the heathen. My heart rejoiced at seeing him again in the pulpit, and especially as he directed our attention to a most important subject, the revival of religion, which most assuredly must begin first in our own hearts; do thou speak the word, O blessed Jesus, say to thy Zion 'Awake awake, put on thy strength.' When under thy promised influence, Zion shall bestir herself,—when she shall put on her 'beautiful garments,' then indeed may we hope to see a revival of thy work in our midst. Oh, hasten it, blessed Lord, hasten it, 'go forth with our armies,' go forth, for thine alone is the power to accomplish the work: help us most holy Lord, help us to run with diligence and perse-

verance, the race that is set before us, and may it not be in vain that our attention has been directed to the importance of striving for a revival of thy work in our own hearts; and oh, do thou who hast promised to 'clothe thy priests with salvation,' pour down thy choicest blessing upon thy dear servant, deliver him from the fear of man, may he be enabled to exhibit such a glorious portrait of our blessed Lord, as shall make him appear the 'chief among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely;' and may he be so intent upon the contemplation of it, that self may be lost sight of. Oh, fill his whole soul with thy love."

December 18*th.*—"Another year is drawing to a close—and it has been a year peculiarly distinguished by mercy. Health has been granted us beyond what we dared to expect, and blessings have abounded on every hand; but has it been marked by more gratitude, more active obedience, more devotedness on our part? ah! when will it be that we shall be wholly absorbed in the great, and all-important work in which we have embarked? when will the things of time and sense, cease to impede our progress? dearest Lord, 'still we wait for thine appearing, joy and peace thy beams impart.' Oh, come quickly, we beseech thee; thou hast given us a sufficiency of every earthly good, but thou hast shown us how empty and unsatisfying every object of this character is without thy presence; how utterly incapable of affording the least satisfaction to those who have once beheld the beamings of thy countenance. O holy Father, let not thy gifts destroy, let not thy mercies be abused; as far as we have sinned against thee, we implore thy forgiveness, through the precious blood of Jesus; for his dear sake, pardon all our past transgressions; thou knowest our weakness and frailty, how liable we are to mistake our way;—no wonder that my paper is blotted with my tears,* when I call to mind my numberless wanderings; oh let the blood of my dying Lord blot these from the book of thy remembrance, and do thou come,—come speedily, I beseech thee, and take the work into thine own hands, that thy name may be glorified. 'Help thy poor, weak, insensible and worthless worm, and grant that, that

* There is here a large blot in the Manuscript.

which has been neglected to the present hour, may now be begun with earnestness, and with the utmost assiduity and perseverance. I can, it is true, of myself do nothing, but I can do all things through Christ strengthening me. May I then afresh press onward evermore looking unto Jesus; help me Lord, help me, amen and amen."

February 26th, 1837.—"New mercies, O our God, demand new songs of praise. Since I last wrote, the gentle pressure of affliction has been felt, the feeble frame has suffered for a season, but how mercifully have these sufferings been removed. May my gratitude manifest itself by renewed activity in the service of my Lord: truly a dear friend has said 'labour is rest in the service of such a Master.' To-morrow if life be spared I regularly open my infant school, which has been partially in operation for some weeks past; thou knowest, O almighty Father, that I have besought thy blessing to rest upon this humble effort to advance the interests of the Redeemer's kingdom, may I be enabled to seek it with yet more earnestness, and with stronger faith. Thou hast in numerous instances 'out of the mouths of babes and sucklings perfected praise,' why then should I doubt thy willingness again to display thy wondrous working power; for truly all power is thine, and thou emboldenest us to ask what we will in thy dear Son's name. Dost thou say, dearest Jesus, 'according to thy faith be it unto thee?' then I would pray 'Lord increase my faith.' Behold a few little ones gathered from the world's wide waste, take them, as thou wast wont to do in the days of thy flesh, into thy compassionate arms and bless them. Yea dearest Lord, these, even these also—and then shall they be blest—shield them from every unhallowed influence, and may they early learn to lisp forth the praises of redeeming love."

March 12th.—"Having been exposed to fresh pain and suffering I have been denied the privilege of attending the house of the Lord to-day, it is however my happiness to know that God is not confined to 'temples made with hands,' still I am not so sensible of his presence in my retired moments as my heart desires to be; and yet what wondrous displays of love art thou manifesting, O my Lord, to thy poor wandering child from day to day. I am lost in wonder, love and praise at such undeserved goodness, especially when I call to mind my hateful unbelief, and my constant

misgivings previous to embarking upon my Missionary enterprise, truly, O my God, thou hast been better to me than all my fears. Blest with a companion so kind, so indulgent, so patient, under my numerous infirmities, such watchful unwearied attention, under my frequently returning ailments and weaknesses, as call forth my warmest gratitude and tenderest love. Hear, O my father, and speedily answer my many supplications on his behalf, that he may enjoy much, very much of thy presence, cheering and animating him in every part of his glorious work, for what work can be so truly glorious, as that of inviting poor sinners to partake of those blessings so dearly purchased on Calvary. O almighty Father, command thy blessing and the glory shall be all thine own; bring salvation to these infatuated heathen, hear our prayers on their behalf, and especially for one, who has disappointed our brightest hopes respecting him,— one, who rushed back to the enemy's camp, and who denied the Lord who bought him, just at the moment that we thought he had come to the holy determination to brave all consequences, and openly to confess him, as his Lord and his God. Thou knowest, holy Father, how constantly thy poor worm has pleaded with thee on his behalf; yea with many tears. Oh, that thou wouldst have mercy upon him, cause that light which exceeds the sun in brightness to shine upon his inmost soul, to disclose to him the awful nature of sin; may he be made to see that he is upon the brink of eternal perdition; give him no peace, no rest till he has fled from the wrath to come, till he has cast anchor upon the Rock of ages. Arm him for the mighty conflict; may he yet come forth a bold and fearless champion for the faith that is in Christ Jesus; may he be prepared to bear forth the glorious standard of the cross, amongst his benighted countrymen, inviting them to rally round it, and may he never be ashamed to show them whose *he* is, and whom he serves. Dearest Lord, come quickly and raise up a holy seed to serve thee, even from amongst these poor degraded idolators."

May 9th.—"I this day commence a new year of my mortal existence; alas to how little purpose has that existence been given me. Lord help me during my few remaining days to 'redeem the time' and to the utmost of my ability, may I strive to bring glory to thee. Blessed

be thy name that I have this day again heard thy word delivered with faithfulness, and affection. O thou God of all grace, follow it with the mighty energy of thy Spirit; grant that poor wandering wretched sinners, who have long been seeking happiness where they will never find it, may have their eyes open to see the felicity of becoming 'followers of Christ.' O may they in thy strength determine to close with thee on thine own terms, and to yield themselves to the blessed authority of the Saviour who died for their redemption. My beloved husband has published his interesting sermon on the death of Bishop Corrie. Lord we know that without thy Spirit's blessed influence it will accomplish no good; but at thy bidding, and accompanied by the renewing agency of thy spirit, it will be as the good seed, and produce fruit wheresoever it may find its way; we beseech thee then, to command thy blessing to rest upon it, only let it accomplish some good, and thine shall be all the praise; and oh, that it would please thee to grant unto us, in thy rich mercy, some positive evidence, that our humble attempts to benefit our fellow-sinners, and to lessen the mass of human misery around us, are owned and blessed by thee—give, I beseech thee, to all thy servants whom thou hast commissioned as the heralds of thy mercy to the heathen, O give them some visible tokens of thy favour, and let them not cry continually 'who hath believed our report, and to whom hath the arm of the Lord been revealed?"

July 2nd.—"The first Monday in the month. A day that we have set apart for several months past for special prayer and humiliation, oh, that our petitions, poor and feeble as they are, may come up with acceptance before the Lord. Look, dear Father, I beseech thee in pity upon us, bear in thy fatherly remembrance, the prayers which I presented before thee in my native land, when I besought thee again and again to lead us forth, though it might be through *floods and flames, or even to death itself,* so that we might but be made the instruments of bringing glory to thy name. We come not to thy mercy seat to ask this world's good; we come not to ask its pleasures, its riches, its honours; we come not to ask a continuance of those favours thou hast already bestowed upon us; neither do we come to ask that we may be restored to our much-loved native land; for all these we would place a blank in thy fatherly hand,

to be filled up according to thy own righteous will; but we come to ask of thee to unite us closer to Christ, our living head; to make us living, thrifty, vigorous, fruitful branches of the living vine. We beseech thee, dear Lord, for the honour of thy well-beloved Son, to work through our mean and feeble instrumentality, that others may be encouraged and emboldened to come forth 'to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty'—oh, when wilt thou display thy wondrous power in this dark, dark land, we wait for thine appearance. Come, dearest Lord, come quickly. Amen, even so come Lord Jesus."

March 3rd, 1839.—"This day our hearts have been cheered by glad tidings from a far country, oh, that the joyful news may but speedily be confirmed. A friend writes that our beloved daughter has become decidedly pious. Although we rejoice with trembling, yet we cannot be sufficiently thankful for such a sweet hope to cheer our hearts under present circumstances, in a land where there is so much to depress, and discourage. O Lord, we bless thee for such a precious drop of consolation, so seasonably cast into our cup; we ask no part of this world's favour for our beloved children, all our desire is that they may be thine, that they may 'seek first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness,' and then we are assured that all other things shall be added: oh, speedily make them thine. How would it gladden our hearts, to hear that they are both numbered amongst the most holy, devoted and zealous followers of the Lamb. O holy Father, hasten we intreat thee, to fulfil all our petitions; thou who hast promised that the seed of the righteous shall be blessed; are they not the offspring of one passed into the skies? of one, who doubtless presented many prayers at thy throne of mercy on their behalf. O then speedily, speedily answer those petitions; then will ours also be granted, and we will consecrate ourselves afresh to thee, and to thy blessed, glorious service."

August 4th.—"We have been blest with another opportunity of commemorating our dear Redeemer's dying love, and I trust that he was in our midst, although we were but few; how joyous to catch a glimpse of him, one glance from him, who has reconciled us to our Father who is in heaven, is worth a thousand worlds. O that I could but live nearer to

this blessed Saviour, that I might shew forth his praise by a uniform, holy and consistent obedience. I have, through the indulgent gracious care of my heavenly Father, all that heart can wish; but ought I to be happy, ought I to be at ease, whilst misery in all its varied forms is visiting my fellow-creatures in every direction? Dearest Father, take away this heart of stone, teach me to feel for the miseries of a lost world, rather would I feel *sympathy to anguish* than remain thus insensible to the wretchedness and misery of others, whilst I am receiving such favours from thee as fill me with wonder and astonishment. O my gracious Lord, forbid whilst I am thus receiving mercies at thy hand, that I should feel nothing for poor thoughtless sinners who are in the 'gall of bitterness and in the bond of iniquity;'—oh, what is this heart made of, how can I rest till poor sinners are brought to the foot of the cross? why do I not constantly ply a throne of grace, seeing that thou hast promised to thy people, whatsoever they ask in thy dear Son's name. O dearest Father, in that name do we ask, hear us, and pour out the spirit of prayer and supplication upon us, especially on behalf of thy Zion. Oh, grant that all thy dear children may be of one heart and of one mind, that the spirit of love may glow in every bosom. Oh, when shall Zion shine forth in all the 'beauty of holiness,' and appear 'fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners.'"

February 16*th*, 1840.—

"'God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea
And rides upon the storm.'

O God, who shall dare to say unto thee, 'what dost thou?' Truly thy 'way is the sea and thy footsteps are past finding out.' It is enough for us, poor short-sighted mortals, to know that thou canst not err. 'In quietness and confidence shall be thy strength'—'what thou knowest not now thou shalt know hereafter:' these are thy blessed words, O God of love, and oh, what infinite condescension is stamped upon them. With these before our eyes, shall we impatiently strive to pry into thy secret paths? No, rather let us quiet our spirits, amidst all that is conflicting and mysterious around us; with the sweet recollection

that 'our Father is at the helm.' A Father who has all powers, all elements and all agents under his control; who is 'too wise to err, too good to be unkind.' Two days ago we received the melancholy tiding that the indefatigable, the enterprising Williams is no more; he whose praise is in all the churches, and who had just entered afresh upon his Missionary work under the brightest auspices, has been snatched away by the ruthless hand of savage violence from his interesting field of labor. The barbarous weapons of savages, have been permitted to remove him from this world of sin and turmoil, to the glorious regions of the blessed, there to receive a martyr's crown, 'even so Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight.' Thou wilt show us that thou canst work, by whomsoever thou wilt, thou wantest not for instruments, although we, in our blindness attach so much importance to this, and to that agent. Oh that the dispensation, which will be felt from one end of our globe to the other, may but speak with a voice, that shall be savingly heard by thousands, 'prepare to meet thy God.'"

September 16th.—"This evening my precious husband has been once more privileged to resume his work after a cessation of some weeks, truly, O Lord, thou hast been better to us than our fears, thou hast heard prayer, thou hast rebuked disease, and thy dear servant has been again permitted sweetly to enter upon his labor of love by leading us to the table of our dearest Lord. Oh, that we could henceforward offer unto thee offerings in righteousness, through the merits of thy dear Son; oh 'thou that hearest prayer,' thou hast in answer to my feeble petitions again raised up thy dear servant, blessed, for ever blessed, be thy holy name; and now I beseech thee forget not, oh, forget not the fervent supplications that I presented before thee, when my tenderest solicitude was called forth, that thou wouldst overrule this event in such a way, as would bring most glory to thyself. Thou hast spared my beloved husband; now get to thyself much glory through his instrumentality, and I will praise thee through eternity."

September 27th.—"'Return unto thy rest O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee;' how often is my poor heart distracted by the overpowering nature of indwelling sin; when will this conflict be over? alas! not till

the last enemy hath been conquered. What do we not owe thee, O our precious Saviour, that this the most formidable of all our foes, *has been* conquered,—that, *from him we have nothing to fear*, so long as we keep our eye fixed upon thee, the glorious Captain of our salvation. Help me then, O blessed Jesus, to keep my eye steadily fixed on thee; and until this final triumph is complete. O may I ever be upon my watch-tower, that sin may not prevail against me. Ever more guard me, dearest Lord, that I may not willingly yield in any one point, either in thought, word, or deed. Thou art worthy, O my Father, of my highest adoration, and I would not inquire with the poor blind Papist, 'how seldom I may love thee and yet be safe* ;' I would rather inquire how I may excite, and stir up myself to render to thee a love more worthy of a Being so supremely excellent, so boundlessly beneficent. All my experience, all my convictions pronounce thee to be worthy of a far higher order of love than any that I can ever render unto thee: come then, I beseech thee, O come now and shed abroad thy love in my poor heart,—and then

'All my powers with all their might,
In thy sole glory shall unite.'"

May 9th, 1841.—"Again I am permitted to commemorate the anniversary of the day which gave me a being commensurate with eternity—a day, to me inconceivably momentous. I have endeavoured to take a review of the past, but O, how humiliating is the retrospect; how large a portion of my time has been spent in seeking the things that are my own, more than the things that are Jesus Christ's. 'God be merceful to me a sinner,' help me to 'redeem the time,' leave me not in the power of the adversary; but help me afresh to 'work whilst it is called today;' truly we are reminded of the importance of doing this, for the 'night cometh when no man can work.' This day will ever be rendered memorable by the sudden removal by Cholera, of an old and faithful servant: I besought the Lord to have mercy on his soul; alas he was a poor heathen, all we know is, that he is, gone to meet a righteous doom. My

* This question was asked the Rev. F. Fulgencio, late Catholic Priest at Chinsurah, by one of his parishioners.

dear husband has also another cholera case in hand, the latter patient has excited our deepest solicitude, in as much as he has lately renounced the errors of Popery, and is the father of a large family. May God be pleased to bless the means, and grant that his life may long be spared, and that he may walk in the purity of that faith which he has embraced, and adorn the doctrine of God his saviour in all things."

In looking over the above pious "effusions of the heart," the reader will perhaps be surprised, that Mrs. Mundy says so little about her Missionary occupations. It must however be remembered, that the Journal from which the preceding extracts are selected is not a Journal of her public labors as a Missionary, but of her private experience as a Christian; it is strictly a religious diary and not a history. She corresponded extensively with her beloved friends in England upon this topic, and should this memoir so far meet with the acceptance of the public as to render a second edition necessary I shall then, if it appear desirable, furnish an additional Chapter from her Indian correspondence which will contain further information upon this subject. I have here given but a very small proportion of her manuscript memoranda; but were a stranger to read the whole, he would from them be able to form but a very imperfect idea of the extent to which she labored for the welfare of others. She was always, when in tolerable health, up at sun-rise and spent, on the average, about two hours before breakfast in reading the scriptures and prayer: she then arranged her domestic concerns for the day. After breakfast and family worship, she assembled together the children of both schools, and united with them in the devotional exercises of the morning; teaching then commenced, in which she was employed in the Upper School till 12 o'clock. She then if circumstances permitted, visited the infant school for half an hour. From this time till dinner (2 o'clock) she was employed in writing letters, preparing work for the children, or in sending out to different persons the work which they had already completed; after dinner she usually rested a little, and then spent half an hour in prayer, *chiefly*, I believe, for individuals who had desired to be so remembered by her, or for such persons as she thought *needed* to be thus borne in mind at the footstool of Mercy; she then commenced

some netting, or other work, of a similar kind, for the benefit of her school funds, at which she continued till near sun-set, when she generally took an airing, or paid a visit of mercy to some sufferer in the neighbourhood, frequently combining the two together. After tea, the work for her school funds was again resumed, and continued until 9 o'clock, and frequently later, and then after family worship, another hour was given to God and her Bible before she retired to rest. Such was her routine of exertion and devotion,—not occasionally, but constantly, unless interrupted by sickness or other unavoidable circumstances. She was indeed an admirable pattern of industry, always gathering up the smallest fragments of time and turning them to some account; I never saw her waste a minute. "Labor," she would observe, "is rest in the service of such a Master; our time to work will soon be over; these privileges and these opportunities to benefit the perishing millions around will not last long; let me improve them therefore whilst they are continued, that I may, when the day of labor ends, give in my account with joy and not with grief. How glorious the reward will be should I, all-unworthy as I am, be privileged at last to hear Jesus say—'Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!'—Awake therefore—

'Awake, my charity, to feed
The hungry soul, and clothe the poor;
In heaven are found no sons of need,
There all these duties are no more.'"

CHAPTER V.

Result of Mrs. Mundy's labors—Benefits derived from them by the Pupils in her Schools—Souls brought to Christ by her instrumentality.

The complaint of the evangelical Prophet—"Who hath believed our report, and to whom hath the arm of the Lord been revealed," has been reiterated by many of Christ's Missionary servants laboring in heathen lands, and especially by those who have long "borne the burden

and the heat of the day" in the dark benighted regions of the east. But on the subject of success as connected with Missionary operations, we are not to "judge the Lord by feeble sense." He, for wise reasons, sometimes sees fit to withhold from his servants the knowledge of what they have instrumentally been the means of accomplishing. I can call to mind a few such periods in my own past history, periods, in reference to which had I been questioned on the subject, I should have said, nothing has been accomplished. The seed has been constantly sown, but in no instance has it sprung up and borne fruit. But the Lord has been pleased years afterwards, to show me that I was mistaken; and I am, when taking a view of his providental dispensations in reference to this interesting theme, frequently cheered by the "sweet hope" that many of his faithful laborers, when they come to stand before the great "white throne," will find that the result of their efforts, and the good which they have been the means of accomplishing, has been much greater than they previously supposed, far—very far beyond that, which, during the years of their earthly pilgrimage, they imagined it to be. The subject of this memoir had not, so far as this theme is concerned, to wait for the revelation of the future. She saw at once the fruit of her labors, it was *immediate,* and direct, and visible to the eye of all who surveyed that portion of the moral vineyard which it was her happiness to cultivate—"the wilderness and the solitary place became glad for her, and the desert rejoiced and blossomed as the rose." Those benefits of a temporal character which result from the evangelical labors of Missionaries, are only secondary in that train of blessings with which they desire to enrich the world. The object for which they chiefly labor is the salvation of the soul—the conversion of the heart to God—the spiritual and eternal welfare of their fellow-men. Blessings of the former character however generally flow, in some measure, in the train of the latter, "godlinesss having the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." The improvement which took place in the manners, in the social habits, and in the domestic and moral character, of many of Mrs. Mundy's pupils was too prominent to escape observation;—it was remarked by several persons who previously knew them,

that cleanliness, industry, and a love of order, had, through her instrumentality, displaced in the social circle, habits of an opposite character, and had given to the children a degree of comfort and a relish for occupation to which they were previously strangers. I have stated in the brief memoir which I prepared for the Calcutta Christian Observer, that many a juvenile spirit, redeemed by the blood of Christ, and first taught to lisp his name in her infant school, was ready on her exit from earth, to welcome her to the bright regions of everlasting day, and that these happy glorified spirits will, I am persuaded, be her "joy and crown of rejoicing" in the day of the Lord Jesus. In India the "King of Terors" is always busy, darting his shafts in every direction—the mortality there,* and especially amongst children is very great compared with what it is in Europe. The number who enter eternity under seven years of age is almost incredible,†—during the few years that Mrs. Mundy's schools have been in operation, nearly twenty of her children have passed from time to eternity; some of these were removed very suddenly, they were at school one day, and dead the next. In the expectation of going to England, she began some months ago to prepare a register, of all these little ones, and was engaged in collecting a variety of such incidents regarding them, as she thought would interest her friends at home. It is not desirable that I should in these pages enter *thus* into detail, nevertheless a few of these incidents may with propriety be brought forward, with a view to illustrate the general subject, and to exhibit the influence of Divine grace on the juvenile mind. Her school had been but a short time in operation when a little girl, about six years of age, was brought to the borders of the grave; the parents being Catholics sent for the priest; when the child intimated to him, that she had no

* There have been nine funerals this evening in the European regiment stationed at Chinsurah—there were seven yesterday evening, and seven the evening before, and from four to five every evening last week. The strength of the regiment is about 1000 men.

† On sabbath evening last, I went to speak a word of comfort to a brother Missionary just arrived from Burdwan, who has had four children, and lost them *all* under the age above specified—two died last week.

need of his services. Why so, said the priest? I am, said the child, going to Jesus. How do you know this, the priest replied? Because he died to save sinners, and he has said "suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not for of such is the kingdom of heaven." The child died, I believe the same day, and the priest by no means a bigoted man afterwards spoke of it with astonishment, observing—"these Protestants cannot be such heretics as our church represents them, if they teach their children such truths as these."

In the month of December, 1839, our hearts were deeply pained by the removal in the short space of eighteen days, of three very sweet children; the whole of one interesting family. When I transmitted my annual report of this station, to the committee of the Bengal Auxiliary Missionary Society, my beloved wife forwarded with it, for the appendix to the report, a short account of this painful providence, which I here introduce in her own words.

"*To the Secretary of the Bengal Auxiliary Missionary Society.*

My dear Sir,—As a reference has been made in the report of the Missionary station at Chinsurah to the schools under my care, and particularly to the removal of some dear children from our infant school to a better world, I am induced to address you more at length on the subject, chiefly with the hope that such a detail of the blessed effects of the infant school system may excite a disposition in the benevolent public to espouse and promote such institutions more generally. It is much to be regretted that there are so few to be found in a country where they are calculated to be so great a blessing.

"Since the commencement of our Chinsurah infant school in January, 1837, several dear children have been removed to a brighter world, respecting whom I could furnish some interesting details; but I shall confine myself to the description of three lovely lambs who formed the whole of one family, and who were suddenly snatched from us, (of whom I have been often solicited to furnish a short account,) trusting you may not think it unsuitable for a place in the appendix to your report.

"Mr. and Mrs. Van Helsdingen with their three lovely children, John, Emelia, and Matilda (the eldest not then

five years of age) arrived at Chinsurah from Copenhagen, in the month of December, 1837. A niece of theirs having long ranked amongst my most diligent and interesting pupils in the upper school, speedily solicited for the two elder of her engaging little relatives an admittance into our infant school, where they quickly won the hearts of their teachers and playmates. A system so admirably calculated to develope the powers of an intelligent mind, peculiarly accorded with the taste and disposition of these dear children, and they became daily more devoted to their school. Their progress in general knowledge was truly satisfactory, but the most encouraging and endearing feature was the delight they manifested in that part of tuition, which brought them nearest to the Saviour. Often have I subsequently seen the tears start in their eyes when speaking to them of that dear Jesus who said 'Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not,' &c.; as also when their kind teacher has in her own happy way, been telling them a story connected with their favorite subject, to which they would listen with the most profound attention. At the age of two years, the sweet little Matilda was also admitted, and (young as she was) soon shewed much delight in lisping her simple lessons and the praises of the Redeemer, in which she was able in an incredibily short period to take the lead, and would in the most amusing manner stand up to teach her young companions; in short these dear children were the pride of our infant school, exciting general attention and admiration; they became indeed buds of the sweetest promise, but, for reasons to us inscrutable, they were not designed to bloom in this our nether world. No, 'the Lord had need of them,' and in less then three short weeks, He who cannot err saw fit to transplant them all to the Paradise above, where far removed from every blighting, withering influence, we trust they will 'bloom in immortal glory.' Although the separation was like giving up a part of ourselves, so much had they become endeared to us, we can only sing glory to God, who has thus 'out of the mouths of babes and sucklings perfected praise.'

"It was on the 1st December, 1839, that it pleased God to remove the sweet little Matilda after three days' illness. Dear John was in school only *one* day after his little sister,

just long enough to beg that the teacher, and his little companions would join him in praying to the great God 'to make little Matilda well;' they did so, and he remained on his knees with his eyes shut and his little hands raised, till he was roused by his young companions exclaiming, 'Teacher, look at Johnny.' Dear child, his prayer was answered, but it was by the removal of his little sister to that place where the inhabitants shall no more say 'I am sick.' The next day he was himself seized with the same complaint (the croup) and on the 6th December, he died in the arms of his afflicted father assuring him that he was going to Jesus. On the 18th, on the river the lovely Emelia followed, having been removed from Chinsurah by the fond parents with as much expedition as possible, with the hope that by change of air *she* might be spared to them. However, their faith was again to be tried, and they were called to surrender their only remaining pledge in whom all their hopes were centred, and what shall we say! 'Even so Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight.' But the circumstances of her death were such as were calculated to produce on their minds the most soothing influence. For some hours previously she was conscious that her departure was at hand, and called upon those around her to pray with her, repeating her own sweet prayers from time to time, and portions of her favorite hymns, especially the one in which they all felt peculiar delight:

'Gentle Jesus, lovely Lamb,
Thine and only thine I am;
Take my body, spirit, soul,
Only thou possess the whole.'

The closing scene is thus described in a letter from her dear mother. 'When the doctor came she had been in bed about half an hour. I called her and told her that he was come; she smiling opened her eyes, supposing I believe that it was her favorite Dr. Hinton, but on seeing a stranger she asked me to take her up in my arms, and again continued her prayers with her little hands folded. About a quarter of an hour before her death she said "Dear mamma, hold me and *pray;*" my blessed Emelia repeated some prayers, and apparently, as if exhausted fell asleep. The doctor sometime after told me he thought she had expired. I said "*No, she sleeps!*" But it was

too true. Ah! little did I think that my beloved angel slept the sweet sleep of eternity. The doctor seemed surprised that our darling continued in her full senses to the last, and that she died so piously. We mentioned our beloved Johnny and Matilda to him, and told him that they had expired in the same way. Yes, my dear Mrs. Mundy, we shall ever with grateful thanks acknowledge the good religious foundation that was laid in your precious infant school, and the influence it had on the tender hearts of our departed darlings.' Three more lovely, more gentle or tractable children we never had in our school; indeed I scarcely expect to see their like again; of them it may truly be said 'they were lovely in their lives and in their death they were not divided.'

I am yours, &c.

Louisa Mundy."

The circumstances connected with the death of these three dear children excited so much interest after the appearance of the preceding narrative, and Mrs. Mundy was so frequently applied to for copies of it, that she regretted, she had not entered more into detail, her materials for doing so were abundant; but as it was only designed for the appendix to the report—she considered that *brevity was a point of special importance.* The mother of these lovely children is a Catholic, the father was a Protestant, but only a nominal one, as he always attended the Catholic church at Chinsurah. I have however great reason to hope that these afflictions were sanctified to him. On the death of two of his children—the third being then very ill, he left Chinsurah with all possible speed, and proceeded to his factory about 400 miles in the interior of the country. I had a long interview with him the evening previous to his departure, and I never saw the heart of any man so bowed down by the weight of sorrow. When he took leave of me he said, whilst his eyes were streaming with tears, and his hands were trembling with the overwhelming anguish of his soul—" Oh! Sir, what do I not owe to you—what have you and yours not done for me. Through your instrumentality I am become a changed man, I trust a Christian indeed." Whether such was decidedly the case, I am not fully prepared to say. We furnished him with a

good supply of books for his journey, and before parting commended him to God in prayer. The following morning he left Chinsurah and I saw him no more. Although he was then a strong man, and apparently in good health, disease soon envaded his frame, (he sunk I fear, under the weight of his mental sufferings)and in the course of a few short months, he followed his beloved children to the " house appointed for all living." I had only one letter from him before his death, and which was, I am happy to say, to a considerable extent confirmatory of my pleasing hopes regarding him.

About three months before Mrs. Mundy died a little girl was suddenly removed by the cholera. This awful disease commonly gives the sufferer but little opportunity for conversation This dear child however when near her end said—" mother, please to give me a little water, do not withhold it, you need not fear that it will hurt me. My complaint is the cholera, and I know that I shall die." The mother (formerly a Catholic, but now a Protestant and I trust, a faithful follower of the Lord Jesus), said—" and are you then my child going to leave me ?" " Yes, mother," she replied, " I love you very much, but I love my Saviour more, and I must now leave you and go to him."

The late Dutch Governor, Mr. Overbeck, had a servant (a Catholic) who had been thirty-five years in his employ ; this man had a son about five years old in the infant school, and as he was the son of his old age the father's heart was bound up in him. This child also, after rather a protracted illness died. But during the period of sickness that preceded his death, he said so many sweet things about Jesus and another world, that the father's attention was arrested, and his heart exceedingly softened thereby. After his son's death he came to converse with me about the " one thing needful." I desired him as he understood Bengali much better than English, to attend my Bengali service on the Sabbath morning, to which he cheerfully assented, and continued his attendance very regularly, as long as he was able to do so. I also suggested to him the propriety of learning to read the Bengali language, and pointed out to him the advantages which he would derive from it. This suggestion also met his approbation, and he came to my house two hours every day when one of my native Catechists undertook to instruct him. The progress that he made

was quite astonishing; although he was then, I think in his sixtieth year or thereabouts, he soon learnt to read the New Testament with fluency and ease, but the next year *he* also followed his child to the eternal world. The last months of his life however were spent in perusing the blessed word of God, and his family, after his decease, spoke with deep feeling of his apparent love to that word, and of the manner in which he sat and read it to them, whilst with tears in his eyes he endeavoured to explain to them what he understood of its precious contents—would that they had derived more benefit from his admonitions and example*.

* The following note though no curiosity to persons in India will, I am persuaded, be acceptable to the friends of Missions in England. It is from Armenia, and from a place not far distant from mount Ararat —it relates to the son of an Armenian priest who was sent to Bengal for education, and whom Mrs. Mundy took into her school. It was four months after her decease, before I received it,—a providence which the mother of the boy to whom it refers, will no doubt, deeply feel when she hears of it.

'*Tepohan a Tulpa, 21th July,* 1812.

'My dear Madam,—Although personally unknown to you myself, yet the happy information I have received from my dear son, Eleazar, of his being under your tuition, who have been so kind as to have taken charge of his education, having placed him among the many number of the boys and girls that are taught gratuitously in your established institution, induces me to intrude upon your valuable time, by these few lines, the object of which is to express to you, in the first place, my utmost gratitude for your kind care, and efforts in the educating of my dearest boy, whom I have felt the natural pain and pangs of a mother in separating from me, with no other view but solely for his education, that he may thereby obtain merits of associating with good conscience that class of men, that are distinguished for their knowledge, and learnings. from the vulgar and the unlearned, who hardly deserve the name of human being. I am not less gratified to learn the special interest you have so kindly taken in my boy, which inspires me with great hopes as to his acquiring, through your motherly care, not before long, a sufficient knowledge of that most useful and commendable language—which will be beneficial, I am sure, both to his worldly enjoyments and to his soul, his eternal happiness. Hence I am not a little consoled in the separation of my dear boy, and cannot but be always grateful to you who have been the means of affording a most affectionate mother great relief for her anxiety on account of her parted child.

In conclusion I would beg to implore you, madam, upon my knees that you would consider my Eleazer as your own son, and supply him

The happy effects produced upon the minds of the children to whose history allusion has been made, may be considered as a portion of the *direct* benefits of Mrs. Mundy's school exertions, and those produced upon the minds of the parents may be classed amongst the *indirect* benefits resulting from the same source. Another instance of the latter kind, and one which is by no means the least interesting may here with propriety be brought forward, as it is one which most satisfactorily illustrates the happy effects which have *indirectly* arisen out of her benevolent exertions, inasmuch as the results are of a very decisive and tangible character. On entering her infant school one morning about two years ago, she found there a young couple, who had called to pay it a visit, chiefly with a view to see how their own little dears were progressing ; after some general conversation on the benefits which were likely to arise from infant schools, she said to them, " The Calcutta Christian Advocate of this week contains some excellent remarks on the advantages of early instruction, if you will allow me I will send it for your perusal," to this they assented, but her design was (they being Catholics) that they should likewise peruse some excellent remarks which it also contained upon the Romish apostacy In this she succeeded perhaps beyond her expectation. They read the article on popery as well as

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the place of a mother, while he is under your care and tuition, and will use your best endeavours in educating my boy, that he may in a short time complete his studies, and once more render his mother the happiness of embracing her beloved son—you will then have conferred an obligation upon me, that will never be erased from my memory, but with the last breath of

My dear Madam,

Yours very faithfully,

CATHERINE TER ARRATOON.'

N. B. Mrs. Mundy rarely retained boys in her school after they were six years of age, as they were then too old for her infant school and could not with propriety be transferred to the upper one.—She however on account of the peculiar circumstances of this boy, deviated from her rule in his case, and because, he is so very quiet and orderly—he is still in the school though near twelve years of age. He is, I apprehend, designed for the priesthood in Armenia, and who can tell, what, by the blessing of God, may be the result of the evangelical instructions which he has received, both as it relates to himself and also to others.

the one on education, and shortly after sent to her desiring to see another number of the same paper—a few days after this, the young man wrote me a note to say, that he wished to speak with me. I saw him and we had a long conversation on the doctrine of transubstantiation. I also furnished him with a few suitable books on the subject, and we had subsequently several other interviews to discuss these matters; and it will be sufficient to say, without entering further into particulars, that both he and his wife are now pious, and consistent members of our little Mission church*.

But the most interesting circumstance connected with the *indirect* results of Mrs. Mundy's schools is the conversion of the Catholic priest of Chinsurah. On the death of the little Van Helsdingens previously referred to, I visited the family and prayed with them in their affliction. The corpse of the sweet little boy then lay stretched upon the couch surrounded by weeping spectators, chiefly Catholics; amongst whom was the priest. A few days after this he paid me a visit, and we had some conversation on the doctrines respectively held by the Catholic and Protestant Churches. I ventured before he left me, to put into his hands a Protestant bible, and some other books which I thought might be serviceable to him. During this interview I was much pleased with his frankness, and his apparent desire to know on which side the truth lay. The conversation which I had with him on that memorable morning (for such I may call it,) can never be obliterated from my recollection; it was the commencement of a controversy which lasted full two years, and which terminated (though I had at times during its progress almost despaired of him), in his ultimate secession from the Church of Rome. During this period he constantly read the Calcutta Christian Advocate†, also Young's Lectures on Popery, the whole

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* See Journal, May 9th, page 96.

† I wrote a good deal for the Advocate at the period referred to above; and knowing exactly his state of mind, and that he read this periodical, I commonly wrote as far as I could to meet his case—and I have been frequently amused by his coming to me, to ask my opinion on some of these pieces, and also by the frankness of his remarks upon them, without his having the least idea of the quarter from whence they proceeded.

of John Newton's works, and some other books with which I supplied him. He has however repeatedly observed, that if I had not been at his elbow, to pursue him into his strong-holds of error, and to expose to him the fallacy of those various refuges of lies to which he resorted, that he never would have had sufficient moral courage to have enabled him to break the chains of that degrading superstition in which "the man of sin" had fast tied and bound him; and on this subject I can venture to say that had it not been for Mrs. Mundy's schools (and especially the incidents connected with the death of the little Van Helsdingens) I should probably never have been thus brought into collision with him; in contemplating therefore the *indirect* results of these schools, and in tracing effects to their first causes, we are brought to look at her labours, as the *primary cause*—the starting point from which all these interesting circumstances, subsequently followed. This good man —(for I have every reason to believe that he is *now* a true Christian, which he certainly was not before,) is at present at Chunar labouring in connection with the Church Missionary Society, and in a letter which I recently received from him he thus speaks in reference to the subject of this memoir.

"I had yesterday the pleasure of receiving your reply to my two former letters. I now write chiefly to let you know how I am going on here, but I cannot pass over the memory of your late amiable companion; the printed account of her death I received the day after my arrival here, and it caused me to weep much; but now I have received your letter my tears flow a second time. They have indeed never ceased to flow since I heard of her death, and when it will be otherwise I do not know. I know she is in heaven, but I felt very much her departure from this world; 1st, on your account, and 2d, on my own. I know that I have shared largely in her prayers, and I know also that her prayers have been heard, and that I have received many mercies in answer to them. Oh, when shall I meet with another friend like her." * * *

Apart from the various incidents already noticed, I may also observe, that several of Mrs. Mundy's elder girls have a very clear and correct view of the doctrines of the gospel; they are well acquainted with Scripture truth, and some of them

are, I am persuaded, fully convinced of the errors of Popery; but they are at present under parental influence, and not at liberty to act for themselves; what they will do when they obtain that liberty, it is hardly possible under present circumstances to say. I have however great hopes respecting some amongst them,—several of them have in various instances exhibited feelings, which can scarcely be attributed to any thing short of a work of grace in the heart. May the Lord mercifully grant that these impressions may not be as "the early cloud and as the morning dew which soon passeth away."

In surveying the full amount of good accomplished by Mrs. Mundy, through the medium of her schools, during the years that she was privileged to labor at Chinsurah, it will be necessary, in order to give the reader a clear idea of it—to analyze, or subdivide it into three distinct parts. The first item to be taken into the account is the temporal benefit which has been conferred upon the children, and which is evinced, by their industry, their love of order, their social habits, and by the improvement which has taken place in their moral and intellectual character. Then secondly, must be noticed, the spiritual benefits collaterally conveyed through the medium of the schools to the parents of the children, and other persons incidentally brought into connection with them, of which the late priest and the persons aforenamed are instances. But that which;—thirdly, demands our *chief attention* is the immediate and direct spiritual blessings derived by many of the children from the faithful, and affectionate instructions, and admonitions which they received in these schools,—blessings consisting in the conversion of the heart to God, the sanctification of the affections, the transformation of the character; and, through divine grace, preparation for that world of glory to which many of them are already gone. I therefore appeal to the reader and ask, in reference to this combined veiw of the results of Mrs. Mundy's labors, whether such schools as her's are not of some importance as connected with Missionary operations?* It ought ever to be remembered that

* Many of the readers of this memoir will not understand the bearing of the above interrogative, and will probably be of opinion that I have said more upon the subject of success than is either desirable or necessary. It is therefore requisite that I should specify

the first and chief object of all Missionary efforts is the salvation of the soul, every institution therefore which tends directly to secure this grand object certainly ought to be included in the apparatus of all Missionary Societies—neither ought it to be forgotten that the soul of a child is of equal value in the sight of the omniscient God with the soul of an adult; it is possessed of the same capacities and the same powers, although it does not possess them in an equal degree, and it will continue to exist through all the countless years of the same boundless eternity. If therefore it can be shown that through the medium of these infant seminaries, *combined* with schools of a higher order, children have had their minds spiritually enlightened,—have been brought to the foot of the cross, and have died expressing their confidence in him who hath said, "I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me,"—then the sentiment that such schools are useless, and that they ought to be discontinued in our Missionary Stations, must surely proceed from a mistaken view of their bearing and importance. I have myself no sympathy with such a

the reason *why* I have entered here into what, may perhaps, seem a prolixity of detail. Notwithstanding all the results of Mrs. Mundy's schools as stated above, it has still been intimated that all institutions for the instruction of this class of children are of a doubtful character, so far as it relates to the benefits which they confer; and it has been a matter of consideration, whether these children had not better be left in that state of ignorance in which she originally found them, or in other words, whether ignorance in *their* case is not preferable to a course of religious and moral training; but surely this idea cannot be correct? it cannot be scriptural? This is at once to abandon them to the power of the enemy, and to give them up to everlasting ruin, a measure from which the Christian's mind instinctively recoils. But "what chance," it has been asked, "is there that these girls, after they leave school, will be so far favourably placed in the world as to bring the fruit of instruction to perfection?" But if Christian instruction is to be restricted to that portion of the human race which bring forth the fruit of it to perfection, what then, I ask, is to become of most of our Missions amongst THE HINDOOS? This principle moreover would, if carried out, go far towards annihilating all the evangelical institutions in the world. Where is the Christian who has sat years beneath the sound of the gospel, who will venture to say that he has brought forth the fruit of all the instruction which he has received to perfection?—he has certainly *not* done this, but he is not on that account to be cut off at once, and for ever, from the enjoyment of those blessings and privileges which it is the design of the gospel to communicate.

sentiment as this. I am assured by an authority from which there is no appeal that "the field is the world"—he therefore who would be free from "the blood of all men," must teach all—admonish all—invite all;—he must "sow beside all waters, sending forth thither the feet of the ox and the ass."

In reference to the good accomplished by Mrs. Mundy's schools I may further observe, that they ought not to be judged of merely by what has *already* been done. She had an ulterior object in view, viz. the benefit of the *native* females of India. She had found from experience (as many others also have) that but little could be done for *them* by day-schools in the bazars. She had however observed on the part of some Baboos a disposition to have their daughters instructed at home, provided suitable female teachers could be obtained to visit them for that purpose; and she had also heard that a similar disposition prevailed amongst the upper classes of natives in other parts of India. Her ulterior design, therefore, was to qualify her children for this work, in the hope, that by so doing they would be able to obtain a comfortable livelihood by their own industry, and also be made the instruments of good to others; with this view she had several of them instructed in the Bengali language, which they learnt both to read and to speak with fluency and ease, and had her life been spared a few years longer, to have carried out this her *favourite* plan; her schools would then, I am persuaded, have been made a yet greater blessing to the neighbourhood. Instead therefore of such schools being discontinued, I for my own part could wish, and especially when (as was the case at Chinsurah) they put the Society at home to *no expense*, that they were instituted at every Missionary Station in India, wherever any portion of this long neglected class of the population is to be found.

Mrs. Mundy's labors amongst them afford ample encouragement to other *female* Missionaries to make the attempt; her efforts were not only beneficial to the children themselves; but were also gratefully appreciated by their parents—and there perhaps never was a female in Chinsurah who lived more entirely in the sympathies and the affections of the people than she did,—a fact which was abundantly testified by the weeping multitudes who followed

her to the grave: she was in their estimation as an angel of light, an ever welcome messenger of mercy. "When the ear heard her then it blessed her. When the eye saw her it gave witness to her, because she delivered the poor, the fatherless, and him that had none to help, the blessing of them that were ready to perish came upon her, and she caused the widow's heart to sing for joy." Job xxix. 11—13.

CHAPTER VI.

MRS. MUNDY'S SICKNESS AND DEATH.

WHEN a beloved friend is removed from time to eternity it generally happens that the survivor can call to mind some special incidents, connected with the history of the departed—incidents relating to the intercourse which he held with the glorified spirit, whilst in its earthly tabernacle, which excite in the retrospect a combination both of painful and pleasing reflections; amongst the numerous incidents of this nature which now dwell upon my mind, in reference to "her whose memory I cherish," there is one which in the review calls up a train of peculiarly tender emotions. I refer to the last book which we ever read together, the memoir of Mrs. Smith of the American Mission in Syria; and which, to me, was read under circumstances of extraordinary interest, not soon to be forgotten. I have ever since my return to India, generally been in the habit of itinerating, through the whole of the cold season. During the latter part of December; when Mrs. Mundy gave holidays to her children she usually accompanied me, and that she might (as her health required it) have the benefit of the purest air, I always during her holiday month engaged a boat and proceeded to preach in the numerous villages on the banks of the Ganges. These villages and hamlets are very near to each other, and as we went early in the day, I was enabled to preach at three or four of them in the course of the morning and return home to dinner. It was under these circumstances, after having preached at one village, and whilst the boat was

proceeding to the next, that she read to me that very interesting piece of female biography. In the course of her reading she remarked, how very similar in many respects Mrs. Smith's sphere of labor was to her own—a thought which had been passing through my own mind just at the time that she made this observation, alas! what an uncertainty is stamped upon every object here below, how true it is, that here we have "no continuing city," and that we know not "what a day may bring forth." How little did I think, whilst we were thus employed, and when she thus expressed herself, that ere another year rolled away, her memoir would be in manuscript and ready for the press; but such are the changes in human life, and especially in India, where the whole fabric of society is like the shifting sands in its far famed rivers. Oh, for more of that sanctified spirit of sweet submission, exhibited by him, who when he was bereaved of all his worldly substance, could still say;—"Shall we receive good at the hand of the Lord, and shall we not receive evil?" "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

The following which is the last memorandum in Mrs. Mundy's Journal will not, I am persuaded, be unacceptable to the reader—it is dated January 3d, 1842:

"Can it possibly be that we have entered upon the tenth year of our Indian pilgrimage? it is even so, would that the retrospect were of a more cheering order; alas! it can only produce deep, deep self-abasement; how barren, how woefully barren the spot is which we have so long been striving to cultivate; how few the buds of promise that are visible; —ah, dearest Lord, help us to search and try our hearts, to ascertain where the fault lies. Wherefore is it that thou still contendest with us? Why are our prayers not answered? Wherefore is it that we look in vain for fruit? Hast thou forgotten to be gracious? Truly, as individuals, we have experienced the richest displays of favour and kindness, a tolerable measure of health is continued to us; we are permitted to travel on in peace and harmony, we are cheered from time to time with glad tidings from our beloved and far distant friends, and as far as our personal comfort is concerned, we have all that heart can wish. But oh, dearest Father, thou knowest that we long to see thee smiling upon our humble efforts to advance the inter-

ests of the Redeemer's kingdom. Oh, let us not faint, nor be weary, though we see not the work prosper in our hands as we could desire; rather show us wherefore thy blessing seems to be withheld. We have again this day been endeavouring to humble ourselves before thee on account of our short-comings, have again been seeking the outpouring of thy spirit;—oh, for Christ's sake, withhold not the promised blessing. Truly thou hast shown us what *we cannot do*. Oh, that thou wouldst now take to thyself thy great power, and show us what *thou canst do*. O God, do thou work, and none shall let or hinder;—so work that it may be seen that it is not by might, nor by power, nor by numbers, but by thy spirit only, so shall the glory pass untouched to thee. May we henceforth plead more constantly, and extensively for a world lying in wickedness, awaken our sympathies, arouse our slumbering energies. Oh, for the melting compassion of our dear Redeemer's heart, we are, alas! too much wrapt up in our own comforts, and our own fancied security; dear Lord, turn us, we beseech thee, from these things, to the contemplation of the miseries of a lost world; then shall we give thee no rest till thy Jerusalem hath become a joy and a praise in the whole earth."

I have a distinct recollection of the manner in which we were employed during the day referred to above. In the evening I preached in the English Chapel from Jer. xxviii. 16—" This year thou shalt die:" and although Mrs. Mundy was then, as appears from the allusion to this subject in her Journal, in as good health as usual, yet on returning home, she indirectly intimated to me that it was a message for her. She was always very feeble, and her constitution has, for many years past, been extremely delicate, and nothing but the greatest care and watchfulness, and the efforts made to check disease in its incipient state, has, humanly speaking, kept her on earth so long. Her medical attendant remarked during her last illness, that her complaint was trifling in itself, and was what any person with a moderate share of strength would soon have overcome; but her stamina was quite gone, the foundation of her constitucion was undermined, and she was unable, trifling as it was, to sustain the shock. She was, I think, quite aware of this, and the apprehen-

sion that any serious attack must prove fatal, had some months before her death, produced an impression on her mind which she could not entirely conceal, that her end was approaching. In consequence of the extreme heat of the weather, she generally closed her schools about the 20th May, and re-opened them in the middle of June, when the rains having set in, the heat was considerably moderated. On the morning of the day on which the children were dismissed, in May last, she met them all in the infant school-room; after reading and prayer she spoke a few words to them, and then before parting desired them to sing the hymn called "joyful—." "Oh that will be joyful when we meet to part no more." At the conclusion she wept much, kissed all the little ones, and told them that they were probably then *parting to meet no more*, and so it proved. The children re-assembled before her death, but *she* met them *no more*;—never I believe entered the school-room again, after quitting it on the morning of that day. It was only a week or two before this, that she desired they might learn to sing that beautiful hymn of Watts—"There is a land of pure delight where saints immortal reign," and she requested that they might go on with it, three or four times in the course of the week, till they had completely acquired the tune. The reason she assigned for wishing them to do this was, that the words were "so sweet," and so much in harmony with the state of her own feelings; and frequently have I, since her decease, whilst sitting at my study table, been deeply affected by the soft plaintive notes of their infant voices, rising in melodious accents on my ear, and reiterating the sweet words,

"There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain."

Although Mrs. Mundy was as before remarked, in the enjoyment of tolerable health during the last cold season, there was on the first appearance of the hot weather which followed, a failure of strength which I had never before witnessed; still there was no *serious* indisposition before the month of April, neither was there any thing which indicated danger till near the end of May. Early in the

month of June I was considerably alarmed, and we began to prepare for leaving India as soon as circumstances would permit. But as I had in former instances seen her when brought very low, rally again almost beyond expectation, I had still great hopes that it would be so on the present occasion; but he in whose hands are the keys of death and the grave—he who "openeth and no man shutteth, who shutteth and no man openeth," had otherwise decreed.—Grace had completed its work in her heart, and he in mercy to her, saw fit to release her from a state of suffering and conflict on earth, and to introduce her to one of triumph and peace in heaven.*

The last week in June the symptoms of her disease were considerably diminished, and there was altogether so much improvement in her general circumstances, that my hopes of her recovery were again very much revived. On Friday, July 1st, she told me that she hoped to be able to attend chapel on the following Sabbath morning and partake of the Lord's supper. She thought, that if she remained quiet in the vestry during the former part of the service, that she had strength sufficient to enable her to bear it without sustaining any injury thereby. In the evening of the same day she was able to dress, and take a short drive in the palkee gári; she enjoyed the air exceedingly, and hoped that it would have had the effect of giving her a good night's rest; but in this she was disappointed; the shaking of the gárí irritated the brain, already weakened by disease, and she was in a state of feverish excitement during the whole night. Notwithstanding this she expressed a desire to go out again the following evening. I therefore took her once round the parade ground, and only walked the horse in order to avoid the shaking; but the same effects followed as before. She had another restless night but a night, she said, of sweet communion with her Saviour. On Sabbath morning she was disappointed on finding herself unable to attend chapel; although she still

* My dear wife had a large circle of friends in England, and as this memoir is intended for publication there, as well as in India, and as it will be gratifying to *them* to hear all the particulars of her last days, I have been induced to enter more into detail on this painful topic, than I should have done, had I been writing exclusively for the public.

appeared very much better than she had been during the former part of the preceding week; and when her medical attendant called, he gave it as his decided opinion, that she was doing well; but as she had had two very restless nights, he desired that she would, on retiring to rest that evening, take a powerful opiate; she attended to his instructions, and had consequently a quiet and composed night; and on the following morning, Monday, July 4th, she appeared still to be going on well. Before I went to chapel that evening she asked me what I was about to preach from; I told her Job xxxviii. 17—"Have the gates of death been opened unto thee? or hast thou seen the doors of the shadow of death?"* She then asked me to give her a few of the leading ideas of the sermon; I did so, and referred to Conder's beautiful words, "Oh! the hour when this material, &c." as connected with the opening of these gates; she immediately laid hold on these words,—appeared to be quite delighted with the subject, and reiterated them with feelings of strong emotion; oh, she said—with great emphasis,

"Oh! the hour when *this* material
Shall have vanished like a cloud,
And amidst the wide etherial
All the invisible shall crowd.
And the naked soul, surrounded
With unnumbered hosts of light,
Triumph in the view unbounded
And adore the infinite."

Alas! I then little thought that the subject was one so entirely in harmony with her feelings. I had then no suspicion that *she* was so *near* the gates of death, and that the doors of the shadow of death were so soon to be opened for *her* to pass through. On returning from chapel that evening I found her decidedly worse, she was suffering great pain, and as the efforts made to relieve her were attended with but very little effect, she had consequently another very restless night. Early on the morning of the

* I believe some of my congregation thought that the sermon that evening was anticipatory on my part; but in this they were quite mistaken. She had been so much better during the preceding three or four days that I was then, only thinking of her recovery. I *could not* have preached on such a subject, had I entertained the least idea of what was so soon to follow.

following day, Tuesday, July 5th, she still thought herself better; but after breakfast it was evident both to herself and also to others, that such was not the case. She suffered much through the whole of this day, and had again another very distressing night. On Wednesday morning there was apparently some improvement, the efforts to relieve pain had in a great measure succeeded, and the symptoms were so far favourable, that my fears which had been aroused the preceding day, had once more considerably abated; and I encouraged her with the hope that we should shortly be able to get to sea, and that in the Lord's good time, she would then soon be brought round again. But as the day advanced these favourable symptoms all disappeared, and were succeeded by others of an opposite character;—still in the evening she put on a loose gown and sat some time in my study, and afterwards in the inner veranda, enjoying the air; but there was a certain heaviness about her, attended with other indications which excited alarm; and that night, for the first time, I began seriously to fear that death was approaching,—still not entertaining the least idea that her end was so near. She sat up to tea, but was obliged to retire immediately afterwards; as soon as she was composed a little, I spent a few minutes with her in prayer, in the course of which I intimated that the hour of our separation was apparantly drawing nigh; she was sensibly and deeply affected when I touched this painful topic; but afterwards made no remark; her exhausted state in a great measure, preventing it.—Up to that period I had never left her, but worn out with watching and fatigue, I that night committed her to the care of another person and slept in the adjoining room; this has since been a source of deep regret to me. Could I have supposed that this would have been her last night upon earth, I should never have moved from the "post of observation," then becoming "darker every hour," or have entrusted her for a moment to other hands. I saw her once during the night and there appeared, I thought, again a slight improvement; she was comparatively easy and free from pain; she spoke with freedom, and even with cheerfulness, and desired me, as there was nothing that she required, to retire to rest again.—On the following morning, July 7th, (the day on which she died,) she still appeared easier, and said in answer to my inquiries that she was better,

and that she had rested comfortably during the greater part of the night. When breakfast was taken to her, (and it was the last time that she ever partook of food,) she rose up in bed without any help, folded her hands and asked a blessing, and seemed on the whole to be stronger than she was the preceding day. Towards ten o'clock, however, symptoms of the most unfavourable and alarming character became increasingly apparent. Her speech and her hearing began to fail, and there was a marked insensibility to external objects, accompanied by slight internal convulsions which sufficiently indicated that death was rapidly approaching. Up to this hour I had continued to entertain a hope that she might perhaps, through the Lord's abounding goodness, yet be spared a little longer; but alas! this hope now fled, —and fled for ever.

* * * "The angel of the covenant
Was come, and faithful to his promise, stood,
Prepared to walk with her through death's dark vale.
And now her eyes grew bright, and brighter still,
Too bright for ours to look upon, suffused
With many tears, and closed without a cloud.
They set, as sets the morning star, which goes
Not down behind the darkened west; nor hides
Obscured among the tempests of the sky;
But melts away into the light of heaven."

About the hour above specified or shortly afterwards, two or three of her most intimate friends called to see her, and when she was asked if she knew them, she replied, "O yes, dear ———, and dear ———." She then asked if they were well, and after a few minutes' interview, took leave of them with a smile as cheerful as I had ever seen beaming on her countenance at any period of my life. I was much affected on observing that from this time her faculties on all common subjects, appeared to be in a great measure gone, whilst in reference to those of a spiritual nature they remained in all their freshness and vigour. On subjects of the former character, she once or twice spoke incoherently; and in other instances when she attempted to speak, she was unable to articulate. She would utter a word or two, make a great effort to repeat the rest, accompanied by signs; and then finding that she could not accomplish it, stop short, and say, "never mind." When I first began to suspect that there was a little aber-

ration of mind, I said to her, with a view to ascertain this, "Do you think, my dear Louisa, that you will recover?" "Yes!" she answered, "I think I shall."—"And do you think," I said, "that you will recover soon?"—"Yes," she said, "I hope so." "But what," I replied, "if you should not, what must we do then?" "Why then," she said, with an air of dignified emphasis, "we *must bow with submission to the will of God.*" But whilst her mind was thus affected, and her judgment in a great measure gone on all ordinary topics, it was quite otherwise when the subject was of a spiritual character; on all such subjects she was still able to express herself correctly, although she could not in general utter more than one sentence at a time, and that with some difficulty. On these themes—themes on which she was always at home, she not only answered any question that was put to her, but frequently during the day, spoke as her strength would permit without any question being proposed. Shortly after noon I perceived that her end was approaching, and I said to her, with a heart overwhelmed with sorrow, "What, my dear Louisa, shall I do when you are gone?" "Do" she replied, evidently unable to comprehend the question, "I do not know what you must do." I named a very dear friend in England, with whom she constantly corresponded, and said, "Have you any message to send to her?" "No," she replied. I repeated the question and said, "No message at all?" "Yes" she answered. "I have." "Well then, tell me my love what it is, and I will convey it to her." "Oh." she replied, "tell her—tell her—tell her—that your wife—" "Well" I said "my dear, what more?—what shall I tell her?" "I dont know," she replied. "Well then," I said, "I will tell her that you hope to meet her in heaven;" her countenance immediately brightened and she said with great warmth of feeling, "O yes, that is it,—that is it, do tell her that!" On another occasion I asked her—"What, my dear wife, will become of your schools when you are gone?" and although questions on secular subjects were not then intelligible to her, she could understand this; it was one which touched the tenderest sensibilities of her heart, and she immediately replied, with energy and in the full confidence of faith,—"*The Lord will provide.*" Seeing her a little restless I asked "Is there any thing you want, my Louisa? Can I do any thing for you?" "No," she answered, "nothing."—

"Yes," I said, "there is one thing that I can do, I can pray for you." "Oh yes," she rejoined, "you can do that—do, do, pray for me." Her infant school teacher (Miss Flood) and one of the elder girls came in towards the middle of the day to see her, but she was unable to converse with them; she always felt a deep interest in their spiritual welfare, and wishing to seize this last opportunity of making some impression upon them, she looked them full in the face and said—with great solemnity and affection, "Jesus can make a dying bed feel soft as downy pillows are." But she was not able to utter more, neither was she able to take leave of them. To a Native Christian who came about the same time to take a last farewell look at her, she said, "I hope, Joseph, that you find happiness in clinging to the cross of Christ." Frequently during the day she repeated to herself those beautiful words, of Dr. Watts, "O the sweet wonders of that cross"—but the following sentence —"where God my Saviour loved and died,"—she could not articulate, although, she evidently endeavoured to do so. Several times she said to herself "Happy, happy"—and again—"happy people, happy people"—"who, my dear wife," I said, "are the happy people of whom you speak?" "God's people," she replied, "they are happy." The delightful and evidently happy state of her mind was however more evinced by her countenance, her placidity, her smiles and her sweet manner of speaking, rather than by any words which she uttered. The glory of the celestial world seemed even then to have dawned upon her, and whilst her friends around were all weeping, no tear fell from *her* eye, —no expression either of sorrow, or of fear escaped from *her* lips; she was emphatically filled with all "joy and peace in believing," and during the whole of my intercourse with her, I never saw her look more calm, more happy, or more tranquil, than she did during that solemn moment when she was descending into the dark "valley of the shadow of death,"—and about to enter into close conflict with "the last enemy." Soon after one o'clock her strength began rapidly to decline, attended with other signs of an unfavourable nature. From that time she mostly lay with her eyes shut, and in a state of partial torpor, but frequently when I moved, she was aroused by the sound of my footsteps, and then looking at me, she would

say with an expressive smile as she witnessed my emotion, "Bless you, bless you." Towards three o'clock, the fever, which she had had but very slightly before, came on with great violence, and it was evident that she was sinking rapidly. I wished to hold a little more converse with her, and yet I was almost afraid to make the attempt, lest it should distress her,—and especially as speaking was evidently then a great effort. Still I ventured to ask, "Once more, my dear Louisa, are you still happy?" "Happy," she replied—and replied in a way which seemed to say why should you doubt it—"Oh yes, quite happy!" I paused a short time and then said, "Do you know me, my love?" This question seemed almost to surprise her, and it roused her far beyond what, judging from her appearance, I could then have anticipated. She looked me full in the face and stretching out her hand, pressed it on my cheek and said, with all the warmth of her ever affectionate heart, "Know you? know you?—don't I, don't I?"—this was too much for me. Fearing to distress her by further questions, and supposing that she wished to remain quiet, I retired for a season to another room to give vent to my feelings. But oh! my burdened heart, these were the last words that I heard from her dying lips; although I was absent but a very short time, yet when I returned speech had failed, and I learnt from her kind friend Mrs. Cecil, that she had spoken but once during my absence, and that only one word of the sentence which she uttered, was intelligible, and that was "O Lord;"—the last word which she articulated on earth and probably the first in heaven. From four o'clock in the afternoon until about seven in the evening, she appeared to suffer much, but after that her sufferings entirely ceased, and at eight, with perfect tranquillity, without a struggle, or a groan, she gently breathed her redeemed, sanctified spirit into the hands of that compassionate Saviour whom she ardently loved, and whom she had faithfully followed.

"One gentle sigh her fetters broke,
We scarce could deem her gone,
When straight her happy spirit took
Its station near the Throne."

She had on several occasions during her sickness alluded to her departure from this world of sorrow, but it

was always done in the most delicate way, as she saw that it was a painful topic to others, although it was not so to herself. She mentioned it to her medical attendant, and when he called it a "gloomy thought," and desired her not to indulge in it, she said after he was gone, "The doctor does not understand me, the prospect is to me any thing but gloomy." There was in her no "shrinking from the cold hand of death." I never saw her shrink at all,—no not even in the *slightest* degree.—I never heard her express either a *doubt*, or a *fear*. Neither a fear as it regards the conflict itself, nor a doubt as it regards the issue of that conflict;—her life was one of uniform Christian consistency, of high-toned Christian devotedness; and as she lived, so she died, full of the confidence of Christian faith and hope. The scene was throughout so calm, so tranquil, so serene, so bright with the radiant glories of another world that it furnished to the spectator a most striking illustration of the poet's beautiful words,

"How blest the righteous when he dies,
When sinks the weary soul to rest.
How mildly beam the closing eves,
How gently heaves the expiring breast?
Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to say,
How blest the righteous when he dies."

The news of her death soon spread through the town of Chinsurah, and excited deep and sincere regret through all classes of the community; and the following day, when the funeral took place it was a Bochim indeed. The scene at the funeral of my former beloved wife was a very touching one, as several of the witnesses of that solemn scene, who are yet living can abundantly testify;* but this, em-

* I may here mention a coincidence of circumstances with which my own mind has been deeply affected. My former beloved wife died in July,—died on the Thursday and was buried on the Friday. The Sabbath morning after her death several dear friends came to my house to express their sympathy, and they read to me on that occasion, Watts's sermon on the destruction of the last enemy. The Sabbath but one, after the beloved subject of this memoir arrived in Calcutta, I took her to a distant village, across the Salt-water Lake, a place quite out of the track of Europeans generally. Observing in the little Native Chapel there a few small English books, I put my hand upon

bracing as it did four distinct classes of persons, far exceeded it in this respect. My venerable friend Mr. Herklots, who has been more than fifty years in Chinsurah, observed that he had scarcely ever seen such a funeral in the place before, and that he was quite at a loss to imagine from whence all the people who were present came. Amongst those who were foremost, and loudest in their expressions of grief, were her children. The scene when the coffin was about to be closed, can hardly be described;—and painful as it was to my own feelings, I was obliged to step forward, and to remonstrate with them, ere they would retire and allow the undertaker to do what his office required. Apart from the children, were their parents, with many of the attached friends of the deceased, whose grief was equally deep, although it was of a less boisterous character. Beyond these in the outer veranda, were the deceased's *own* pensioners, the poor, the lame, the halt and the blind, a class of decrepit, suffering old people, to whom she gave a small monthly allowance. In addition to these there were also, "the Queen's pensioners"—consisting of a number of men who had formerly been in the army, and who on being discharged, were at their own request permitted by Government to remain at Chinsurah and draw their pensions there, rather than return to Europe. I have every reason to believe that some of the latter were much attached to the departed, and that they were deeply affected by the scene which was before them; but their former habits of military order still prevailing, gave to their grief a grave and chastened character, so that it displayed itself by no outward sign, beyond that of a silent,

one and on opening it found that it was the above named sermon. I directed her attention to it, stating the circumstances under which it had formerly been read to me. She took it, and on turning to the fly leaf, saw written there, the name of her former husband, in his own hand. How, and by what means it came there, she knew not; we brought it away with us, and by permission of the excellent minister of the Chapel, Mr. Gogerly, we retained it. She also died in July—died on the Thursday and was buried on the Friday, and on the following Sabbath morning, some of the same friends again met at my house, and after the lapse of eighteen years, read to me from her own former husband's book the same sermon as before—founded upon the apostle's beautiful words "The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death."

and occasionally falling tear. It is the custom in this station, for the undertaker to provide bearers (who are hired for the occasion), to convey the corpse to the grave yard, my feelings therefore were considerably excited a short time before the funeral, by a message which I received from the above named pensioners, requesting that *they* and not the undertaker's men might be allowed to perform this office. It is scarcely necessary to say that I assented, and it was a gratifying sight (if any thing could be gratifying under such circumstances,) to behold Catholics and Protestants, mutually putting their shoulders to the coffin, and deeming it a privilege, as I verily believe they did, to convey her remains to their last resting place. By her removal I have sustained a loss which can only be understood by those who were intimately acquainted with her, and which is, without exception, the greatest that possibly can be sustained in all the domestic relations of life. But "what shall I say? he hath both spoken unto me, and *himself* hath done it: I shall go softly all my years, in the bitterness of my soul." Like the Royal Psalmist, I now sit alone, and am "as a sparrow upon the house top," yet still endeavouring to "remember the years of the right hand of the Most High." But it is not for "a living man to complain, a man for the punishment of his sin." It is not for him to impeach the rectitude of the divine government, and to say unto God "what doest thou?" It does not become a weak short-sighted worm of the earth to

"Arraign the providence divine ,
And blame the deeds of heaven."

Submission is his duty under every dispensation, however trying it may be. I desire therefore to cultivate more extensively this grace of the Christian character; and to pray for what, under present circumstances, I greatly stand in need of—more of the spirit of him who said, "it is the Lord, let him do whatsoever seemeth good in his sight." The conviction that "HE hath spoken, and *himself* hath done it"—that it is the hand of him who saith "be still and know that I am God;" does I trust *in some measure*, bow the heart in sanctified obedience to his unerring providence, and in Christian resignation to his righteous will, —whilst I am endeavouring, during the dark days of ad-

versity, to live upon the promises of that faithful word, in which it is written "what thou knowest not now thou shalt know hereafter."

" It is the Lord, enthroned in light,
  Whose claims are all divine,
Who has an undisputed right,
  To govern me and mine.

It is the Lord, should I distrust,
  Or contradict his will?
Who cannot do but what is just,
  And must be righteous still.

It is the Lord, who gives me all,
  My wealth, my friends, my ease,
And of his bounties may recall,
  Whatever part he please.—

It is the Lord, whose matchless skill,
  Can from affliction raise,
Blessings, Eternity to fill,
  With never-ending praise.

Can I with hopes so firmly built,
  Be sullen or repine?
No, gracious God, take what thou wilt,
  To thee I *all* resign."

It is delightful to the Christian in his seasons of sorrow and suffering, to know that he has in heaven a sympathising High Priest; one who is touched with the feeling of his people's infirmities, and of whom it is written, that " in all their afflictions he was afflicted; in his love, and in his pity he redeemed them, and he bare them and carried them all the days of old." The faithful followers of this sympathising High Priest are all in their measure baptised with his spirit; " sympathy with mourners" is without any exception, common to them all; it is a distinguishing grace of the Christian character, one of the prominent attributes of the "new man in Christ Jesus." The Christian who has imbibed much of the spirit of his Master, will always exhibit a proportionate degree of sympathy towards his people when he sees them passing " under the rod," whenever he hears them utter the piercing cry, " O God, the

waters are come into my soul;" he who possesses but a small portion of this grace, has but little of the "mind of Christ," and he who is utterly destitute of it is "none of his." On this subject, I am thankful to say that I have had no reason during the pressure of my affliction to complain; expressions of sympathy have poured in upon me from all quarters, and I bless the Lord who has thus imparted to his people a disposition "to weep with them that weep," a mind disposed to "bear each other's burdens," and so to "fulfil the law of Christ." Since the removal of her, "whom I am quickly following to death, and hope through mercy soon to meet in a deathless world," I have received many letters of kind Christian condolence from beloved friends, and brethren in the ministry. Some of the writers scarcely knew the departed, personally; but they knew what her Christian character was, and they know by report something of the loss which I have sustained by her removal. A few short extracts therefore from some of these letters will not, I trust, be considered by the reader as an unsuitable conclusion to this chapter of sorrows. The consolation which I have derived from this source, is only secondary to that, which I have derived from the promises of that blessed word by which we are assured that "our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory, while we look not at the things which are seen, but the things which are not seen, for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal."

From the Secretary to the Calcutta District Committee to the London Missionary Society.

"My dear Brother,

It is a painful, though pleasurable, duty that I am called upon to perform in forwarding to you the accompanying resolutions. Painful because of the occasion which has rendered them necessary;—and pleasurable on account of the high sense entertained, and that justly, by the committee of the character, and labors of your dear wife. Chinsurah has to you been indeed a chequered scene; and yet I doubt not but it is endeared to you, both by a recollection of the living and the dead, as well as by your long

and faithful exertions; and that you will continue to labor in it, so long as it shall please the Lord to afford you strength adequate to the efficient discharge of your many duties; and even should that fail, your prayers will never cease to ascend to a throne of grace for the salvation of its people. May you experience in your affliction all the consolation which our sympathising High Priest, Jesus Christ, is ever ready to impart, and which can ever be derived from communion with him.

I am, affectionately yours, &c.

T. BOAZ.

Calcutta, July 18, 1842.

Resolutions of the Calcutta District Committee.

1. This committee have heard with unfeigned regret, of the demise of their much esteemed friend and fellow-laborer, Mrs. Mundy, of Chinsurah. The removal of Missionary laborers so eminently useful as Mrs. Mundy, is always a matter of deep sorrow to those in the field, especially in such a climate as India, and amongst such a people as the Hindus, where there is so much to depress and try the faith of all, but especially of those, who like our departed friend, were engaged in the work of female education; when therefore one like Mrs. Mundy who has devoted her time, her talents, and her property, to the cause of Christ in this land is removed, the committee would record their heartfelt sorrow, and pray the Lord Jesus, the great Head of the church, to raise up many, who will follow in her footsteps as she followed Christ, in devotedness, zeal, and love to souls.

2. The committee desire most fully to sympathise with their bereaved and afflicted brother in the loss he has been called to sustain, and would pray that he may be spared to labor with efficiency in a spot sanctified to him as a man, a Christian and a Missionary by so many hallowed pleasures and deep afflictions.

3. The committee rejoice to find that Mr. Mundy will be enabled, for the present at least, to carry on those plans of usefulness with the prospect of permanency which were commenced and conducted with so much efficiency by his late esteemed partner."

From Rev. T. Boaz, Minister of the Union Chapel, Calcutta, July 8th, 1842.

"My dear Mundy,

I have just heard of the death of *our* dear sister, and your late beloved partner; but what shall we say? it is the Lord, let him do whatsoever seemeth good in his sight. "Be still and know that I am God;" is the word of Jehovah, may he put underneath and around you, the everlasting arms, and support you by his presence; you are not alone for "the Father is with you." How was it with the soul of your dear wife in the last struggle? I wish now that I had been with you. I wish I could have seen her once more, but that cannot be, she is in our Father's house. I hope we shall see her there, and rejoice for ever in the Master's presence. If I can serve you in any way command me; I have not the heart of a widower, nor of a husband, to sympathise with you; but I have the heart, and the affection of a Christian, and although I cannot comprehend the details of your loss, I can and do feel for you under the severe trial that you have been called to endure; may the Lord Jesus be with you, and with your spirit, as he is with the spirit of your dear wife. Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath assured us that we shall live through him. I weep with you, but it is with the eye of faith, seeing the glory which is hereafter to be revealed.

I am, affectionately yours, &c.

T. Boaz."

*From Rev. J. Paterson, Berhampore**, 11*th July,* 1842.

"My dear Brother,

We yesterday received the mournful intelligence of the decease of your dear wife. I now write *not* with the hope of being able to say any thing to alleviate your sorrow, or to suggest topics of consolation to you under your heavy affliction; but to assure you of our sincere sympathy, and prayers. To tell you not to grieve for the loss of *such* a friend as dear Mrs. Mundy was, would

* See also letters from Messrs. Paterson and Bradbury, pages 1 and 2.

be little better than mockery, unless we could restore her to your arms, as He did, who said to the widowed mother of Nain, " Weep not;" and at the same time followed up his consolatory admonition by restoring her only child to life and health. You have indeed met with a great loss in her departure and not *you* alone, Chinsurah and our Bengal Mission in general, will have to mourn her as a mother in Israel, departed for ever from our midst. I have known but *few women* so much respected, and spoken so well of by all who had the happiness of knowing her. After the first keen edge of sorrow shall have been somewhat blunted, it will be a consolation to you to reflect, how much one so dear to yourself, was esteemed and beloved by every one else. But it is the Gospel of Jesus, who brought life and immortality to light, that can alone assuage your grief, and teach you to " sorrow not, as those who have no hope." You know that your loss is her gain; it is not for her but for yourself that you sorrow, and for her children, and the many in Chinsurah who loved her as their benefactress, and revered her as their teacher in the ways of God. She has entered into rest, and her works will follow her. She has gone before you, and she will be ready to welcome you, whenever the Master shall say to you also, " come up hither." Think, my dear brother, of the bright side of the picture, and let not your mind be cast down by over-much sorrow; and may the God of all consolation, support and strengthen you in this the day of trial.

I am, in affectionate Christian sympathy,

Yours, &c.

JAS. PATERSON."

From the Rev. H. Fisher, Cathedral Chaplain, Calcutta, 14*th July*, 1842.

"MY DEAR SIR,

It was with sincere sympathy in your affliction that I read the affecting record in the paper of this morning of the trial which you are called to undergo. It has pleased our Heavenly Father to remove from you, for a season, one who was deservedly dearer to you than any other earthly friend could be. May it be his gracious will, out of the abundant riches of his compassion, to supply you with such

needful consolation in this trying hour, as shall not only enable you to bear up under your affliction; but also fill you with such joy and peace in believing, that it may even seem light, compared with the "glory that shall be revealed," and the prospect of a happy re-union beyond the grave. I will not add many words, but I could not withhold the expression of my sympathy on an occasion of such grief, and distress, to you. At such seasons, it may truly be said, "the heart knoweth its own bitterness." There is but one effectual Comforter; may he be present with you, and calm and soothe your mind. In thinking of your own sad loss, it is your happiness, and privilege, to be able to call to mind at the same time, the unspeakable gain of her of whom you have been bereaved. Such reflections ought to dry the tears of sorrowing friends, it is only in such cases that we sorrow not "as those who have no hope." What a consoling thought it is, my dear sir, that we can look up to Him, who "bore our griefs, and carried our sorrows," and who still fulfils his work of love.

I am, my dear sir,
In much Christian sympathy, yours, &c.
H. T. Fisher."

From the Rev. F. Fisher, Governor General's Chaplain at Barrackpore, July 30th, 1842.

"My dear Mr. Mundy,

I have delayed writing to you since the tidings of your sad affliction reached us, until the present moment, lest the very expression of sympathy, (in such a case however insufficient) might be to you a fresh cause of grief; and in the firm belief, that you have one Comforter with you better than all others, one "who sticketh closer than a brother," and whose consolations are indeed most precious. You will believe me however, when I tell you how deeply we sympathise with you under this heavy stroke, and beseech the Lord, who gave the wound, to apply the remedy; and show his care and love towards you in his afflicting hand. Your dear partner has already entered upon the enjoyment of that bliss which is every Christian's hope; and suffering as she did from bodily ailments, and resting upon the only sure foundation, surely we may say of her, that it was better for her "to depart and to be with Christ."

We cannot however but feel such bereavements bitterly; and happy are we, if they bring us nearer to him, who suffered for us, that he might 'bring us to God.' I trust that the promises which God has given to us in his word are your stay and support in this hour of trial; and that you find something of the Christian's inheritance to 'rejoice in tribulation.' * * * * When you have more leisure, and are better able to review what is past, I trust that you will not, think me intruding, if I request some particulars of one whom we knew, and so much esteemed; and who, I have no doubt, to the last, manifested in whom she believed.—Mrs. Mundy's illness must have rapidly become dangerous; as we had received no previous intimation, that she was otherwise than in her usual delicate state of health. We shall also be glad if you can assure us, that you yourself find consolation in your trial, I hope therefore I shall soon hear from you; accept again our most true Christian sympathy, and believe me, my dear Mr. Mundy,

Yours most truly and faithfully,

F. Fisher."

From the Rev. W. Morton, Calcutta, July 18th, 1842.

"My dear Brother Mundy,

That I truly sympathise with you in your affliction, I trust you need no assurance, in form, to be persuaded; may our gracious Father pour in the oil of his divine consolation, and support you by his presence, and his holy Spirit's comforts. A calamity such as this demands no small grace to maintain aright. I know well how you must feel, and be assured I can feel for you, having passed through the same trials. All the topics of Christian consolation on which I could touch, have doubtless suggested themselves already, you know them at least, as well as I do; may they have their blessed effect in soothing your troubled spirit. Mrs. Mundy is at rest, and her works do follow her; she was a good woman, and 'full of faith and the Holy Ghost.' Some arrangements should be made for your station. * * * * As to the girls' schools, there will of course be various opinions about them; where will you ever hope to get a woman like Mrs. Mundy, of equal zeal, patience, talent, industry, godliness, and unincumbered at once; also with means, and a heart to use them in the cause? Do you

think the girls likely to go on as under her? * * * Mr. Paterson cannot possibly be spared for your station as we require him for Calcutta—* * * may the Lord whose work it is, direct us all how to proceed, and may he bless and comfort and keep you every way, so prays

Ever affectionately yours,
W. Morton."

From the Rev. H. Wilson, American Missionary at Futteghur, 12th September, 1842.

"My dear Brother,

It has often been my wish and intention to write to you, but various circumstances have prevented me from doing so. Your late painful bereavement has brought you more particularly to my remembrance; and now I have resolved to execute my long indulged wish. But what shall I say dear brother, in reference to that mysterious providence which has made your heart to bleed, and rendered you desolate? I cannot say that I pity you, but I can and do say that I sincerely sympathise with you; and in this expression of feeling, Mrs. Wilson most fully and tenderly unites with me. Sympathy may express joy as well as sorrow; whilst therefore we would weep with you, in view of the sad loss which you and the cause of Missions, and the Church of Christ, have sustained, we would also rejoice, that your dear partner has been released from pain and sin, and made complete in righteousness; and that she is now from her high station, and with a tenfold interest, watching the cultivation of that field in which she so long labored, and the souls for whom she felt so deep a concern.—You have no longer an interest in her prayers, but it may be that she has not ceased to co-operate with you in your labors of love. She may even now be a ministering spirit to you, and to some of those dear children, she has left behind; and who are yet, as the result of her labors, and in answer to her prayers, to become 'heirs of salvation.' But this is a subject on which I will not dwell, as there may be more of conjecture than revelation in it. But is it not cause for holy joy, and for heartfelt gratitude to God, that your dear wife was so kindly supported, so delightfully comforted, as she passed through the dark valley of the shadow of death; and that she was permitted to bear

so honourable a testimony, with her dying breath, to the truth as it is in Jesus? In this we desire to mingle our joy and our prayers with you; to God be all the glory. I know not, my dear brother, that you need such consolation as a poor worm can impart; and if you do, I am but poorly qualified to render it; but you have the promise of a better, and an all-sufficient Comforter, even the Spirit of grace, who will abide with you, and who will not leave you comfortless; and who can make this painful bereavement one of the happy means of your sanctification, and thus prepare you to join the dear departed at the marriage supper of the Lamb. You shall often be remembered in our poor petitions at a throne of grace; and if your other duties will at any time permit, we shall rejoice to hear from you. You will, I am sure, be glad to know that I have lately had letters from America. * * * * Should the shattered state of your own health require a change, might not a trip up the river be of service; if so, I need not say how happy we shall be to see you. * * * With much Christian affection, and many prayers, that God may uphold you, and comfort you, in your aflictions,

Believe me to remain,
Your brother in the fellowship of the Gospel,
W. Wilson."

From Corporal Joseph Robinson, H. M. 9th Regt. Camp Gundamuck, September 4th, 1842.*

"My dear Father,

In the precious Gospel of our blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; may he, the God of all grace, visit your soul with the rich consolations of his holy spirit; that, that

* I feel it desirable to offer a few remarks here in reference to the writer of the above letter. He came to Chinsurah near seven years ago, a private Soldier in H. M. 9th Regt. Whilst the Regiment lay here, he was brought in the spirit of penitence to the foot of the cross; and the excellencies of his Christian character have since stood out, with a degree of prominence, not always beheld amongst the professed followers of the Redeemer. I have introduced his letter because he was an especial favourite with the subject of this memoir, and many a fervent prayer has she offered that God would "cover his head in the day of battle," and make all grace abound to him in every hour of trial. He left Chinsurah with his Regiment

precious promise may be verified in your experience, 'Thy shoes shall be iron and brass, and as thy days thy strength.' May God who comforteth them that are cast down, support you under all your trials. May he anoint you with the precious oil and balm of Gilead, and carry you over every wave of trouble and at last bring you' safe to the desired haven; this is my poor imperfect prayer for you at the present time; and if you have sufficient strength, I hope you will pray for me; and will you also ask the

in December, 1838. Since which period I have regularly corresponded with him. He is now with the British Army in Cabul—or probably on its way back to Jelallabad. His letters are always interesting, and there is at times a pithiness and a quaintness about his style of writing, with an originality of remark, not very dissimilar to that of the best Puritan divines of former days; and which with a few verbal alterations, would do them no discredit. My congregation at Chinsurah to whom I usually read them from the pulpit, always feel a deep interest in them; as does likewise my daughter and my beloved wife's friends in England to whom they are *regularly* transmitted. The first letter which I received from him after her death,—with one which he wrote to me when his Regiment first received its orders to join the army of the Indus, after the Cabul massacre of last year; are high wrought specimens of touching tenderness, and Christian sympathy; but they are not now in my possession. The one introduced above is much shorter than usual; he had only a few days before, been in action from morning to night on the mountains of Affghanistan; and had not overcome the fatigues of that day of slaughter. His epistles are also interesting in a military point of view, in as much as they furnish ample details of the operations of General Pollock's army connected with the forcing of the Khyber pass and its various achievements on the way from Jelallabad towards Cabul. This Christian Soldier has been in the West Indies, and in the Mauritius, and has seen much of the world; he has left at Meerut several manuscript volumes which are committed to my care should he not be spared to return to British India. I had lately occasion to write to the officer commanding the Depôt of H. M. 9th Regiment, at Meerut, when I mentioned these papers and commended Joseph Robinson to his notice; and in his reply he says,—"I know the corporal you mention, named Robinson, very well, he is, I believe a true Christian, and you may rely on it that he shall never want a friend whilst I am in the Regiment. Should any thing happen to him at Cabul, I will secure the box of papers you mention, and forward them to you." If I am ever called upon to appear before the public as a writer again it will probably be to make some use of these papers, they will I am persuaded, (with the documents which I already have in my possession) furnish materials for a work which by the blessing of God, may do much good in the army.

good people at Chinsurah, to pray for me, a poor sinful worm, one who believes in the communion of saints. Ask them to pray that I may have grace to stand under the severe trials that I have to undergo; and that God in his tender mercy, may spare this army, and not give it into the hands of the enemy. We expect to advance on Cabul in the course of a day or two; and it is thought that we shall have some hard fighting in the Passes; my feeble prayer is, that the Lord of hosts may fight for us; if he is my protector, I shall be as safe here, as if I was in your house at Chinsurah. Into his great and gracious hands I commend my soul and body, both for time and eternity. This is strange work, but blessed be his holy name, he hath upheld me hitherto. I have written two letters to you since I heard of the death of my ever kind friend Mrs. Mundy; my last was dispatched only two days' ago; and I should not write to you again yet, but for two reasons; 1st, after we begin our march on Cabul I shall have no opportunity to write more till we return; and 2d, I wish you to know that I have received the packet with your two sermons, and four copies of the precious memoir of Mrs. Mundy. They all came to hand this morning;—and now I say blessed be God for the glorious gospel hope, that she is safe and happy for ever. I return you my very sincere thanks for your great kindness in sending me that precious though brief memoir. I wept very much when I read it; every word of it went to my heart. The one which you sent for Mr. Field, I took to him immediately; since the removal of Mr. Bethune to General McCaskill's staff, he has been acting adjutant to the regiment, and is therefore very busy; when he had read it, he sent it to Major Davis, and they were both delighted to hear of the precious faith which carried the departed saint safe into the arms of a precious Saviour: they are both quite well, and desire their very kind Christian regards to you. General Sale joined head-quarters yesterday. Brigadier Monteath is expected to-morrow; all the sick and weakly men of the army were left in the Fort at Jelallabad. They form a strange brigade; but they will be sufficient for its defence, as many of them I hear, are already out of hospital. I hope you received my last letter written two days ago, in which I gave you an account of the battle, at Mamoo Kail. We

had a hard day's work, but we have seen no enemy since; but they are waiting for us a little distance further on. I must now conclude, excuse this short letter; and may the Lord bless you, and prosper your voyage; may he bless you whether at sea or on land, yea may he bless you and yours also, with millions of blessing, is the humble prayer of your

Affectionate Son, and humble Servant in the Gospel,

J. Robinson."

From the Rev. J. Edmonds, St. Helens, Lancashire, England, October 29th, 1842.

"My dear Brother,

I received a few lines from your sister yesterday, informing me of the severe bereavement which you, in the inscrutable providence of God, have recently experienced. She merely mentions the date at which your loss occured; but under the supposition, that I had heard from you, she therefore enters into no detail. As I have not enjoyed the pleasure of receiving a letter, I cannot sympathise with you in the *circumstances* of your loss; but I can, and do, sympathise with you in the *fact*. The knowledge of your bereavement has called forth my tenderest emotions and as I cannot make known my feelings to you at the time in which you most need the testimony of Christian friendship I pour them forth to the God who heareth prayer on your behalf, beseeching him to sustain, to comfort, and to bless you, in this the hour of your need. I do, my dear brother, feel for you, alone as you now are in debilitating India; your children, your relatives, your Christian friends at a distance from you; and your much loved, your amiable, pious, and talented companion taken from you. You are left in circumstances calculated to call forth the prayers and the kindest attentions of those who know you; what a mercy that under such circumstances we *can* approach the throne of grace on your behalf, and that you also can approach it for yourself, cheered by the promise, 'cast thy burden on the Lord and he will sustain thee.' Yes, *thy burden*, the burden of your sorrow, your loneliness, your grief; under all these and every other burden God has promised to sustain you. He will put *his* shoulder to your burden, and will thereby

enable you to support it; may your strength be rendered equal to your day; and as in times that are past, so now may the grace of Christ prove to be sufficient for you. * * * * If I were writing to a private Christian, I should refer more fully to those views of scripture doctrine, and of divine providence which are calculated to enforce the admonition 'be still and know that I am God.' But these truths you are already acquainted with, and their influence I trust you enjoy. I therefore only remind you that your separation is but for a very short duration, whilst your re-union will be eternal. Affectionately commending you to the divine blessing, and imploring all needful strength on your behalf,

I remain, my dear Brother,
Your's in the bonds of the Gospel,
J. EDMONDS."

I do not know how far I am doing right in introducing the following letter into these pages; it may perhaps be considered by some persons as evincing a want of proper feeling on my part; but be this as it may, I think that every Christian parent who may read it, will in such *circumstances* understand the yearnings of a father's heart, and make every allowance for the affection which prompts its introduction, when I say that it is from a beloved and only daughter, whom I have not seen for more than ten years:

" *Brighton, October* 25*th*, 1842.

"MY OWN BELOVED FATHER,

'The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord'—'Shall we receive good at the hand of the Lord and shall we not receive evil?' May we not be weary of the 'chastening of the Lord nor faint when we are rebuked of him?' You cannot tell, my beloved father, how greatly I was distressed to hear that my much loved mamma, on whose return to England I had built so many fond hopes, and whom I was longing so much to embrace, and behold again, was transplanted from the wilderness here, to the Paradise above; O the Church militant has indeed lost a bright and lovely member, but she is gone to the Church triumphant in heaven, and now one voice more swells the anthem of the Saviour's praise, and celebrates the victory of redeeming love. I feel, *deeply feel*;

but it is not so much for myself that I mourn,—though I have lost,—O, what a mother ;'no it is for you, my beloved father, it is for you, that my heart bleeds ; you have lost the wife of your bosom, your sweet companion, and tender counseller. Your heavenly Father has indeed made a wide gap in your heart, but is it not that he may fill it with Himself? 'Sweet affliction that brings Jesus to my soul'— Your sweet and fond letter greatly soothed my heart, dearest papa, and, God helping me, I will be a comfort to you and so will, I am persuaded, dear Benoni ; he has acted nobly, very nobly in at once giving up his own wishes at your request ; he is a dear good boy, and will, I have no doubt, be a great blessing to you. The short account which you published of my dear mamma has been perused by several persons here with deep interest. I sent a copy to Mr. Vaughan, and to my aunt Reeve, and gave one to Miss Brewer ; she deeply sympathises with you, under this heavy trial, and by her kindness has greatly contributed to heal the wound in my own heart : but I must now, dearest papa, tell you how the distressing news was communicated to me. In the morning after breakfast, just three days before I received your letter, Miss Brewer called me downstairs and told me that she had received a letter from Mrs. Townley, and that my dear mamma was very ill ; the account of her by this month's mail being very unfavourable, and that but little hopes were entertained of her recovery. I was very much grieved on hearing this, and retired to my room to pray that God would be graciously pleased to restore my precious mamma, or prepare me for his will whatever it might be. In the evening of the same day a little before we retired, Miss Brewer took me into her room and asked if I had written to my aunt Mary to inform her of my mamma's serious indisposition. I replied no, that I might by so doing be causing needless alarm, and that I would wait the arrival of the Falmouth mail, as it might perhaps bring me better news. Miss Brewer, then said—My dear girl, it is useless to conceal it from you any longer, your dear mamma is gone. O my beloved papa, it was a dreadful stroke, but I will spare you the recital of my feelings. Miss Brewer sent to inform Mr. Vaughan and in two or three days he came and prayed with me; he was very kind and sympathising. I felt it quite a comfort to have such a Minister at hand. He also

prayed most sweetly and tenderly for you—not for your body, for he said he would leave that in the hands of God, but for your soul; that you might be supported, comforted, and sustained and be kept from feeling a distressing sense of loneliness and desolation. He prayed that I might be a comfort to you, and that we might mutually be helpers of each other's faith and love. I was also prayed for on Sunday at church, both morning and evening. And now if you should be spared to return to me, then will I raise my Ebenezer to God for his preserving goodness towards you. I have experienced great kindness from all the girls; they have been like sisters, and have, I am sure, felt much for me in my affliction; but above all my God has graciously supported me, and oh, what are all earthly comforts, if he withdraw the light of his countenance. Earnestly, my beloved papa, have I prayed for you that his gracious Spirit might now help your infirmities, and lead your troubled heart to lean solely and exclusively upon him. O how I long for the next mail to come. Does the doctor indeed say that you ought to leave India immediately and will you yet delay? —will you leave us orphans?—O I tremble for you; but hush my agitated heart, nothing can happen without the will of my Father in heaven.

'What though the springs of life were broke,
And heart and flesh should faint,
God is my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of every saint.'

But still, my beloved papa, it is right to use all means for the preservation of life and health; turn then, I beseech you, from the precious dust that lies sleeping at your feet to the living objects that are still spared to you. Behold your two children who fondly look up to you as their earthly all; alas! what will become of them should you too be taken.—May God in his mercy spare you, my precious father; I am so grieved that you have not a likeness of my dear departed mother, nor of my own mamma. You must immediately on your arrival in England have one taken of yourself, as it will be the most precious legacy you can leave your children. Dear Mrs. Townley wrote me a very kind letter, as did also Mrs. Kemp; the latter said she would think the tie with me doubly increased by my having been loved and prayed for by her who is gone to glory. She has

kindly repeated the invitation to me to spend the Christmas vacation with them. O what changes have taken place since last Christmas, but it is all for the best; the Lord's will be done, this I know is the language of your heart; and if I do not lose you I will try to submit and bear this loss though it is,—*O how bitter* * * * * Mrs. Kemp kindly sent me the four sheets you had written to Mrs. Hunter containing an account of my dear mamma's last days—you have much gratified all her relatives by entering so minutely into detail, as they naturally felt most anxious to know every thing respecting her; and now, my beloved father, I must bid you good bye—may God shed his choicest blessings upon your head. 'They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.' So the promise runs, nor while life shall last shall prayers cease to ascend for you from your dutiful and tenderly attached daughter,

MARY."

From an attached Niece of the deceased, dated Thetford, October 25*th*, 1842.

" MY VERY DEAR UNCLE,

How earnestly I long to be able personally to assure you of my deep and affectionate sympathy—or that I could now say something that would afford you real comfort; but vain indeed are all human efforts to cheer your spirit. My constant relief has been to commend you to God, and to entreat that he would fill the void, and support your soul by fresh and unknown communications from his life-giving spirit! We have read with mournful and deep interest the history of our dearest aunt's last days, and unite in offering our warmest thanks for the effort of your pen at such an early period: placing us by her bedside and almost within the sound of her much loved voice. I seem as if I had been with her, and feel how truly your description presents her to our fond recollections—just the same as she used to be, only more refined and increasingly fit for her glorious exchange. You have, my dear uncle, every reason to feel strong satisfaction in the fact that in her, you combined every earthly friend in *one*. While we as a family are more than ever united to you and grateful for the watchful care and judicious attention to the preservation of her weakened frame. She was never so well managed before, for

the only distress she ever occasioned us was, a certain determination not to care for herself, nor to admit of the comforts which were needful even at *that time*. It is a great consolation to us to know that you induced more correct views of duty, and that (humanly speaking), her precious labors were much extended by this daily attention and care, and this her family can never forget. I had no idea of her previous state, and therefore confidently hoped she would rally again—but we shall all soon follow. May the seal thus placed on her bright course, be permitted, as she desired, to deepen the religious impressions of all who knew her, and I believe it will be so. Through Mr. Hunter's kindness we have been able to circulate the sweet record of her faith and patience, to many friends who formerly delighted in her society; and who can read it without being humbled, and stimulated? I am concerned that you should have letters still arriving, that were addressed to her dear self, because I fear they will act injuriously—yet there is one work in my parcel sent by Mr. Hill, which I trust may be read by you with interest and comfort. It is a little work by Mr. James, who in his sad bereavement endeavoured to write what should console the "widow and the mourner,"—also his memoir of his dear wife, who in many points you will see resembled our dear Louisa. We shall long to hear again of your health and progress in your arrangements for returning home. We are looking forward with much pleasure to the visit of your dear child at Christmas, unless you are able to return by that time. From what I hear you have still a treasure left in her, and she is, I think likely to supply the place of the dear departed, and to make you as happy as a *daughter* can do—and for her sake you *will* take care of yourself, and strive against nourishing grief. You will yet, I trust and believe, be useful in England. May the dying words of my beloved aunt 'the Lord will provide,' be graciously accomplished! I shall long to know how these dear children return again, after the interruption occasioned by her sickness and death, and to whose care you can resign them. Mr. Brown desires me to convey his affectionate sympathy and best wishes, and to say how we shall rejoice to receive you under our roof. And now, my dear Sir, hoping that this our earnest wish may be realized before long,

I remain, with most affectionate sympathy, ever yours,

Mary Ann Brown."

From the Board of Directors of the London Missionary Society, London, October 31st, 1842.

" Rev. G. Mundy, *Chinsurah.*

" Dear Brother,

The last Mail brought us your letter of the 9th of August, containing the mournful tidings of the afflictive bereavement with which our heavenly Father has seen fit to visit you. We sympathise with you most affectionately and tenderly under this severe trial, and our prayers shall ascend to the Father of mercies who gave and who has taken to himself the dear partner of your labors and your joys, that the tender and hallowed experience of his presence may fill the void, and that your mind, brought under the powers of the world to come, and realising the proximity of the things of eternity, may be sustained and elevated by the glories of that immortality upon which your late fellow-pilgrim has now entered. 'He that has bruised has alone the power to heal,'—and blessed indeed it is in such seasons of heart desolation, when the Christian's mind is enabled to repose with filial confidence upon Him who not only 'hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows,' but who hath also faithfully pledged himself that 'our light affliction which is but for a moment,' shall work 'for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.' In that system of corrective discipline with which it pleases our heavenly Father to mould his people to his will, to purge away their dross, to strengthen their graces, and to make them meet for their final resting place in heaven, it is encouraging to recur continually to his unfailing promise, that he will not try his people beyond what they are able to bear, but will, with every temptation and trial, give them away to escape. While smarting beneath the divine chastisement, nature finds the duty of submission hard, yet afterwards when softened and sanctified by the Spirit of our God, it brings forth the fruits of righteousness in them who are exercised thereby, and then the sufferer learns to take up the triumphant language of the gracious soul, 'It is good for me that I have been afflicted, before I was afflicted I went astray, but now have I learnt to keep thy law.'

You will learn from our letter of the 4th of August, we had been rendered so apprehensive, from the tenor of pre-

vious communications—of the probable effects to yourself and dear Mrs. Mundy, from a protracted stay in India, that we adopted such measures as the exigency of the case seemed to demand for enabling you to return forthwith. God, however, in his wisdom and love has made a better and more enduring provision for your excellent partner, and while the station cannot but sustain a very serious temporary loss by her removal, we are persuaded that should you be enabled to realise your generous proposal to continue at your post until the cold season of 1843-44, it would be highly beneficial to the Mission; at the same time, with our letter of August in your hands, you will of course feel at liberty to make a timely retreat, rather than incur serious risk by delay.

In appointing Mr. Bradbury to Chinsurah we are fully aware that we have not provided for carrying forward that important department of the work which your lamented partner conducted with such effect, but Mr. B.'s appointment may be regarded as a temporary arrangement, until we shall be in circumstances to meet the peculiar wants of the station.

In the prayerful hope, that amidst the manifold trials you have recently been called to sustain, and especially under the last and most painful dispensation of all,—your consolations in Christ may more and more abound, and affectionately commending you to God and the word of His grace,

I remain, dear brother, on behalf of the Directors,
very faithfully yours,
for J. J. Freeman, and self, Foreign Secretaries,
A. Tidman."

From Mrs. Townley, London, October 15th, 1842.

"My beloved Friend,

Our hearts are grieved, greatly grieved on your account, may the God of love comfort and support you. He *will* do so. Three days ago Mrs. Lacroix informed us of the departure of our precious, our valued, and much loved sister. We had fondly hoped that she would reach England once more, but she is far, far better off than that, for she has reached her heavenly home, a home infinitely supe-

rior to every other, and she is now basking in the sunshine of eternal love. Your Benoni is sitting by me; I am much delighted with his deportment, and am certain that this dear youth will never do any thing to make your heart ache; he says that he will never go to sea unless he has your full consent to do so. Your sweet Mary wrote me a very nice letter on the sad tidings. I went to Mrs. Hunter as soon as I received the intelligence. She had not heard it, and she bore it like a Christian, rejoicing in her dear sister's joy: Mrs. Piffard, who is coming to dine here to-day, told us yesterday, that there had never been a female in our mission more devoted, or more useful and beloved than your dear wife. How gratifying the account received from Mr. Herklots of the number of weeping children who followed her to the grave, her works do indeed follow her; and now, dear brother, about yourself. We are *very, very* sorry, and surprised that you are not returning home immediately. Benoni tells us that it is not your intention to leave India this year; remember you have claims upon you in England, your children have claims upon you, and your own debilitated state of health especially requires prompt attention—do not stay too long. My dear Mr. Townley, and our young folks also, beg me to send their deep and affectionate sympathy to you; we remember you constantly in our prayers. I hope to write again soon, but Benoni urged me to write a few lines now as he is writing and could, he said, enclose mine. The removal of your dear wife will be a sad disappointment to dear Mrs. Hill, when she arrives, they had left us before the intelligence was received. May *their* lives be spared; and now may God abundantly bless you, my dear brother, with our Christian love to *all* dear friends at Chinsurah, believe me,

Ever affectionately yours,

C. Townley."

The following letter from Mrs. Weitbrecht, wife of the Rev. Mr. Weitbrecht, of the Church Mission at Burdwan, (at present in Germany,) addressed to a beloved sister of the deceased, and recently forwarded at me to Chinsurah, will I am persuaded be read with interest.

"*Stuttgart (Germany), October 26th*, 1842.

"My dear Mrs. H * * *

I have just heard through Mrs. Lacroix, of the great loss that we have sustained in the removal of your beloved sister—I say *we*, for I can indeed mingle my grief with yours, because she was dear to me as well as to yourself, and I cannot forbear writing you a few lines expressive of my tenderest sympathy on this trying occasion—no one can understand but myself what I have lost in her as *a friend*, for I know that we, and our dear children were the particular subjects of her frequent and fervent prayers, and I could truly say if I yielded to natural feelings, alas! my sister,—but knowing as I do, that she has fought the good fight, and kept the faith, and is now wearing the crown that was laid up for her, I rather must and do rejoice on *her* account. Yes, I rejoice though in the midst of tribulation, and I look forward to the happy meeting which awaits us, when we too are permitted to put off this our tabernacle; who knows what mission of love she may even *now* be commissioned to fulfil towards us, or how near her disembodied spirit may often be to us. She is not now confined a prisoner to hot, sultry India, but wherever she goes, as sent by her heavenly Father to act the part of a ministering spirit, the sun does "not smite her by day, nor the moon by night," neither does any heat light upon her. She is according to our short-sighted vision a loss to the Lord's work on earth, for she was the best female Missionary I ever knew, and she has been privileged not only to *begin*, but also to *accomplish* much, and though she now rests from her labors and her works do follow her, still we may be sure that she fills a congenial sphere where weariness cannot be felt. Oh, that we may be enabled to follow her as she followed Christ, and be at length, through his merits, counted worthy to enter that bright world where she is safe and happy for ever. It is a sweet thought to me that she is perhaps now acting the part of a guardian angel to her dear little namesake, my own beloved child, who must have died very nearly at the same time as herself. My heart goes out in deep sympathy with her bereaved husband, but I fear to write to him as it seems so likely that he will return to England, and my letter might not

reach him; will you my dear Mrs. H * * * tell him how deeply I feel for him, and if it is likely that he would get it, perhaps you would enclose this note and transmit it to him, that he may see what is in my heart, or if he is coming keep it till he arrives. I long to hear more of my sainted friend's last days; and if a memoir of her is published (as I do ardently hope will be the case,) I shall account it an honour, and a privilege to contribute a mite from my recollections. It comforts me in the midst of my grief—that grief which nature will feel—to remember her warm love and her sweet encouraging letters. When I call to mind her look,—her sweet and cheerful smile,—the tones of her voice,—I can hardly persuade myself that I shall see her no more on earth; but let us cheer up my friend, it will be but a short time and we shall be with her, and with him in whom she now "rejoices with joy unspeakable and full of glory." In the mean time the Comforter, even the Spirit of truth whom Jesus sent to comfort his sorrowing disciples, will be with us, and the precious hopes and consolations of the gospel will, I trust, be applied to the wounded hearts that are bleeding. I long to be once more in England but duty detains us here for the present; my dear husband's health is through mercy wonderfully improved; I have already drawn up a little sketch of your beloved sister for him, which he will make use of amongst the females in Germany, at their various meetings which he attends for Missionary purposes; he says that he never saw those words so literally fulfilled in any earthly being as in her, '*Bearing the cross and despising the shame.*' She was indeed a burning and a shining light, and I was privileged, for a season, to rejoice in her light, and bye and bye I hope to rejoice *with her* in the light of everlasting day.' "The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance.' Farewell, my dear Mrs. H * * * (1 Thess. 4th chap. 13, 14 verses.) Pray give my best love to dear Mary when you write, and tell her how deeply I sympathise with her, and

Believe me, ever truly yours, &c.
M. WEITBRECHT."

The numerous letters of the foregoing description which I have, during my affliction, received from friends both in

England and in India have, I trust, taught me to value more highly than before, the advantages of Christian intercourse, and the privileges which I derive from my Christian connections. Such epistolary communications are always acceptable to a sufferer bowed down by the weight of his sorrows, and crying with the psalmist, " lover and friend hast thou put far from me, and mine acquaintance into darkness." It is a great mistake in the Lord's people, to forbear writing to their Christian brethren, when they are stript and peeled by bereaving providences, under the idea, that such communications are only calculated to give pain, by bringing afresh to the mind a sense of the loss which has been sustained. It is certainly true that every such recurrence to the subject, opens afresh the sluices of the heart; but the feeling produced thereby, is one which the sufferer desires to cherish, rather than to extinguish; it is " the joy of grief,"—and such a recurrence to the past will never be considered by him, as an unhallowed intrusion into the temple of sorrow. I can speak from no ORDINARY EXPERIENCE upon this topic and say that a bereaved widower,—one who has long been treading the courts of that oft frequented temple, would consider as sacrilegious, every attempt to banish from his fond recollection, the memory of a beloved wife, whom he has always considered as the greatest earthly boon ever granted by God to man in this vale of sorrow. In reviewing the loss which by the late dispensation of providence I have sustained, (a loss of no common order,) nature teaches me to mourn; but grace forbids me to murmur; and although I desire to bow in humble submission to the will of him who hath taken away " the desire of mine eyes with a stroke," still it will be a long time before I can forget her, (yea, I hope never to forget her)—she had too many opportunities of endearing herself to me, and she improved them too well to permit me ever to lose sight of her naturally amiable disposition, and of the unvaried excellencies of her Christian character. The impression of her beloved image, and the remembrance of all her kind attentions, can never be obliterated from my heart, so long as life and time remain. My imagination tracks her in her upward flight, and my warm affections constantly follow her, to that world of glory to which she is gone; and I am cheered, and comforted, by the thought, that she still

feels interested in my earthly affairs; that she does occasionally turn for a moment from her extatic enjoyments, to survey my sorrows, and my conflicts; and that she will (perhaps) by divine appointment, act towards me the part of a ministering spirit, during the few weary steps that I may yet be called to measure in the wilderness. I am moreover, supported under the pressure of my present afflictions, by the assurance that these trials will soon be over, by the recollection that "the bright and glorious morrow" is fast approaching; and by the anticipated dawn of a day, which will see us again united, in an exalted relationship never to be broken; and in a world, where all is "sacred, high, eternal noon"—where "the inhabitants shall not say I am sick, and the people that dwell there shall be forgiven their iniquity." Where "he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them, and they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

CHAPTER VII.

CHARACTER OF MRS. MUNDY,—HER INDUSTRY, BENEVOLENCE,—DEVOTIONAL HABITS,—AND DESIRE TO PROMOTE THE WELFARE OF OTHERS.

I have already in a preceding chapter referred to my beloved wife's industry, to her improvement of time, and to the manner in which she was usually employed through each successive day; it is not necessary therefore to say much more on this topic. Nothing but absolute necessity ever induced her to desist from pursuing the routine of her daily exertions. Her constitution was naturally feeble, and she frequently suffered, and labored, under a variety of bodily infirmities, of which even her most intimate friends were unconscious, and which would have restrained the ardour of any one who had not equally at heart the interests

of the Saviour's cause, and the salvation of perishing sinners. Benevolence was likewise another distinguishing feature of her Christian character; I never in fact saw in any one, so much of this hallowed principle of the gospel exemplified as it was in her.

> It was her great and God-like wish, to heal,
> "*All misery*, all fortune's wounds, and make
> The soul of every living thing rejoice."

To do good, to relieve suffering, and to afford help to the needy and distressed, was the delight, and the joy of her heart. Benevolence, based upon the precepts of the gospel, was the element in which she lived and moved and had her being. The exercise of this "God-like" principle was essential to her happiness,—I might almost say to her *existence;* and it was her "heaven on earth begun," in every instance in which she could freely indulge in it. Repeatedly before she came to India has she day by day traversed in much weakness the streets of the British metropolis, from one end to the other in order to render assistance to a suffering fellow-creature. She had a great antipathy to that selfishness which overlooks the welfare of others. Selfishness, she would remark, is the great antagonist principle of the gospel; it is a principle directly opposed to its benevolent designs, and one which tends more than any other to arrest and impede its progress in the world. Her own selfishness, which no human eye could discern, was frequently a great burden to her. In her last illness she was constantly complaining of this: "I am now, she would say, so absorbed in self, I am only thinking about my own ease, and my own comfort, and how I may obtain freedom from pain, whilst I am doing nothing to relieve the thousands who are suffering around me." Such was the sympathy of her heart, that she could never behold suffering in any shape or form, without making an effort to alleviate it. She would frequently remark during the cold weather, (from which the natives in India suffer more than they do from the heat,) "I fear there is much distress around us, which we know nothing about, I wish I knew where to discover it, and how to relieve it;"—and apart from her ordinary charities, she would at this season, particularly at Christmas, furnish to persons whom she knew to

be in destitute circumstances blankets, or other articles of clothing such as their necessities required.

"The law of love was in her heart, alive,
What she possessed, she counted not her own,
But like a faithful steward in a house
Of public alms, what freely she received,
She freely gave, distributing to all."

She had also an enlarged view of that self-denial and personal sacrifice, to which she considered Christians ever ought to submit, in order to benefit their fellow-creatures. She uniformly maintained the idea, that in proportion as our labors for God, (and especially those labors which have a reference to the welfare of the soul,) were of a self-denying character, so in proportion might we (generally speaking) expect his blessing to rest upon them. And this, I am persuaded, is a correct and scriptural view of the doctrine of Christian self-denial. It is easy, nay it is delightful, to work for God in the abundance of health, and the fulness of physical strength; I can speak from *past* experience on this topic, and say that services performed in the enjoyment of such mercies as these, involve comparatively but little that is painful, or of a self-denying character; but I know from *present* experience, that it is otherwise when the constitution is enfeebled, when the physical frame is bowed down by a multitude of infirmities, and when the "grasshopper is a burden;" and I am sometimes consoled and comforted by the thought, that a little service done for God in such a state of weakness, is perhaps more acceptable to him, than the abundance of that which is performed under the opposite circumstances.

Mrs. Mundy's strong attachment to her friends in her father-land would sometimes lead her in by-gone years to express a wish, that she might if the Lord pleased, be spared to meet them once more in the flesh; nevertheless she could say on this, as well as on every other subject that involved merely her temporal happiness, "not my will, but thine be done." And this desire, much as she had antecedently cherished it, she had sometime before her death, not only entirely given up, but had even imbibed one of an opposite nature. She had drank deeply into the spirit of him who said, "greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends;" and as she had

labored for the welfare of others, so she was willing, and even desirous, to lay down her life for them also;—*provided* that by so doing, she could in any measure hope to benefit them, in their most important concerns. It was I think only the week before her death, when she was apparently improving, and I was cherishing the hope of her recovery, that she expressed a decided wish to die at her post,—a desire to end her days at the place which had so long been the scene of her benevolent exertions. When I asked the reason of this, she replied, (such was her humility) —that she had, she feared, accomplished but very little good by her labors amongst the children, and as she knew they were much attached to her, she had the hope that her death amongst them might perhaps accomplish that which her labors in life had failed to produce,—that it possibly might, by the blessing of God, be a means of giving permanancy, and effect, to her previous instructions, and awaken those impressions in the hearts of her pupils, which would lead them at once to attend to the admonition of him who hath said,—"wilt thou not from this time cry unto me, my Father thou shall be the guide of my youth."

Gratitude to God for the various mercies of life, and also to her fellow-creatures for any little act of kindness which she at any time received from them, was another and a very distinguishing attribute of her amiable character. No act of this nature from a fellow-worm, however trivial, was ever lost upon her; whilst towards Him, who is the "Author and Giver of every good and perfect gift;" this hallowed principle, was in constant and lively exercise. A week or two before she died, after having obtained relief from suffering, she one day, whilst sitting at my elbow in the study, suddenly burst into a flood of tears; when I turned to inquire into the cause of this; she said, (and I shall never forget her tone and manner;) "Oh, the abounding goodness of God, it quite overcomes me; that such a worm should be so continually the object of his love; and that he should thus interpose to relieve the sufferings of one so utterly unworthy of his notice; I am ashamed and humbled at the thought of my ingratitude, and that he should be thus showering down upon me the abundance of his favours whilst I am doing so little to promote his glory in the world."

She had also an enlarged perception, a deep and lively view, of the misery and wretchedness of wicked wordly men; accompanied by an earnest desire to bring them to Christ that they might be made happy in him. Those beautiful lines in Madan's collection of hymns, she thought strikingly descriptive of their wretchedness, and would frequently introduce them into her supplications when pleading for their salvation, at, "the throne of the heavenly grace."

"By thine all-restoring merit
Every burthen'd soul release,
Every *weary wandering* spirit
Guide into thy perfect peace."

Burthened she would remark they must be, so long as they are strangers to God, and rebelling against him, because he has so ordered it, in the constitution of his moral Government, that sin shall ever bring its own burden, and be in itself, a source of misery to the guilty transgressor;—and that the sinner wandering from him, "the central point of bliss," shall be miserable, and never know true happiness, until in penitence he returns to him crying "other lords beside thee have had dominion over me, but by thee only will I now make mention of thy name." And then she would plead for them in the most tender and pathetic manner, dwelling particularly upon the above description of their state. "Lord, look in mercy upon these wanderers—pity them ALL—save them ALL. EVERY weary, wandering spirit,—EVERY burthened soul release." Neither did her melting compassion towards these guilty wanderers evaporate in mere words;—she kept their wretched condition constantly in view, and was always looking out for, and ready to seize opportunities to benefit them. The week before she died, a native from a distant village called on me, who spoke English tolerably well; when he was gone, she said, "there is something about that man I like, do send him one of your books on the Evidences, who knows what (if followed up by believing prayer) it may be the means of accomplishing." Her request has been complied with, the book has since her death been sent to the man in *her name;* and I fervently pray, that the blessing which she so earnestly desired may richly descend upon its recipient. In her Journal she

refers to a tour which she had formerly made through Ireland and Scotland; and to the tracts which she had on that occasion scattered in various directions. She never at any time journeyed without these little messengers of mercy; and as she travelled much in former years, the last day will probably reveal to her, instances of her usefulness of which she had no previous conception, especially as their distribution was followed by the prayer of faith, "that *each* might have its commission." In page 35 of this memoir, there is a reference to an individual to whom she had some time before sent books; this individual was an Irish Barrister, and a particular friend of O'Connell; he was one of her travelling companions in Ireland; and although he was a Papist, she presented him with tracts; she also spoke freely to him on the subject of the great salvation, and on her return to England sent him a supply of well selected books. She likewise exchanged several letters with him, in the hope of promoting his spiritual welfare, but she ultimately lost sight of him, without being able to ascertain whether any good had resulted from these efforts. When I was about some years ago to proceed on a Missionary tour to Scotland, she reminded me of the large congregations I should have there; and desired me, never to be satisfied with merely preaching Missionary sermons. Tell them, she remarks in the letters which I received from her about that time, not only of the danger of the *heathen*, but also of their *own* danger; tell them of the sinner's friend, and warn them to "flee from the wrath to come." Think how many of them may perhaps never hear the gospel again, and none of them will at any rate ever hear it from your lips again. In my reply to this letter, I stated, that I had, in consequence of extreme exhaustion, been obliged to close the last service of the preceding sabbath in Edinburgh, without fulfilling her wishes, and in the letter which I next received from her she thus remarks—"Your statement about your concluding service in Edinburgh cost me many tears,—why did you thus exhaust yourself with Missionary details; do, I entreat you, reserve some strength for the poor perishing sinners around you, never let a congregation of 2000 people depart again without hearing the warning voice, and without receiving an invitation to come and 'partake of the water

of life.' " During my labors in Chinsurah, she would never fail to tell me if she thought at any time that there was a deficiency of gospel truth in my sermons, although it was always done in the most *kind* and *delicate* manner. She would remark, that there ought to be in every sermon, whatever the subject might be, so much of the gospel,—such a full exhibition of Christ, in his glorious character, and his perfect work, that should there happen to be a single sinner present, who had never heard the truth before, he might, though he should never hear it again, not be suffered to depart, without being made clearly to understand the way of salvation, and the only medium through which he could possibly be reconciled to God, and his soul be saved from the " bitter pains of eternal death." This, she would observe, is the only way in which a minister can hope to make " full proof of his ministry," and be " free from the blood of all men."

I have before adverted to the sympathy of the deceased, to the manner in which she entered into the sorrows of others, and to her anxious desire to relieve suffering wherever she beheld it. This feeling was sometimes so intense, that it was trying to behold it. When the news of the Affghan disaster reached India, it amounted almost to anguish; and as she was then in a declining state of health, I fear it was in some measure injurious to her; and that her constitution never recovered from the shock which it occasioned. The poor captive ladies especially, seemed to be continually before her, and many a sleepless night has she spent in prayer on their account. Her sympathy with any class of her fellow-sufferers in such circumstances, would have been great, had there been no *special* cause to call it into exercise; but when I state that H. M. 44th Regiment was formerly at Chinsurah, and that we personally knew many, both of the officers and the men, who in the autumn of last year were so cruelly massacred on the retreat from Cabul; the causes of that sympathy and the powerful effect of it will be better understood.* The domestic qualities of the deceased, the ex-

* The second evening on which the men of this Regiment attended my chapel after their arrival at Chinsurah, I gave out the hymn " Before Jehovah's awful throne," and I was agreeably surprised to

cellencies of her character as a wife. The warmth of her affection—her kind and constant watchfulness and care towards her husband were apparent in every part of her conduct; and the recollection of these, will never be obliterated from my heart until the last sand of the hour-glass of

hear them sing it to the tune to which I had in former years been accustomed to hear it sung at Surry Chapel, and which I had never before heard in India. They sung it remarkably well, and recalling as it did, the scenes of by-gone days, it produced a powerfui effect on my own mind. But now these men are, I apprehend, all gone to appear before that "awful throne." I much doubt whether a single individual of that regiment, out of all who composed the congregation of that evening, (and it was a good one,) is now living. The last person my dear wife ever wrote to, and also the last from whom she ever received a letter, was the widow of an officer of this regiment. From this lady I had a note only a few weeks ago in which she says—"I have received the memoir of your late dear and excellent wife, and I can truly say that I perused the short account which you have furnished of her Christian career, with tears of joy. I feel assured that one who thus loved the Lord in this world of sin and sorrow, now rests in peace with him. Yes, she has long ere this hastened with rapture to worship at her Redeemer's feet; how delightful to think that such a dear and valued friend is now numbered with the redeemed above, and is with them uniting to sing 'salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb for ever.' May we, my afflicted friend, be through grace at length permitted to unite with them in their celestial song. Sorrows of one kind or another still continue to come upon me in quick succession; but if they are the means of leading me nearer to the Saviour, I shall with joy kiss the rod, which has already inflicted so many wounds on my desolate heart; and made me a widow in my 24th year. I have recently received a most distressing account of the retreat from Cabul, and of the sufferings of my poor lost ones; but I will not pain you by repeating it; it is sufficient to say, that it is such a catalogue of horrors, as can scarcely be imagined; frightful indeed is the tale, and it is with difficulty that I can believe it true; but it is the Lord's doing, let me therefore humbly say 'thy will be done.'" By her "lost ones," she means her own husband, and another member of the same family, who both fell together in the Koord Cabul Pass. It was not necessary for her to repeat to me the tale of woe to which she refers, I have heard it too often. I knew of the death of her husband three months before she did, and yet I could not communicate it. During this time she wrote several times to my dear wife, stating that he was a prisoner of Acbar Khan's, and that she hoped he would soon obtain his liberty, and be at home again; but the truth, which could not always be concealed, at length through the Government official reports made known to her, her forlorn and desolate condition.

life has run out. In August, 1840, I was seriously indisposed, more so than I have been at any former period since my return to India; what might have been the result had I not had her watchful attentions it is not possible to say; but I have always had the impression on my own mind, that to her care I am (humanly speaking) mainly indebted for my recovery; and the recollection of that watchfulness, and that care, was powerfully brought home to my heart by the following memorandum, which I found in her Journal shortly after her decease.

Tuesday, 18*th August*, 1840—" It has pleased God to lay his afflicting hand on my beloved husband. Oh! for entire submission to his will, who in mercy and very faithfulness afflicts. Dearest Father, thou didst witness my pleadings, and wrestlings, last night, and also my deep distress, as I pleaded thy blessed word ' the prayer of faith shall save the sick,' under the impression that thine ear was not bowed to my supplications, and yet I felt that I could not ' let thee go,' until I had obtained some sweet assurance that my prayers on behalf of thy dear and honoured servant would prevail. *Oh what an agonising hour it was.* Thou seemedst to turn a deaf ear to every plea, at length, O my Father, thou didst give me to see the treachery of my heart, and the selfishness that was bound up in every petition. My own personal comfort was all that I thought of; I felt that I could not part with such a beloved object of my tenderest affection;—yet I wrestled for meek submission to thy blessed will; at length, O my Father, grace triumphed, and I was brought to cry;—earnestly to cry,—only get to thyself glory,—only get to thyself glory; although thy poor worm should be plunged into the depths of sorrow. Whether thou seest fit to raise up thy dear servant, or to call him to thy blessed self, let it be as shall bring most glory to thy blessed name. Oh the calm, sweet peace, that flowed into my soul then; I can *never, never* forget it, blessed, forever blessed be thy holy name, who to the troubled ocean of my conflicting feelings didst in so much mercy, say ' peace be still ' "*

I have a distinct recollection of the evening referred to in the above memorandum. After I had retired to rest,

* See also Journal, Sept. 16, page 95.

and she had done for me all that was needful; she left me and went to my study on the opposite side of the house; she had not however been away from me long, when certain sounds began to fall upon my ear, and although I could distinguish no words;—yet they were sounds with which I am perfectly familiar, and which told me full well how she was employed; and it is more than probable, that when the secrets of eternity are unfolded, I shall discover, that I chiefly owe my recovery under God, to the fervency of those petitions which she in that "agonising hour" presented on my account. In the management of her domestic affairs,—in her economy,—her love of order,—her neatness, and her constant anxiety to arrange all her household matters, so that I might have no impediment in my work, she deserves to be held up as a pattern of excellence, well worthy of imitation by all such females as are allied to "the sons of the prophets."—I never expressed a wish that was not immediately complied with, and if she could in any instance only anticipate my wants, it was sufficient; they were sure to be met, and due care taken to provide for them to the full extent, of what either my comfort, or my usefulness demanded.*

As we were, after we took up our abode at Chinsurah, but seldom separated from each other; I can present but few specimens of her correspondence as a wife. Although I

* I do not know how far it may be right to lift the veil from the sweet scenes of domestic life; but still I think that I cannot be far wrong, in giving a fact or two illustrative of her kind attentions as referred to above. In the month of December, I was complaining of feeling a cold wind in the back of the neck, when I was out on my morning excursions for preaching. My birth-day happened to fall two days after I made this remark, and on entering my study early on the morning of that day, I found on the desk a comforter which had been prepared and put there during the night, with the following label attached to it "a birth-day comforter for a tender husband, with his affectionate wife's best wishes, that he may never want a comforter either for body or soul, and her fervent prayers that he may be spared *many many* years to be himself a comforter to thousands"—when I first began to complain of the failure of sight, she knew exactly the kind of glasses which I required; and having sent to Calcutta and procured them, I also found them one morning on my study table with a similar label attached, which I regret to say I have lost.

might, had I taken care to preserve all her notes, have been much better furnished than I now am, with materials for illucidating her character in this point of view. I think it is now about four years ago, since she was last in Calcutta, on that occasion, she went chiefly, for the benefit of medical advice; being then more indisposed than I have ever known her to be, since she came to India, except in her last illness. On her arrival there she gave me the following account of her passage down the river, and of the kind attentions which she met with from her valued friends, in the Missionary circle.

"*Central School, Monday Morning.*

"MY DEAREST HUSBAND,

Having safely reached Calcutta, and arranged all my little matters, it is time I began to give you some account of my proceedings. I had a most distressing head-ache during the whole of the journey, and when I arrived at Mrs. Wilson's (at the Agarpara Refuge), I was so unwell, that I felt strongly disposed to return with Canie,* but I was prevented from doing so, by dear Mrs. Wilson's kindness: she received me with all the cordiality and affection of a sister, made me lie down immediately, and supplied me with whatever she thought calculated to relieve the pain; the sickness was the most distressing part, had I taken one of your doses of tartar emetic I could not have been much worse; however, it doubtless relieved the head, as I was better in the evening, and enabled to proceed on my way to Calcutta, and reached this comfortable abode about 9 o'clock. I was however prevented from going out yesterday morning, and partaking of the Lord's supper with our dear brethren, at Union Chapel, as I had previously anticipated. I cannot therefore say that the *first* sabbath of my visit has been spent as I desired; but it was as the Lord willed, and I must be silent. I made up my mind that I would never again travel on the Saturday, except in a case of great necessity, although I know that all your plans for me were arranged with the kindest intentions. I am become such a stay-at-home, that I can hardly move now without the system being deranged for a time. My heart has been much

* The servant who accompanied her.

with you since I left; though I have excellent accommodations here, and meet with the kindest attentions from my friends, yet in sickness especially 'there is no place like home,' and few can boast such a home as I can, and blest with one who is all kindness and care. * * * I have seen most of our Missionary brethren, they inquired affectionately after you, and asked if you did not intend to come and fetch me. Pray do not make any arrangements for me to extend my visit beyond the period first proposed; because I am sure, comfortable as I am here, that I shall be quite home-sick ere the time has expired. I thought much of your engagements yesterday, and I earnestly prayed that they may be abundantly blest, and that your own soul may be fat and flourishing, and like a well watered garden; and that you may be enabled to bring forth much fruit to the praise and honour of our precious Redeemer. When you can conveniently spare half an hour to worship with my dear children, I hope that you will do so, as I greatly covet such opportunities for them; and now, dearest, I must bid you adieu for the present, commending you to His ever-watchful care who neither slumbers nor sleeps.

I am, yours most tenderly,
LOUISA."

A few days after the above was written, I received another letter from her, giving a still more unfavourable account of her health. In my reply to this, I expressed a wish that she should return to Europe, and leave me to prosecute alone my work in India, a few years longer. To this suggestion she replies as follows:

"MY DEAREST HUSBAND,

How happy shall I be to have a readier mode of communication with you; the time already seems long since I took a last look at you standing under the tree and watching my progress down the river. How then must it be with those wives who have placed themselves on the other side of the wide ocean? may I be spared from such a trial as this; never propose it to me again, dearest. Where you are there is my home, my 'sweet home,' and no earthly home can be sweet in your absence; although I am very happy here, and all our dear friends are very

kind, and make much of me. * * * Many thanks for getting my school-rooms put into such nice order. I shall greatly enjoy being in them again. I am much pleased to hear of good children. I attended the examination at the Town Hall yesterday, which went off very well. * * *—Dr. C— is a very nice man, he has been very kind, and has examined much into my complaint; he asked me many questions, but all this when we meet. * * * Again I commend you to the ever-gracious care of our heavenly Father; may he ever bless, and preserve you, and cause his face to shine upon you, earnestly prays, my best beloved,

Your own ever affectionate,

LOUISA."

During my last visit to Calcutta I had a note from her almost every day. In one of these which I received from her the evening before I returned home she thus writes:

"MY OWN DEAR HUSBAND,

I would not let this post go without writing to you once more, lest you should be disappointed; but you must pardon my brevity, I have been so occupied all the morning, that I have scarcely been able to command a minute. Accept my best thanks for your last very precious chit received yesterday morning. I am truly glad to hear that you are so well, and comfortable—much, much love and best thanks to our dear friends for their kind care of you. I hope you will be able to persuade them to come to Chinsurah, that I may try to repay their kindness. I am glad that you heard good Mr. Boswell last Sabbath day with so much pleasure. * * * I shall be truly happy to see you at home again; may the Lord abundantly bless you, and bring you back in peace and safety. I am by no means well, but your cheering presence will do much towards making me so. * * * I was glad yesterday evening to see Joseph preaching away at your new Chapel, supported by the presence of three or four Berhampore Christians; he appeared to have a very good attendance. I have had the house thoroughly cleaned during your absence; and now you have nothing to do but to come and bless it,* yes

* Blessing the house refers to a ludicrous circumstance which had occurred in Chinsurah only a few days before she wrote. A Catholic

come and bless it with your presence; and may you be made a greater blessing than you have ever yet been, and in blessing others, may you be doubly, and trebly blest yourself, so earnestly prays

Your own ever faithful and affectionate,

LOUISA."

On the morning after the preceding letter was received I left Calcutta at gun-fire, and proceeded to Pulta ghaut by water. On my arrival there, I found the horse and palkee-gárí waiting, which she had sent at an early hour, to expedite my journey homewards; in the pocket of the gárí was the following note, which being as it is the LAST I ever received from her, I give to the reader entire.

"MY DEAREST HUSBAND,

I was happy to learn from your's this morning that you continue well, and that you seem to be having so much enjoyment amongst your brethren and Christian friends. It has been my constant prayer that your intercourse with them might be of a hallowed order: the communion of saints is truly sweet; I should have been delighted to have shared it with you. It is a long time since I had such pure enjoyment, for alas! our meetings here do not always partake of the character of some that I have experienced in days that are past: but how sweet to look forward to 'the better land,' 'a land of *pure* delight!' I am very happy to have reached the last day of my loneliness; may you be brought to me in safety on the morrow. I trust you will bring a heart *full* of *love*—love to Jesus, love to poor sinners—such love as angels may behold, and such as God will look upon with an approving smile; for it will stir you up to do your utmost to pluck sinners as

family having taken a house in which a person had recently died, were troubled with the appearance of a ghost. They therefore sent for our friend the late Catholic priest—(from whom we had the story) requesting that he would "come and bless the house"—and thus rid them of this unwelcome visitor. The priest had not *then* left the Church of Rome.

brands from the burning. I was greatly disappointed last evening. Mr. Paterson preached to a large congregation at your new chapel. Mr and Mrs. —— went with him, but one of my sad head-aches prevented me from attending; through mercy I am better to-day, and am comforting myself by scribbling this to send with the gárí to-morrow morning. You seem to have been very busy in Calcutta, and will doubtless be glad to come to an anchor again; and your own dearest love will indeed rejoice that you should do so. I have had many kind inquiries about you during your absence. Dear Mrs. —— is coming to dine with me to-day; she is amongst your best friends because she prays for you. Ah! if prayers could avail aught, your Louisa has offered thousands for you since you came to the determination to call her yours;* oh, that God may grant a thousandfold beyond what she has asked of the richest blessings. I enclose a note received from poor Captain ——. I know you will like to save time by reading it in the gárí on your way home. Poor man, he appears to have suffered much; may the Lord design it for his sanctification. I send two or three oranges to refresh you by the way; I shall have a warm breakfast ready for you and still warmer heart to receive you. Peace, much peace be with you, dearest, earnestly prays

Your ever faithful and affectionate,

LOUISA."

* A beloved friend who knew Mrs. Mundy *well* thus writes upon this subject: "It is only those persons who have been privileged to enjoy her friendship as I have been, that can know what she was as a Missionary's wife, and as a laborer in the Lord's vineyard, though I believe not one amongst us *fully* understood this. I do not think that there was another female in India, who wrestled with the Lord, as she did, for its benighted children, and for those who are ministering the word of truth amongst them. Although she is dead, yet the many prayers which she has laid up in store *for you*, will continue to be answered as long as you need them; and so it will be, I am persuaded, with her schools; she has left them a rich legacy in safe keeping, and he who was her great Treasurer, will in due time, answer her prayers; and as she said when on the borders of eternity, HE 'will provide.' I was truly glad to hear that you intend to publish a memoir of her, for if ever any one deserved to be had in everlasting remembrance, I am sure that *your* honoured wife did."

The remark contained in the above letter that she had offered thousands of prayers on my account, I know to be strictly correct, and in this respect alone, to say nothing of others, what a friend, what a benefactor, have I lost. I have reason to believe that the tracts, and sermons, which I published, went forth to the world saturated by her prayers. Whenever I had any work of this kind in hand, a large measure of prayer was always offered by her, that it might go forth under the abundance of the divine blessing, and be made very useful in awakening sinners to a sense of their guilt and danger. I have before alluded to her devotional habits, and to her stated hours of retirement ;—these sacred services, and these hallowed seasons, were not occasional, but constant, habitual, uniform. She would sometimes say to me, when she saw me oppressed with a multitude of cares and duties, "I fear that your anxiety about these matters, sometimes follows you into the closet and interrupts your progress there; it must I know, require great watchfulness to prevent them from doing this. Do, I entreat you, guard against them, for to be hindered there is *such a loss*, a loss for which nothing on earth can possibly compensate." She was exceedingly jealous of her own "consecrated hours," and would never allow *any thing* to infringe upon *them*. She continued regularly to observe her seasons of retirement till within a few days of her death, although such was then her extreme weakness, and her physical inability to bear any mental excitement, that it must frequently have been a great effort to her to attend to them. In addition to these stated seasons, she had likewise her seasons for *special* devotional exercises; when her friends, with such other persons as she had reason to believe stood in peculiar need of her prayers, were largely remembered by her; and she has, and that not in a few instances, as her private Journal shows, imitated the example of him who said, "At midnight will I rise to give thanks unto thee," (Psalm cxix. 62.) When I returned from chapel on the Sabbath morning before her death, she said to me "it was well I did not accompany you, as the service I find would have been too exciting for me."* Observing her bible open and her hymn book lying on the table,

See page 117.

and her countenance somewhat like that of Moses when he came down from the Mount, I replied, "You have, I suspect my love been too much excited at home, more so I fear than you in your present state of weakness, are well able to bear;" and on questioning her closely on the subject, I found that such had been the case; and that her frame was quite exhausted, by the sacred exercises in which she had been engaged.

It is very probable that some of the readers of this memoir will think that I am amplifying too much upon the subject of this chapter, and entering more into detail on the general features of Mrs. Mundy's character, than is necessary. My design however (and I wish this to be *particularly* understood), is not to *magnify the creature*, but the grace of God in the creature; the grace of him who made her what she was, both as a Christian, and as a Missionary. The former she would utterly repudiate, whilst in the latter she would "rejoice and be glad." I cannot therefore, extended as these remarks already are, conclude this review of her Christian devotedness, without giving the note which was appended in the Calcutta Christian Observer,* to the brief memoir which originally appeared in that interesting and useful periodical. I am not however aware that it furnishes any thing *additional* to the statement which is here brought forward; but it is valuable inasmuch as it is the testimony of another individual;—and of one, who knew more of the character of the deceased than any other person in our Missionary circle.

Note by the Editor of the Calcutta Christian Observer.

"We have for some years had the privilege of an acquaintance with Mrs. Mundy, and can say we have not met with any person of her sex who was more truly Missionary in heart and life, and one for whose removal we do more sincerely mourn: and yet our loss is her gain; she

* The "Englishman," a news-paper published in Calcutta, and by no means a religious paper, makes the following remark on the short memoir which originally appeared in the Observer: "There are in the present issue several rational papers upon Education, the Romanized system, love, and pride, and the last days of a *thoroughly good woman*, Mrs. Mundy."

was ripe for glory. Mrs. Mundy was entirely devoted to the work of Christ; and having nothing to impede her, she was enabled to follow the dictates of the love of Christ fully. In the absence of many hinderances save those attached to a suffering and weak body, she was enabled to live wholly to God; and never have we seen one who did more completely give herself up to the Lord in all things

She was a devoted *Christian*, devoted to the *missionary cause especially*. She left her native land for this work at an age, and with a frame, which would have deterred many from trying the effects of an Indian climate, and that in opposition to the wishes of nearly all her circle; she set herself to work immediately on her arrival, and over the space of ten years left her station only three times for a short period, and that more for the benefit of others than herself.

She was a *spiritually-minded* and *tender-hearted Christian*. As in her death, so in her life, grace, salvation, and glory, were the themes on which she delighted to dwell and converse: other objects she would listen to as if by courtesy, but on these she was all eye, and ear, and tongue. Evil tidings coming from either individuals or bodies always evidently distressed her; she wished them past. When the news arrived respecting the massacre at Affghanistan, she was known to spend much time in prayer for the orphans and widows. We have seen her deeply affected by the relations of the hostility of bad men towards the Lord's people, or of the lapses and errors of professing Christians.

She was a *Catholic Christian*. She loved all who loved the Saviour; and however imperfect the impress of the Saviour's image, or however feeble the development of grace in the heart and life of such might be, she yet loved and recognized it, and conducted herself towards them as towards babes in Christ. Towards the Roman Catholic community she had a strong feeling of affection accompanied by a longing desire to lead them to Christ.

She was remarkable for her *order*. The appearance of the pupils in her schools was the best evidence of her own order; and especially were we struck with this on the re-opening of the schools after her death. Every child had some kind of mourning, and all was arranged with that neat-

ness and order which at once struck the eye of the spectator, and forcibly exhibited the kind of training which they had been under.

She was *labourious.* Considering the extreme weakness of her body, it used to be matter of perfect astonishment to see with what care and cheerfulness she would labor from six in the morning till dusky eve.

She was *benevolent.* Her purse, like her heart, was open to all—Christian, Musalman, Heathen ; all shared her bounty.

She was deeply sensible of *manifold imperfections* and *short-comings.* It was her constant complaint that she could not do more, and that what she did was done so imperfectly, and accompanied by so much selfishness ; she thought she was fit only to be numbered with the greatest sinners. This kept her where it was her delight ever to be, at the throne of grace, and at the foot of the cross. This was the secret of all her love and cheerfulness, devotedness and labor. It was the sight of that dear cross which constantly urged her to the work of Christ amid her manifold weaknesses. On this she lived by faith ; on this, dying, she reposed her everlasting hopes ; and she died, as she had lived, a cheerful and faithful servant of Christ. Her faith was always strong ; to doubt with her was especially a sin ; and as in life, so in death, her every expression showed that she knew in whom she had believed.

The funeral sermon was preached at Chinsurah on the evening of Tuesday, the 19th of July, by the Rev. T. Boaz, minister of the Union Chapel, Calcutta, from 1 Corinthians xv. 57. The congregation was large, attentive, and much affected : some Roman Catholics were present, who had never been in a Protestant place of worship before. A sermon was also preached by the Rev. T. Boaz on the following Sabbath evening, at the Union Chapel, Dharamtalla, from 2 Thess. i. 10.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONCLUSION.

"The righteous perisheth and no man layeth it to heart, and merciful men are taken away, none considering that the righteous is taken from the evil to come." This remark of the Evangelical prophet is applicable to the translation from time to eternity, of every faithful follower of the Lord Jesus Christ:—death to such a person, let him die under whatever circumstances he may, is always gain; he is taken "from the evil to come," removed from a world abounding with physical and moral evil, and introduced into one of endless light, and boundless glory—a world, where "pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears, and death itself shall die." The subject of this memoir in the anticipation of her speedy departure from the Church militant, to the Church triumphant, frequently alluded to it in this point of view:—it would, she remarked, be a removal "from the evil to come,"—a removal from scenes of turmoil and strife to a land of permanent peace and everlasting repose. The various evils which afflict the Church of God in the present day—the belligerent, and party spirit exhibited by its different sections—the spread of Puseyism, and the increase of popery,—that deadly Upas tree, with its withering nightshade, and all its blighting, mildewing, life-destroying influences; greatly afflicted her tender spirit. She had (and especially of late years), a growing conviction, that the "man of sin" will at no very distant period regain his ascendancy in the Church; but she was consoled with the thought, that this triumph of the wicked one, with all the long train of evils, which must of necessity result from it, would not occur in her day. That it would not be appointed to her, to behold the gathering clouds, so dark and lowering, bursting in storms of desolation; and withering from the centre to the circumference, the precious fruits of Zion's fairest fields. It is said of the Lord's praying people, that they are "the repairers of the breach, the restorers of paths to dwell in;" and Mrs. Mundy, during the period of her residence in this vale of

sorrow, fully answered to this description of character. She endeavoured both by her prayers, and her example, so far as her influence extended, to repair those breaches which sin has every where made in the moral world; and also to avert from the Church, the calamities which so fearfully threaten her; by constantly pleading as she did before the Lord, his own promise, "No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper, and every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn, this is the heritage of the servants of the Lord, and their righteousness is of me, saith the Lord."

It has been well observed that "Prayer moves the hand that moves all things," and it will, I apprehend, be found at the last day, that God's praying people, have been Zion's best benefactors. A halo of glory will then surround them, of which we have now no adequate conception, and multitudes of obscure praying Christians who, as Cowper beautifully remarks, were "never heard of, half a mile from home," will then outshine many of their brethren of less devotional spirit,—the fame of whose efforts has extended through the earth.—It may be said of such of God's people as live MUCH in the spirit of prayer—that they are "the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof;" whenever therefore one of these is removed from the footstool to the throne, from the wilderness to Canaan, the Church must of necessity be a loser. The loss which she sustains in such a case is in proportion to the frequency and the fervency of those devout supplications, which the translated individual had been accustomed to present on her behalf. The Church of Christ at large, has sustained a loss by the removal of Mrs. Mundy; but this loss is chiefly felt at Chinsurah; that portion of the Missionary field, which she cultivated with the hand of diligence, and watered with the tears of an ever-increasing affection. Oh, that the families there, and in the neighbourhood around, who have long been reaping the fruits of her benevolent exertions, may feel the force of the prophet's words, and lay her removal "to heart." And let such of her young people as may read this memoir; and *especially* those amongst them, who contrary to their convictions, are yet remaining in communion with the Church of Rome, recall the many solemn admonitions which she has given them on the danger to which they are exposed. Let them consi-

der what is likely to be the termination of the course which they are now pursuing,—let them *know* that "the *end* of these things is death." They can, I am persuaded, call to mind the many faithful warnings which they have heard from her lips; and the many kind and tender intreaties which she has addressed to them, on their immortal interests;—intreaties presented, as one of them justly observes in a note forwarded to me a few days ago—"*in her own peculiar and gentle way.*" I seriously and affectionately desire them to remember that the day of awful retribution is approaching, and when they meet her (as meet her they must), at the judgment seat of Christ, they will then have no charge of unfaithfulness to bring against her. She will then be found free from the blood of all, and their ruin, if they do not repent and embrace the pure and unadulterated Gospel of Christ, will then rest entirely with themselves. I would likewise request, that all the friends of Missions into whose hands these pages may fall, would also kindly bear the Chinsurah Mission upon their hearts at the footstool of redeeming mercy. Our prospects as to the Lord's work in general, and to the department of the deceased in particular, are by no means of a cheering character. I tremble to think of what may possibly become of her schools; and I sometimes fear that they will be given to the "wild boar of the wood;" as it will not be in my power to keep them together much longer—but, be this as it may, *she* will not lose *her* reward. I am however, on the other hand, comforted by the thought, that her dying aspiration, "the *Lord will provide*" is recorded in heaven; and that "in the mount of the Lord, it will be seen." May he who said in the days of his flesh, "suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven," look in mercy upon the little ones of her charge, and prevent her vineyard, in the moral culture of which she felt so deep an interest, from becoming "a desolation," "as a lodge in a garden of cucumbers." May he speedily raise up some zealous female to succeed her, in her work of faith, her labor of love, and her patience of hope,—one who is embued with a double portion of her spirit,—who will fully and faithfully enter into her labors; and who will "follow her as she followed Christ," in devotedness, zeal and love to souls."

Secondly.—When a devoted follower of the Lord Jesus is summoned from time to eternity,—from earth to heaven; we may in the confidence of faith, inscribe upon his tomb, "not lost but gone before." It is not the departed saint but the survivors who die in such a case as this. The removal of such characters from our world produces a sad vacuum in the circle in which they have moved, and especially amongst the friends with whom they have been intimately associated. In circumstances such as these, "the heart knoweth its own bitterness," and a sense of desolation sometimes rests upon the soul of the bereaved, which the power of language is inadequate fully to pourtray; but God, the "God who rules on high and thunders when he please," has a sovereign right to do "what he will with his own." He may at any time recall whatever part he sees fit of his bounties, and the question which, a guilty and dependent creature, ever ought to ask, when he is bowed down by a succession of bereaving providences is, "shew me *wherefore* thou contendest with me." It becomes him to consider what is the end, and the design which God has in view, when he thus "quarters afflictions" upon him, and in what way he may best improve them, so as to make them subservient to his own sanctification, his progress in holiness, and his preparation for heaven. One of our best English poets cautions us against the folly of being satisfied with merely admiring departed excellence; we ought to go beyond this, to "imitate and live." It is said of our blessed Lord that he "suffered for us, leaving us an example that we should follow his steps;" we are likewise commanded to be followers of them who "through faith and patience inherit the promises."—These scriptures therefore, with many others of a similar description, show us very distinctly the practical use which we should endeavour to make of those trying dispensations, by which our beloved Christian friends are removed from our embrace. We ought to mark the various excellencies of their character—(especially if they have been Christians of a high order)—to keep in view the lovely spirit which they exhibited, the labors in which they engaged,—their meekness, their benevolence, their humility, and to pray that we may be baptized with the same Spirit, and like them, enabled through grace, to live not unto ourselves, but unto Him who

died, revived and rose again "that he might be Lord both of the dead and of the living." "Sanctified afflictions," it has been well observed, are "spiritual promotions," and they are so indeed, when the Christian, in the very midst of them, can still look to the Lord and say

"In deep affliction bless'd
With him I mount above,
And sing, triumphantly distress'd,
His all-sufficient Love.

Jesus to whom I fly
Doth all my wishes fill,
In vain the creature streams are dry,
I have the Fountain still.

Stripp'd of my earthly friends
I find them all in one,
And peace and joy that never ends
And heaven in Christ alone."

If our trials are the means of bringing us nearer to the Redeemer's feet, and of making us more spiritually-minded, we shall then have no cause to regret them; and some of the Lord's most devoted followers know from experience, that he frequently employs them as a blessed means to accomplish this desirable end. They oft times make the Christian say

"Earth twine no more about my heart
For 'tis far better to depart."*

And if earth has let go its hold of the heart; if Jesus Christ is enthroned in the affections, and has taken full and entire possession of them; then death will be to us but as a pleasant passage to our Father's house. If we are thus, through mercy, prepared for the "mortal conflict," then the trials which we have experienced, so far as they have been sanctified to us, and made the means of furthering that work of preparation, have been to us what Cowper

* I am quite aware that some of the readers of this memoir will say "there is too much poetry introduced," and that this is in "bad taste"—be it so; it is the "utterance of the heart"—of a heart bowed down by the weight of affliction, and the heart must be allowed to speak in the language in which it has found relief.

beautifully calls "mercies in disguise." If we are thus, by Almighty grace, prepared for the "great transition," we shall then find that death is "gain." The curse of dissolution will, in our case, be annihilated. The Lord Jesus will himself smooth our passage to the tomb, and we may rise triumphant above every fear, assured, that he who is the resurrection and the life, will manifest himself to our mortal flesh, and will cause this corruptible to put on incorruption, and this mortal to put on immortality. Dying in our case, will be "but going home," and whenever the silver cord is loosed, and the golden bowl is broken, and we touch the boundary line which separates the visible from the invisible world; the soul having then clean escaped from the turmoils of earth, and being made like unto the Son of God in holiness, will spring up elastic with life, whilst he who sustained it through all the chequered scenes of its earthly existence, will live to gladden and to bless it through all the boundless years of its happy immortality.

Thirdly. The triumphant death of Christ's faithful followers is admirably calculated to impress upon the minds of the survivors, the solid happiness which arises from the possession of true religion.

"'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures whilst we live;
'Tis religion can supply
Solid comfort when we die."

But the question which ever ought to be asked here, is,—what is the nature of that religion which brings such a supply of happiness in life, and such an overflowing fulness of comfort in death? Many persons, it is to be feared, have but a very vague idea of the nature of true religion; to such persons therefore, it is necessary to say, that it is not the religion of a Pharisaic spirit. Not a sentimental religion—nor the religion of mere forms and ceremonies, that can accomplish this; but it is the religion of the heart,—the religion of principle,—the religion of the cross. It is a religion which springs from faith in the great atoning sacrifice of Him who died, "the just for the unjust to bring us unto God," from that faith which binds the heart to him in fervent love, evangelical holiness, and uniform obedience. This is the religion, which in its nature, its prin-

ciples, and its blessed results, can alone supply peace and comfort to the soul either in life, or in death. Such was the religion of Mrs. Mundy—the religion of her, who whilst looking to Jesus Christ could emphatically say,

" To me with thy dear name are given
Pardon and holiness and heaven."

It was only a few days before her death, that she was drinking in those sweet words of Wesley—words which she felt to be fully expressive of her feelings, her dependance and her hope in the prospect of speedily stepping into eternity—

" Had I ten thousand gifts beside
I'd cleave to Jesus crucified
And build on him alone;
For no foundation is there given
On which I'd place my hopes of heaven
But Christ the corner-stone.
Possessing Christ I all possess,
Wisdom and strength and righteousness,
And sanctity complete;
Bold in his name I dare draw nigh
Before the Ruler of the sky
And all his justice meet."

This, if I may use the expression, was her " confession of faith," when she was standing on the borders of the eternal world. It was the love of this glorious Saviour shed abroad in the heart,—clear views of his divine character, a firm reliance upon his finished work, and a sweet sense of his presence and grace in the soul, which carried her triumphantly through the dark valley of the shadow of death, and which enabled her, with the King of Terrors and all his frightful attendants full in view, to reiterate those sweet words so full of comfort to surviving friends, " happy—happy—happy People."* " The apostle Peter speaks of Chris-

* The Calcutta Christian Observer for the month of November last contains a very interesting article entitled, " the blessedness of the just," founded upon Mrs. Mundy's dying words," happy people, happy people." I am not aware who the writer is; but it is a truly excellent and spiritual production, and worthy of more than an ephemeral existence. He begins by remarking upon the spiritual perceptions of the deceased, " which must have been peculiarly vivid from the fact that they found an utterance which earthly associations and interests

tians as having administered to them "an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ"— but the abundant entrance of which he speaks is evidently contingent, it depends upon something

had failed to procure." He then observes, that the testimony thus furnished of the blessedness of the just is but "one of a series extending down to righteous Abel;" and that the dying words of the departed were but the echo of the voice of holy men of God in all past ages of the Church—that they were but the response to the thousands, and tens of thousands of the different nations, and tongues, who from personal experience and observation have, under the same circumstances, united with her in declaring their own portion as bearing the same distinctive, holy and happy character.—The blessedness of the righteous is then specified; and the following ideas in which it is chiefly comprehended, are beautifully illustrated. They are blessed because "sin is not imputed to them," because "the *grounds* of judicial penalty are taken away," and because they have "strong consolation" arising from a knowledge of the fact which is secured to them by "two immutable things," the "oath and promise of the Lord." They are moreover blessed, because "sin has not dominion over them." There is "no connection in the physical or moral world so indissoluble as that which exists between sin and misery" on the one hand, and holiness and happiness on the other; and as God's people are delivered from the dominion of sin and made holy, they are consequently blessed and happy. "They are blessed in their relations." As a child at its birth enters into certain natural relations more or less intimate with all the family of man, so they by their spiritual birth enter into certain relations with all the family of heaven—with God—with Christ—with angels—and with the spirits of "just men made perfect," and with all the faithful followers of Christ on earth: each individual is able to claim an affinity to the rest, and they are all brethren, not by physical but by spiritual descent. They are likewise blessed and happy in their engagements and their enjoyments. "When Christians meet, hope answers to hope, joy to joy, desire to desire; their spiritual fears, anxieties and conflicts are mutual—their necessities are also mutual; they are therefore mutually communicated. Expressions from the heart, of mutual affection and sympathy are interchanged, and mutual edification, strength and comfort are thereby derived." But Christians are above all things happy, peculiarly happy in their possessions and their prospects; to these we can assign no bounds: all things are theirs—God is theirs in the infinitude of his perfections—Christ in the closeness of his relations—the Spirit in the sweetness of his influences—the holy oracles and the holy ordinances of God; all—all are theirs. Their prospects moreover embrace all the glories of the world to come. They have an inheritance before them, and it is "incorruptible, undefiled and fadeth not away," it is "reserved in heaven" for them, and they are hastening to take pos-

adverted to in the preceding verses, and to which he refers in the antecedent "*so*"—and "*so* an abundant entrance shall be administered to you into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour,"—and what he here adverts to as essential to the enjoyment of this privilege is Christian consistency, Christian devotedness,—constant nearness to the cross of Christ, and the habitual prevalence of the life of God in the soul. But few persons comparatively could, I apprehend, claim a degree of happiness beyond that which was possessed by the beloved subject of this memoir. She was always happy,—happy in life, and happy in death; but the secret spring of her happiness was the influence of the principles referred to above. Her happiness arose from her "nearness to the cross"—from her devotedness to Christ, and from the power of a living faith in him who loved the Church and who gave himself for it. It was her highest aim, her constant felicity, to live and labor for him, and he blest her accordingly. The promise, "them that honour me I will honour," was richly verified in her experience; and as she had honoured him, so she was honoured by him; honoured by being made eminently useful in life, and by the abundant consolations which were afforded to her in death, the "Eternal God was then her refuge, and underneath were the everlasting arms." The Lord whom she loved then put a new song of joy and praise into her mouth, and in the last pangs of dissolving nature, enabled her triumphantly to sing—"Yea though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me." It was then that she was enabled emphatically to exclaim, the battle is fought, and the victory is won, and won for

session of it, and it will be theirs for ever. These are the ideas chiefly brought forward and *enlarged* upon in this beautiful article—Christians therefore, says the writer, should rejoice in their blessedness;—they should endeavour to make it apparent to all men that they *are blessed*; and be ever trying to draw others within the "sacred enclosure," saying "come with us and we will surely do you good, for the Lord hath spoken good concerning Israel." They should be constantly inviting the sinner "to join himself," first to the Lord, and then to his people, that he also may participate in this blessedness, and at last leave a testimony behind him "like that of our departed sister, and exclaim in death—Happy people! happy people."

ever. The last enemy is at hand, but "*from him I have nothing to fear*,"* Farewell vain world—

> "I go where God and glory shine,
> His presence makes eternal day,
> My all that's mortal I resign,
> For angels wait and point the way."

Fourthly. The death of a Christian, departing hence in the full confidence of faith, sheds a lustre over the Gospel, and strikingly sets forth the power and divine authority of that religion which can administer such support to a sinner in dying circumstances.

"It is an awful period for a sinner when he is called to pass the boundary line which separates the present from the future world; when he is called to pass from time to eternity; to appear in the presence of the Judge of all flesh; and to give an account of the deeds done in the body. He goes as a criminal, a guilty criminal, into the presence of a just Judge; a Judge who seeth in secret, who searcheth the most secluded recesses of the heart, and who will render to every man according to his works." It is a fact which no one can deny that there are multitudes of such criminals—(mere nominal professors of Christianity) who pass through the valley of the shadow of death without a particle of fear, but that is no evidence of their safety. The quietude of men of this character, in such an hour, can only be compared to the conduct of a man who is blind;—to the situation of a man who is standing on the brink of a precipice, which he does not perceive, and who for want of this perception, approaches fearlessly its brink and ere he is aware, is dashed into the yawning abyss that is beneath him. Had he been conscious of his danger and yet urged forward to the brink of that precipice by a power which he could not withstand, how different would have been his feelings, he would then have trembled as he advanced, and would have shuddered at every step which he took towards its verge; and such is the courage of the man who, whilst a stranger to the gospel, dies without a fear. The courage of such a man, can only be attributed to his spiritual blindness, were his eyes open to see the

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* See Journal, page 96. This was truly the spirit which she maintained to the end.

yawning gulph of perdition, on the very brink of which he is tottering—had he a clear perception of his own dangerous state,—had he a scriptural view of the perfections of that God at whose awful tribunal he is about to appear; he would be overwhelmed with irresistible horror at the prospect of being immediately summoned into his presence. But the Christian, who relies upon the great atoning sacrifice of Jesus Christ, can survey the hour of his exit from earth with calmness and placidity; such a Christian, with all the attributes of deity revealed to his faith—with a knowledge of the exceeding sinfulness of sin,—and with a mind enlightened to take a full view of that world, on the borders of which he is standing,—can still look forward, not only without a fear, but even with confidence and joy. His mind is deeply impressed with a sense of his own guilty state by nature—he knows that the God, before whom he is about to appear, is a holy God,—a just God, —a God who cannot look upon iniquity but with abhorrence, and who will punish transgressors; and yet notwithstanding this full view of his glory and majesty, he can enter with confidence into his august presence, believing in the promise which assures him, that he shall not be hurt of "the second death"—he can exultingly exclaim, as he descends into the swellings of Jordan and resigns his "all that's mortal," "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? the sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law, but thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."*

The triumphant death of such a Christian has been presented to the reader's view in the preceding pages of this

* There is in the memoir of the late excellent Mrs. Stevens a beautiful remark on the triumph of Christ's faithful followers in death. Their triumphs, it is observed, "are as the '*stones of memorial*' set up in the midst of Jordan, and proclaim to the Christian that the swelling flood shall never harm him." They are to him as so many pledges, that the same right arm of power which has been displayed in supporting those of his brethren who have already passed over, shall likewise be stretched forth to sustain him, in the last conflict—they hold forth to him the assurance that this arm will also bear *him* up amidst the rising waves—will bring him safely over—and will, "when the work of grace is done," give him with the rest of his brethren a peaceful and a happy introduction to the joys of the celestial Canaan.

brief memoir, and when we turn to the gospel and find *this* to be the origin and spring of that holy courage and that victorious faith, does it not, I ask, set the *glory* of the gospel in a striking point of view, and furnish us with a tangible and irresistible evidence of its divine original? The glory which surrounded the dying bed of her to whom these remarks particularly refer, is not a singular occurence in the Christian Church. Since the manifestation of the mystery of godliness, there have been a constant succession of similar triumphant departures, from this world, to the world of "separate spirits." Under the blessed and holy influence of gospel principles, thousands of the Lord's people have met death and all his frightful attendants with a steady soul, and a serene countenance; and animated with the hope of immortality, have departed to heaven with songs of praise upon their lips, a smile of joy upon their face, and with triumph in their eyes. The sweet serenity of mind, and the holy exultation which multitudes of humble Christians, cleaving by faith to a crucified Saviour, have experienced when on the verge of eternity, is calculated, if duly considered, to produce a powerful impression on the unprejudiced mind in favour of the truth of the gospel. The constant recurrence of such events in the Church, furnishes, in my own view of the subject, the most conclusive, and demonstrative evidence of the divine authority of the Christian Scriptures, and presents to view a basis on which an argument might be founded, and from which evidence might be deduced, illustrative of their heavenly origin, such as the infidel could neither gainsay nor resist.

Men, under the influence of depraved nature, may advance their proud sophistical cavils at the doctrines of the Bible; but here are facts—facts which with irresistible power, speak home to the conscience, and which throw a weight of evidence into the scale that can neither be controverted, nor denied. By the support which the gospel thus imparts to the dying Christian, it evinces its adaptation to his circumstances, it fully meets the worst of his case, and administers to him the consolation which he requires in the awfully momentous period when he must quit the tabernacle of clay and become an inhabitant of the invisible world. Now this adaptation of the gospel, evidently implies design;—and design implies an author, it eviden-

ces the hand of a moral and an intellectual agent; and the adaptation, the suitability of the remedy equally evidences on the part of that agent, an acquaintance with the situation, the wants, and the necessities of the persons for whom that remedy has been provided. And who, I ask but God, the omniscient Judge of the spirits of all flesh, knows the true situation of man, the extent of that misery into which he was plunged by the fall, and the nature of the remedy which his circumstances require? In this point of view the superior glory of the gospel will speedily be seen, if we contrast it for a moment with those false systems of religion which have, from time immemorial, prevailed in the world. Which of them has borne up the spirit of a man so high above the fear of death as the gospel has done? How vain, when compared with its glorious and blessed truths, are the insignificant trifles with which the priests of heathenism amuse the credulous multitude; so vain that the wise men amongst themselves despise the romance, and few are found so stupid as fully to believe it. What a poor account also do the wisest of their philosophers give of the state beyond the grave; and as for the courage of their heroes at the point of death, it is only a feigned resignation to what they cannot withstand, and not the result of a reasonable and well-founded hope. But the statements of divine truth, which are contained in the Gospel, present a solid foundation for faith to rest upon, and an ennobling object for hope to embrace; and under the influence of these soul-inspiring truths,—this faith, and this hope, the Christian rises triumphant above the fear of death, and elevated with a holy confidence, he can, as he approaches the gates of the grave, exultingly exclaim with the apostle, " I am persuaded that neither death nor life, nor angels nor principalities nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

We may traverse the fields of Mahommedan delusion and pagan superstition, in search of similar effects; but the effort will be vain; success will not crown our endeavours. And if we prosecute our inquiries, by surveying the state of those men who have deviated from the pure principles of the Gospel, or rather who have *new modelled it*,

to suit the wickedness of their hearts, or the pride of their reason; although we may find amongst them, individuals who have manifested resignation and submission, yet we shall, I apprehend, find but few, comparatively, dying in the possession of this heavenly peace—this holy, elevating joy. —But few, *if any* of this class of persons who have been able, in the confidence of faith, whilst the soul was hovering on the borders of the eternal world, thus to proclaim to surrounding spectators, in the full view of "a smiling God and an opening heaven,"—the certainty of their complete, their final, and their everlasting victory though the great atoning sacrifice of the Lamb.

It is simply the cross of Christ which produces those blessed and divine effects to which I have adverted. It is a belief of his divinity, and faith in his atonement, which alone can draw the heart in holiness and love to him. It would be presumption in me to say, that the men who reject these doctrines, *never* pass into the eternal world with such elevated joy as I have now had occasion to describe; it is sufficient to say, that I never heard of a man, who adhered to the opposite sentiments, dying in such an enviable and happy manner; but I have heard of hundreds of orthodox Christians, adhering to the scripture doctrine of faith in a crucified Saviour, who have been thus crowned with victory over death, and who have experienced a partial participation of the felicity of heaven, previous to their dismissal from the body. Whatever, therefore, may be the judgment of others on this subject, I am constrained to acknowledge, that this simple fact speaks more powerfully to my own mind, than all the triumphs that have been gained to the standard of orthodoxy in the field of controversy. These "precious" doctrines I view as the special—the peculiar glory of the Gospel; these are the truths which make men the most holy in life, and which afford them the most solid support in the hour of death; they evince its power, display its excellence, prove its divinity;—and with these glorious effects, the result of its reception, present to my mind, I say with the poet,

"Should all the forms that men devise,
Assault my faith with treacherous art;
I'll call them vanity, and lies,
And bind the Gospel to my heart."

Lastly, the constant recurrence of Death, and the sudden and hasty manner in which his victims are sometimes removed from the present world, and especially in India, should teach us the importance of being habitually prepared for his approach.

The uncertainty of human life, as it is presented to view in the word of God, is a truth that requires not evidence but impression. It is a truth which is confirmed and corroborated, by all the passing events of providence, and which in the death of every human being is constantly reiterating, in language unutterably emphatic, the solemn admonition, " prepare to meet thy God." Preparation for eternity is the great business of life, and preparation for eternity can alone be derived from union with Christ; it emanates from a living faith in him, it is the purchase of his blood, and the gift of his grace; and it belongs to every man who can say with the apostle, " I live, yet not I but Christ liveth in me, and the life which I live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God who loved me and gave himself for me." Every individual who is thus united to Christ is prepared to die,—and the man who, whilst looking by faith to him, can say, " whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee," is in possession of a principle which will ere long unfold the full glories of the celestial world to his view,—which will deprive Death of its terror, and Sin of its sting, and which will finally introduce him into the " holy of holies," and unite him in an everlasting bond of hallowed communion with " the general assembly and Church of the first-born, whose names are written in heaven." But he who has not so sought, and so found Christ,—who is not by faith thus united to him, is *not* prepared to die. It matters not whatever his character may be in other respects,—however lovely, or however amiable, or benevolent, or moral, or philanthropic he may be, still if he has not found Christ, he is not prepared to die. Benevolence, philanthropy, and the like amiable features of character, unless they spring from faith in Christ, are only *nature's fruits*; they will not answer as a substitute for grace,—they will not save the soul.

Wicked men, therefore, are not prepared to die,—the mere moralist is not prepared to die, ungodly sinners,—the

impenitent, the unbelieving, of every class, are not prepared to die; and yet they *may* die, nay the time is approaching when they *must* die; but "O my soul, come not thou into their secret; unto their assembly, mine honour, be not thou united." To every man of this character, it may most emphatically be said, "Dying thou shalt die:" and what an awful, what a dreadful day will the day of death be to such a man, what a transition from time to eternity will his be. The first death will transmit him to the second, his body will die by its separation from the soul, and his soul by separation from God, its true life, will die to its well-being and to its happiness for ever.

Perhaps this memoir may fall into the hands of some persons of the character above described. It may fall into the hands of some who are conscious that they are living in sin, and who feel that they unprepared for the boundless eternity that is before them; and yet it may be, that these very men are deceiving themselves as multitudes do, with the hope that all will be well in the end; deceiving themselves by a hope founded upon certain vague ideas of divine mercy, which they themselves are unable to define;—are buoyed up by a false delusive idea, that they will yet, by some mysterious process, which they cannot comprehend, be prepared in their last hour for the solemn change. Alas! if such be the case, they are much to be pitied; Satan is holding them in "bondage vile" to the ruin of their souls; but ere long their eyes will be open, and they will discover, (perhaps when it is *too late*,) the awful mistake under which they have labored. Nothing in a dying hour can tranquillise the awakened conscience but faith, satisfactorily revealing to the mind, the atoning sacrifice of Jesus Christ, and the character of God as a father reconciled through him; and if pardon and salvation through his sacrifice have not previously been sought,—if the soul is still ignorant of him and his glorious work, in vain does it, in that awfully momentous period, search for any other foundation, on which to fix its last expiring hopes.

The blessedness of being habitually prepared to die, is a truth which in theory is acknowledged by all men; but which, (as is evident from observation,) is practically attended to by few. There is perhaps scarcely an individual to be found, bearing *the christian* name, however *wicked* he

may be, who has not at some period of his life, been inspired by Balam's glowing desire, so beautifully expressed whilst he surveyed the rising glories, and the brightening prospects of Jacob's goodly tents—Not one who has not at some period of his life felt as this soothsayer did; who, when he ascended the summit of the rock, and looked down upon the chosen tribes abiding in the valley, with the Shekinah, the emblem of the divine presence dwelling in their midst, first paused in observation, and then in admiration exclaimed, "How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, and thy tabernacles, O Israel! from the top of the rocks I see him, and from the hills I behold him. Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like unto his!" But he who would die the death of the righteous, must first live the life of the righteous. He must live a life of faith upon the Son of God, and a life by grace devoted to him. I am quite aware, in bringing forward remarks of this character, that I am departing from the course usually pursued in writing a memoir, and adopting what some persons perhaps will consider, too much of a "sermon-like style;" but a desire to be useful, and to awaken the stupified conscience of the slumbering sinner, will, I trust, be a sufficient apology. I cannot tell into whose hands this memoir may fall, and I would that it should do good wherever it goes;* it may perhaps meet the eye of some who have never seriously thought about the "one thing needful." And my earnest wish and prayer is, that whenever it does meet the eye of such men as these, it may also impress the heart, alarm the conscience, and arouse them to a due consideration of their latter end, and of that solemn

* My beloved wife, during the last year of her life, frequently desired me to write something for India before I left it.—"I wish you," she would say, "to leave a legacy to India, something that may do good to the people when we have bid a final farewell to the field of our present exertions." Alas! I little thought when she thus expressed herself, that the desired legacy was to be a memoir of her life and labors,—little thought that she would furnish me with *such a subject* to write about, but God has so ordained it. May the blessing which she so fervently desired India to inherit, richly rest upon this feeble effort to advance the glory of the Saviour's name; may it be productive of *real good* wherever it goes, and be owned of the Lord, as a means of bringing many souls, to seek the "one thing needful,"—*an interest, in the "great salvation."*

account, which they will soon have to give at the judgment seat of Christ. I would therefore most seriously and affectionately propose one great question, to all such persons as may have had the patience to peruse the preceding pages. I would ask, can you, my friends, after having surveyed the character of the departed;—can you, taking God as your witness, avow that you are possessed of a religion like her's whose narrative you have read?* I do not ask if your religion be the same in degree and in the extent of its influence; it is not the privilege of every Christian, however sincere he may be, to attain to this; but I do ask, is it the same in the *essential attributes* of its character? is it the same in its springs and its principles?—is it the religion of Jesus Christ,—the religion of the cross?—a religion which has taken its rise at the foot of Mount Calvary; and which has taught you to know nothing amongst men "but Jesus Christ, and him crucified?" Your answer to this question must decide, as to whether you belong to the spiritual church of the living God, or whether you are still outcasts and beggared wanderers amid the wide wastes of a wilderness world, which will soon crumble into ruins.† On this single point depends the fact as to whether your dying bed will be surrounded by angels and seraph spirits, who shall be sent from heaven to minister to you as heirs of salvation; or whether around that bed, will be seen satanic spirits from Tophet, waiting as ministers of vengeance, to convey you to that prison-house, where you will continue in chains of darkness until the judgment of

* The Editor of the *Friend of India* makes the following remark on the Christian character and usefulness of Mrs. Mundy: "The station at Chinsurah has been deprived during the past year by death of the invaluable services of Mrs. Mundy who was indeed and in truth 'a mother in Israel.' All that has been recorded of her humble, patient, and persevering efforts falls far short of the truth. Her loss has been deeply felt; and we fear it will be long before another individual is found qualified by that rare combination of benevolence and energy which she exhibited to fill the void which her removal has created." —*Friend of India, March* 9, 1843.

† Most of the above sentiments are the same as those with which I concluded a tract, last year, on Baptismal Regeneration; this is not an oversight; I have taken this opportunity to give them a permanent form, as the tract will probably soon be out of print.

the last day shall decide your severer doom. I would, therefore press, would reiterate, would urge this inquiry upon you, with all the affectionate solicitude of one, who is earnestly concerned for your soul's salvation. I would affectionately ask in the bowels of Jesus Christ—are you born again? are you renewed in the spirit of your mind? have you been turned from darkness unto light, and from the power of satan unto God? This transformation of the mind, and this sanctification of the heart, is the religion which it is the design of the New Testament to establish in the inner man, and to enthrone in all the faculties of the soul. Has it then, I ask, done this for you? Is it ever *likely* to do it? Do you ever seriously wish and pray that by God's grace it may be done? This is an important, an *all*-important query, and on its solution depends the fact as to whether you are to enter the gates of Paradise and join the angelic throng in their everlasting song of harmony and praise, or whether you are to be punished with "everlasting destruction, from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power," and never to have a sound issue from your lips, or a feeling burst from your heart, but what is involved in that tremendous description, "Weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth."* If

* There is something very dreadful in the description of the future misery of the wicked, as it is set forth in the Scriptures of the New Testament; "a lake burning with fire and brimstone, where the smoke of their torment ascendeth for ever and ever." The mind naturally recoils from such a description as this,—recoils from the bare supposition of a human being, punished for ever, in sulphuric fire; and yet such is the idea conveyed in the passage. It is sometimes said that this language "is figurative," and that it is only a parabolic representation of the future misery of the wicked. On this point we do not pretend to decide; but admitting that it is so, what then, I ask, is gained by it? the awful idea which it involves is neither removed, nor diminished thereby. Figures are always employed to represent facts, and the fact in every case must correspond to the figure, or it may perhaps, with propriety, rather be said, that the fact, or the substance of the thing represented, must of necessity be something equal to, or even more awful in its own nature, than the figure by which it is held forth; admitting therefore, that this language may possibly *be figurative*, it only on *this principle* makes the case so much the *worse*. Whatever may be the precise *nature* of future punishment, we are quite sure of this, that if Christians

you are not born again,—if you have not made Christ your rock, your refuge, and your hope; if you are not distinguished by your conformity to him who was "holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners," then there remains nothing for you "but a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation, which shall devour the adversaries." But if on the other hand, you have fled to him who is "the resurrection and the life;"—to him who hath said "he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live, and whosever liveth and believeth in me shall never die:" *then* all is well; you are made for eternity. The best interests of the soul are secured. The prize of immortality is won, and you will be holy and happy for ever; your days may now be dark and stormy, tempestuous and rough, but better days are in reserve for you. The sun of righteousness will, ere long, arise and shine upon you in all the glories of his meridian splendour; no cloud will appear to obscure your views; as you cross the threshold of eternity, all will then be light, and life, and glory;—all will be peace, and joy, and triumph; and death, disarmed of its terror, and deprived of its sting, will be to you but as the pains and throes of another birth, to introduce you to the family above,—"to the spirits of just men made perfect," to the home of your heart, to the rest of the righteous, to the bosom of your Lord, and to the everlasting hallelujahs of heaven; and there—

"There will you see his face
And never, never sin:
There from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in."

generally, had a more lively apprehension of it, they would feel a much deeper concern than they now do for the salvation of sinners; "knowing the terrors of the Lord they would persuade men," and be anxious in proportion, as they apprehended those terrors, to snatch Satan's victims as brands from the "everlasting burnings." If, moreover, the sinner himself believed in this description of his future misery;—if he could for a moment realise it, and would only allow his mind to dwell seriously upon it; it would, we conceive, be utterly impossible for him to go on in a course of guilty transgression. The salvation of his soul would then appear to him an object paramount in importance to every other. and he would, (by God's grace,) soon be found as a penitent at the foot of the cross, seeking with holy sincerity of desire, the mercy revealed in the Gospel.

Lines addressed to the spirit of a departed wife, altered from "Montgomery to the spirit of a departed friend.

1.

Many, my love, have mourned for thee,
And still shall many mourn;
Long as thy name on earth shall be,
In sweet remembrance borne,
By those who lov'd thee here,—and love
Thy spirit still in realms above.

2

But while thine absence they deplore,
'Tis for themselves they weep,
Though they behold thy face no more,
In peace thine ashes sleep,
Whilst o'er thy tomb I cast mine eye,
Thou art not dead—thou couldst not die.

3.

Thou art not dead—thou couldst not die,
To nobler life new born,
Thou look'st with pity from the sky,
Upon a world forlorn,
Where Glory is but dying fame,
And Immortality—a name.

4.

In silent anguish, O my wife,
When I recall thy worth,
Thy "happy" end, thy pious life,
I feel estranged from earth,
My soul with thee desires to rest,
And with thee be supremely blest.

5.

'Tis done—in sickness, care and woe,
Since that bereaving day,
With heartless patience, faint and slow,
I still pursue my way.
Whilst o'er thy tomb I cast mine eye,
Thou art not dead—thou couldst not die.

6.

Farewell,—but not a long farewell,
In heaven may I appear,
The trials of my faith to tell,
In thy transported ear.
And sing with thee—the eternal strain,
" Worthy the Lamb—who once was slain."

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